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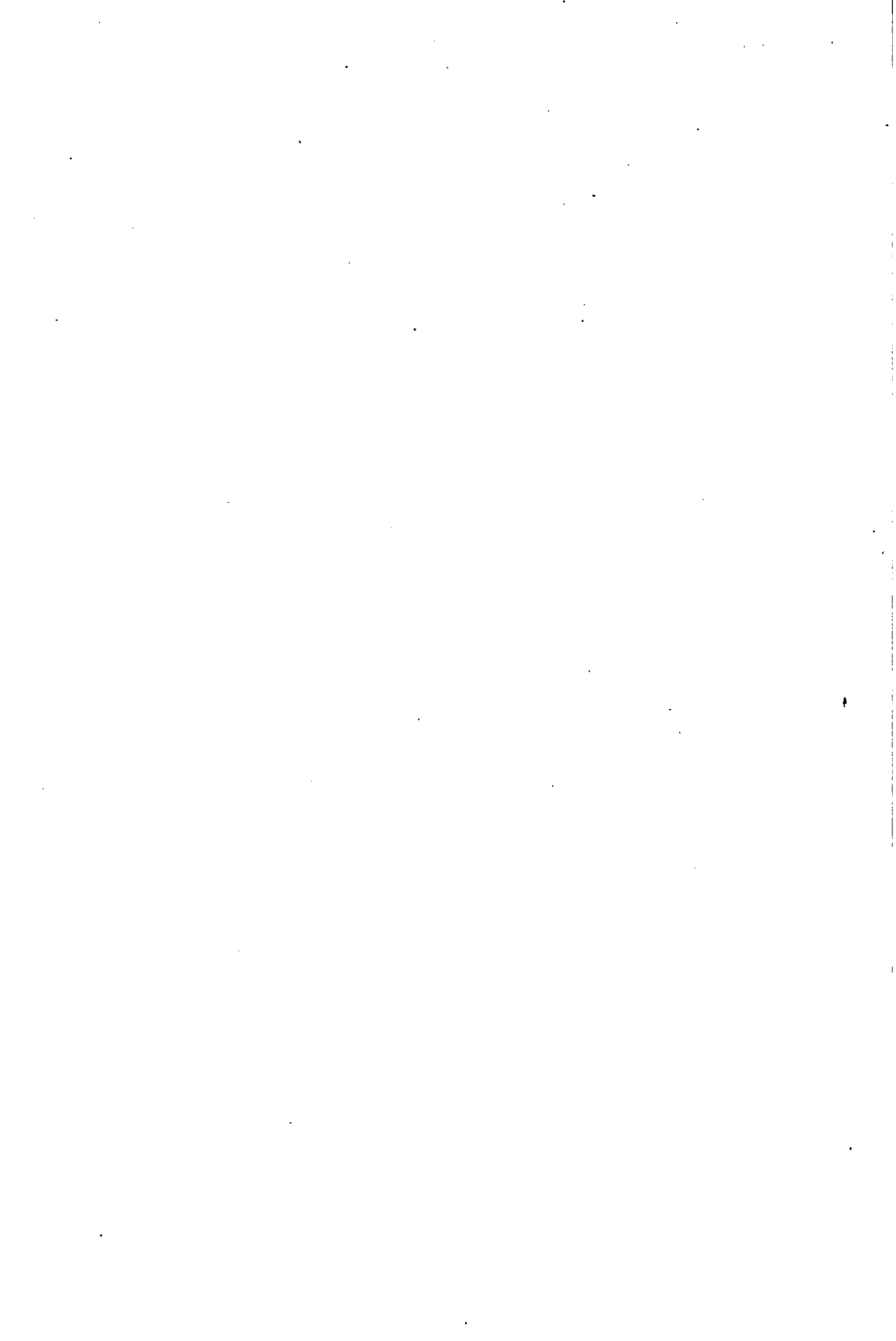
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**EDITOR OF THE NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL
OF EDUCATION**

RECEIVED OCTOBER 3, 1921









The Dramatic Festival

**A Consideration of the Lyrical Method as a
Factor in Preparatory Education**

By

Anne A. T. Craig

With a Foreword by

Percival Chubb

Leader, Ethical Society, St. Louis

And an Introduction by

Peter W. Dykema

**Director of Music and Festivals at the Ethical Culture School in
New York City**

G. P. Putnam's Sons

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OCT. 3, 1921

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BY

ANNE A. T. CRAIG

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The Knickerbocker Press, New York

Devoted

**TO THE INTERESTS OF CHILDREN
AND TEACHERS WHOSE HOURS NEED
THE LEAVEN OF THE LYRIC ARTS NOW
FINDING ADJUSTMENT IN THE SCHOOL
THROUGH THEIR FOCUS IN THE FESTIVAL**



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FOREWORD

THIS book is, I take it, another expression of the New Humanism in education, which bids fair to transform our schools until they become the homes and instrumentalities of a liberal culture. Our schools have not yet responded to the tremendous changes which have come over our social life within the past fifty years or more. Educators have not yet sufficiently realised the extent to which the older sources of popular and folk culture have been destroyed and how seriously our great modern cities and small modern homes are lacking—both for young and old, but especially for the young—in opportunities for the development and nurture of the humanities. In play, in amusements and recreations, in song and balladry, in story-telling, in festival and pageant, much, very, very much, has been lost for which no substitute has been found.

It sufficed in the old days to supply, through the schools, what was necessary to enable the child to master the simple processes in the three R's. His culture he received outside the school through the home and the social life and environment. All that has been changed. The school

must now be the means of supplying most of this culture, in addition to the elementary knowledge and skill which the child needs for the purpose of relating himself to life through the book, the pen, and the mechanisms of reckoning. Thus the school is becoming the custodian of much of the play, the lore, the custom, and ritual of childhood, which have always been the main agencies of education; and its new business is to hand on this body of childish culture from generation to generation.

Such are the facts which explain the continually increasing burden which the school is called upon to carry—all those “fads and frills” against which our utilitarians have been crying out. What these objectors to our miscellaneous curriculum overlook is that these things are veritably the bread of life for the child, quite as necessary as all the proficiencies for which they clamour; because without them the powers of life, of emotion and imagination and all the leisure accomplishments which are essential to the development of manhood and womanhood, must perish. The problem is a much larger one and a more profoundly serious one than these critics of our modernised schools realise.

The demand which this book voices may seem to involve another and possibly intolerable expansion of school work. Such expansion is, however, inevitable; and it means a radical change in our attitude toward the school and its functions.

So far, we have taken only a few first steps toward the full and effective employment of the capacities and aptitudes of the child for the purposes of its education and humanisation. This volume looks to a proper employment of its basic dramatic instincts; and helps to bring home all that is involved in these, and to indicate the culture values of many kinds which they carry with them. It brings us face to face with a conception of culture which differs radically from the traditional scholastic ideal. The old classic ideal is no longer applicable. It must give way to one which may none the less be justified by an appeal to antiquity; one the roots of which must be national and native. Latin and Greek are obviously doomed except for a small and select number of students. Our schools must find compensating values in the still living and appealing literature, art, music, drama, story, folk-lore, folk-tradition, and custom which are accessible in English, or through English, our national language. We must follow the Greeks, not by using their language, but by emulating the spirit and methods of their own nurture. We have an infinitely richer storehouse to draw upon than they: what we must learn is how to make it count as they made their more limited stock count, in developing power and sensibility.

Mrs. Craig is a worker in the new field of child culture. What she has written will speak for itself, as indicative of the infinite riches contained

in that type of culture which may be called, as she has called it, "dramatic," dealing, as it does, with the slighted potencies of childhood in mimetic, lyric, and gestural capacity. Her cause is the cause of letters in the deepest sense; that is, the cause of song, story, and drama as children naturally concern themselves with these. Hers is an appeal to the creative capacity of the child and a plea for the enlistment of those childlike interests and that joy in activity which we have come to recognise as the motive-powers in all effective education. For these reasons, I respond to Mrs. Craig's request to say a word or two to commend her enterprise; and I would add a hearty wish that her volume may serve to direct and stimulate that type of education now striving to be born, which I have called the "New Humanism."

PERCIVAL CHUBB.

ST. LOUIS, MO.,
16 May, 1912.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER

BY PETER W. DYKEMA

TO the reflective visitor at Goethe's home in Frankfort, there are few of the relics of him which are more suggestive than his *Puppen-Theater*. In his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, he discloses what a source, not only of pleasure, but of education, this little stage with its paper and wooden puppets was to him. As the boy made his toys go through their parts he was unfolding the many sides of his own personality; as the little figures met and reacted upon each other and expressed their separate individualities, their young director was expanding his capacities to embrace the larger beings which the dumb actors represented. With this plaything, he was acquiring not only, as he says, technique which was to aid him in his later dramatic writings, but, more important from our present point of view, he was laying the foundation for that broad outlook on human actions which made him one of the master thinkers of the world.

The public schools of this and other countries have been curiously dilatory about utilising the dramatic instinct as a means of general education. For ages the drama has been one of the most

potent means of popular instruction. Its messages have dealt with every phase of human experience, from the highest aspirations of exalted moments to the humblest aspects of every-day work and play. Priest and strolling minstrel have invoked its aid; king and peasant have shared in its delights. Its widespread use and universal appeal have been due to many causes which need not here be discussed. One point may however be emphasised, namely, that the successful drama always held its place because of its intrinsic merit; it was liked for its own sake and not because of external encouragement or command. Unlike many other educational agencies it was to the people a welcome comrade, eagerly sought instead of reluctantly accepted. The exclusion from our modern schools of this potent means of education is a tribute to the persistence of the reactionary church influence of the Reformation period, especially to that Puritanical point of view which branded as dangerous all art subjects. As a corollary there was deeply entrenched the hoary notion that disagreeableness of attainment and assimilation is about the truest measure of value. Both in education and in medicine we have long believed that the more bitter the dose, the better it was for us. But in literature at least, the use of the drama throughout many ages has abundantly disproved this theory. Moreover, it follows that some of our newer pedagogical doctrines, dealing with interest, attention, etc., are

but revivals of ideas that have long been utilised by astute teachers of the past.

At present we are in the midst of a strong movement toward extensive use of dramatic forms in the schools. This wave of enthusiasm has come suddenly. While in some of our more progressive schools, festival work has been carried on consistently for a decade or more, the present general fervour that is sweeping the country is not to be traced merely to these pioneer institutions. While undoubtedly the gradually enlarging appreciation of dramatic work as another manifestation of motor expression has played a large part in this movement, we must recognise a number of other vitalising elements. We may mention the great community dramas which Mr. Louis N. Parker inaugurated with the Sherborne Pageant in 1905 and which have numbered twoscore or more worthy followers in England and America; certain social movements in our country for wider public recreation through social settlements and playground centres; our Sane Fourth propaganda; out-of-door performances, particularly those by the Ben Greet and the Coburn Players; convenient acting editions of Shakespearian and other plays for older children, and various sets of dramatic readers for the younger ones; such organisations as the Theatre-goers Club, the American Playgoers, the MacDowell Club, the recently formed and rapidly growing Drama League, etc. So we might continue enumerating elements which have

stimulated interest in using the drama, or rather in acting the drama. To-day the schools of our land, even in remote country districts, are finding new meaning in Hamlet's enthusiastic exclamation, "The play's the thing!"

This wave of devotion is not without its dangers. Enthusiasm untempered by reflection and knowledge may make mistakes which vitiate many of the values of the new work. Many of the more recent comers in the school curriculum have fallen into the disrepute implied in the term "fads and frills" largely because of the haste of their advocates, who made excessive claims concerning the values of these subjects and who allowed them to be introduced into the schools before the many problems connected with the teaching had been adequately considered. There is, doubtless, as little probability that dramatic work will be cast out of the educational programme as that music, drawing, manual training, domestic science, and the other non-3-r's will be dropped. But it would be unfortunate if the permanent evolution and installation of the latest claimant to the brotherhood of school studies were attended with all the misunderstandings and mistakes which have marked the efforts of the group just mentioned to enroll themselves.

This volume should aid in determining the place of the dramatic festival in the schools. Mrs. Craig through her dramatic training and her general philosophical tendencies is able to see

and clearly point out the weakness that is liable to appear in dramatic and festival work. She rightly maintains that such failures as have already resulted are due to false ideals, inadequate preparation, and wrong methods. Both in schools and in communities in which the festival has fallen into disrepute—witness the stagnation in many English towns in which the great pageants rose and waned in a few brief years—the trouble has been largely due to the overdoing of the “show” side. Too much attention was paid to the effect on the audience; not enough to the reactions on the actors. Impressiveness of product rather than soundness of process has been the guiding idea. Obviously this must spell ultimate failure when, as in these non-professional affairs, what the participants receive in return for their labour is solely or largely the value inherent in preparing and performing the festival.

It is therefore necessary in considering the use of dramatic festivals for schools and other educational institutions, to formulate the basis on which the work shall rest and the best means of carrying it out. The ever-increasing body of festival workers will welcome the treatment of this problem by Mrs. Craig. She quickly passes beyond the conception of dramatic work as a convenient device for producing a pleasant entertainment and takes the position that it offers an almost unequalled method for all-round culture; a method for supplying in vivid form much of the

intellectual material of the "regular subjects" which is now frequently acquired in a confused jumble; a method for heightening the interest in all school work; and especially a method for doing justice to that most neglected element in our education—the training of the emotions.

Most of our educational efforts have been content if they have properly attended to the intellectual side; the emotional elements, which in reality are far more important in determining character and action, have been left to shift for themselves, practically unguided. The home and the church have a difficult task to make up this deficiency in training, especially when sensational newspapers, highly coloured magazines and best-sellers, tawdry popular songs, moving-picture shows, the dance hall, and many other stimulants to a low or at least mediocre emotional life are everywhere presented to the youth of the land in attractive and easily accessible form. These stimulants coupled with the lack of proper avenues for healthful expression result in those pranks, escapades, "mistakes," or something worse, by our young people, which are the source of worry and even despair to parents and citizens. The large army of tramps and young desperadoes is recruited principally from boys who have been deprived of proper emotional life; the ease with which thousands of young girls enter into a wayward life is not so much an indication of human frailty as of the craving for larger experiences.

Nor is poverty a sufficient explanation, for do not the equally pathetic excesses of the over-rich testify to the meagerness and shallowness of their intellectual and especially of their emotional life?

Now it would be futile to assert that greater use of dramatic work will alone remedy these conditions. But it can do much. The impersonation of other characters—in a word, dramatic games and plays from the simplest pantomime to the most involved drama—may well be called the “safety-valve” of the emotional life. Yes, it is more than that, it is really a generating power for a full and controlled emotional life. Acting a part not only allows the actor to vent his surplus emotional energy in the carrying out of a character which by its imaginative sweeps demands a larger field of action than is usual in ordinary life, but, at the same time, for its proper presentation, demands losing one’s self, or rather stimulating one’s self to such a point, that one will live the assumed character. A boy who is to portray the knightly Launcelot or Galahad; Joseph, resourceful in trouble and generous in power; Robin Hood, leading his gallant band; Patrick Henry, eloquent in his patriotic fervour; the girl who is to present Ruth, the devoted daughter; Demeter, the anguished mother; the beautiful princess of a thousand fairy tales; or the heroic Joan of Arc—to name only a few of the characters of childhood’s favourite stories—must of necessity assume, and be, temporarily, a larger personality than he or she

usually is. The young actor must use all of his ordinary self and more in order to be an adequate knight, ruler, or whatever his part may be; the young actress must be more of a woman if she is to make her audience see in her the moving qualities of her assigned character. This is one of the fundamental functions of art, whether it be drama, music, painting, sculpture, or any of the others—so to fill us with the high spirit of the art product that, drawn up to it and identified with it, some glow and inspiration of having been on the heights will still thrill us after the exalted state has passed away.

This assuming of new personalities is a perfectly natural act. A little child dramatises his stories and his songs, and in a trice becomes a train, a horse, a giant, a bird, a fish, or what not; he rumbles, he clatters, he growls, he whistles, he leaps, he moves his arms as if flying, he capers, and makes other sounds and movements as a part of his impersonation of objects and beings. These spontaneous expressions of early childhood persist more or less tenaciously into youth and even later according to the character of the child and especially according to the kind of training he receives. Kenneth Grahame in his *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age* has given a typical example of the rich flowering that is possible under favourable conditions. But with even less encouragement these spontaneous early expressions easily develop into controlled characterisations, songs, dances,

and pictorial art forms. Every child has in him the making of an actor, a singer, a dancer, an artist—in short he has a lyrical side to his being. Moreover the development of this aspect of him is essential for joyous and yet controlled conduct. For let no reader imagine “playing a part” is merely a romp: even the child who is spontaneously impersonating so simple a part as a galloping horse must choose his movements, must reject many which are not in keeping with his character. Let this impersonation progress through the parts of the grocery-keeper, the family doctor, Little Red Riding Hood, Santa Claus, the mischievous brownies, and so on to some of the more heroic characters mentioned earlier, and it is easy to conceive the amount of self-discipline involved in the successful portrayal of these varied personalities. Let any reader who doubts it try in a number of characters himself to satisfy a youthful audience!

Not the least valuable part of this volume will be found in the three appendices. Here besides helpful bibliographies are six plays illustrating many of the problems discussed in the text. As a dramatic writer, Mrs. Craig has a rare and peculiarly poetic touch. The band of Irish players, with their delightful plays, have made us feel again the charm of that primitive and eerie quality which we associate with the Gaelic temperament. It is the characteristic which causes that wide-eyed and open-mouthed deeply contemplative

attitude in little children, as they listen to an old folk-tale, and which persists with all of us in varying degrees however far in years we may be removed from this period. For such as live in this world of wonder all Nature is alive with mystery, and between her and the world of mankind there is no great gulf. Nor for them are the deeds of Humans so complex and troubled as modern writers would have us believe. Life of tree, of animal, of air and field spirits, of human-kind is all an open book to these far-seeing simple natures. Mrs. Craig knows this spirit and has embodied it in many lovely bits of her plays. Consequently they are not to be considered merely as illustrative or suggestive. They are valuable material, adapted, with slight alterations, for immediate use in many schools and settlements.

This book is not a plea for "acting of plays" in the usually understood sense of the term. It certainly does not commend the servile imitating of a professional coach as he indicates inflection, facial expression, gesture, position on the stage, etc. There is already too much of this. Nor is it merely a plea for freer oral English expression. It is, to quote Mrs. Craig's sub-title, a plea for the "lyrical method as a factor in preparatory education." Her volume is another statement of that point of view which is gradually modifying the teaching of all the subjects in our schools, especially the art subjects. Original composition in literature, in music, in drawing, and painting, in dancing

—types of work which are becoming common in our best schools—are all manifestations of what Mrs. Craig asks for. This book comes at a time when hundreds of teachers are seeking guidance. Through natural bent, and valuable training, Mrs. Craig is adapted to be their guide.

NEW YORK, June, 1912.



AUTHOR'S PREFACE

IN presenting this book I am aware that it includes much material familiar to pioneers in the field of æsthetic culture it deals with, and also to those who have gained experience in the field since it has been more widely incorporated in school work. But I have prepared it with the young teacher in mind, and the normal-school student.

It is the experience of those taking this work up at all specially, to find themselves continually turned to for help and information as to its materials and technic, by young teachers who are now being expected to deal with the work in our schools, yet who are practically without training or experience in it. For although now for a long time the need of scope for the æsthetic elements in education has been recognised, and those lyrical features representing them have entered our school régime, there is yet no department established in which training for them is focused, and distinct from others.

In the school for children, not for training teachers, there are properly separate departments in which the different arts belong. But to focus

Author's Preface

the results of training in these arts in the way the festival and dramatic forms so valuably afford, a special department in the teachers' training school is needed to show the way, and has not thus far been provided. In the teachers' training school the teacher may learn folk-dancing in connection with athletics, oratory in the English Department, music and graphic arts, also separately. This is all very well, but now that she is required when she graduates and becomes a teacher, to administer a special work which requires the correlation of these arts and intellectual studies in a special way, another department of training is needed for that purpose. Without it, as at present, she must originate the process herself through experiment, and necessarily mistakes, at the expense of her pupils. It is undoubtedly good for her to be obliged to originate in this way, but she might with no loss to herself, but to her advantage as well as that of her pupils, begin her development of originaive powers in the training school rather than afterwards. It is because all women have a natural instinct for story-telling and game-playing with children, that they get on at all in the present fuller application of æsthetics through festival work and dramatics in the schools; but needless to say, better than haphazard work can be done with such a department. At present it is left so to chance in many schools, that the possibilities for developing a splendid part of culture go largely to waste.

My object, therefore, in preparing this book, was to suggest at least one consistently worked out method for administering such work. If the suggestion it presents does not seem directly available as a plan upon which to base a department of training in normal schools, it may at least carry some useful hints to the young teachers who find themselves in need of suggestions, as those who have come to me directly for them have been.

An indication of the wish among teachers for special training in this field of work was plain in the enthusiasm with which a Department of Festivals allied to the University of Wisconsin, last summer, was received by the summer-school students there. It was instituted by Mr. Bassett of the University and Mr. Dykema of the Ethical Culture School, New York, and is now an understood part of the summer schedule. To better study the correlation of æsthetic departments of educational work, towards making their values most telling in connection with schools, public recreation, and civic festivals, the Festival Society was organised the past year in New York. Its executive membership is limited to active workers in these special educational fields, with an associate membership of those in allied fields, and through combining such specialised effort, valuable work should be accomplished after a while towards focusing school and community work in this field of lyric arts and festivals, and organising its

administration until it justifies itself as a special means of public culture and social betterment.

Such university extension courses as that at Madison, and the formation of groups like the Festival Society for co-ordinating and focusing this work, promise help to the needed methodising of teachers' festival departments, and towards plans of preparatory training courses for them in the work.

I would say here that in this small preliminary contribution to the subject I present in this book, my special aim in developing its plan has been to emphasise the value of correlating choice of material with the personal needs the child's stages of development indicate and with a certain particularity that other departments of work may not always seem to demand. I have indicated how this may be done with the sort of material I have chosen as illustrative. The principle may be followed with other ordering and selection of material, but I think it will be found a principle worth considering. The secondary aim has been to maintain in the scheme of work a close connection between the material chosen and the special centralisation of work in the arts, which is necessary for festival purposes, and which centralisation, indeed, is the festival's greatest value.

Further, for kind permission to use excerpts from other works in this volume, I take pleasure here in acknowledging my indebtedness to: Dr. Douglas Hyde, for passages from his *Literary*

History of Ireland, and to the publishers of the volume, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, London, and Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, again, for the use of passages from Paul du Chaillu's *Viking Age*; to Mr. Redfern Mason for passages of text and music from his *Song Lore of Ireland*, published by Wessels & Bissell; to the J. B. Lippincott Co. for the use of passages from their edition of Dr. Karl Mantzius's *History of Theatrical Art*, translated by Louise von Cossel; and to Dr. Leo Wiener for permission to make a metrical version of the translation of *The Word of Igor's Troop* in his *Anthology of Russian Literature*, as also the use of occasional notes throughout the poem; for the use of these excerpts from the Anthology I am also indebted to Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, the publishers of the volume.

Aside from the advantage of using excerpts from the above volumes to illustrate points in my present book, I wish to acknowledge the aid to research which they have afforded me in certain departments of my special work, and in my text I commend them especially to teachers for this reason.

I am indebted to the publishers of the modern edition of *Purchas's Pilgrims* for the quotation of a passage from that work.

My thanks are due as well to Messrs. Ives & Butler for the right to use again in this volume my paper on the organisation of a department for

folk-plays, which appears in the April, 1912, issue of their publication, *Educational Foundations*.

Finally, but especially, I wish to express my very grateful appreciation of the kind commendation and encouragement of my effort to contribute at least a tentative plan of organisation for certain departments of this valuable field of culture, accorded me by Mr. Peter W. Dykema, and Mr. Percival Chubb, and their friendly help in its behalf.

A. A. T. C.

NEW YORK, February, 1912.

The Dramatic Festival



The Dramatic Festival

PART I

A DEPARTMENT FOR FOLK-PLAYS IN SCHOOLS AND PLAYGROUNDS ¹

I

ITS ORGANIC FORM

WE have seen the value of play in educational development; that its processes are like those of work, and differ only in so far as work is bent towards a direct concrete result, while play is primarily aimless. Yet play has a valuable effect upon the growth of the playing child, while all through this unconscious process his faculties are being made adept and facile for work.

Music has always had its place in the schools, but it has taken longer to give a place to its natural accompaniment, dance,—dance, which has everything gymnastics and calisthenics can give, with

¹ Published in *Educational Foundations*, Ives & Butler, New York, April, 1912.

that necessary human thing, joy, added,—to give it true vitality. Dance and song are the first steps of expression of happy healthy spirits, following the formless expressions of the play instinct in the aimless tumblings and rompings and skippings of very little children. Mimicry, childish pantomime, “make-believe” plays, together with the impulse to bring into regular rhythms their instincts for lively movement until dances grow to match the measures of music, all these are the first gropings towards definition in personal expression, towards beauty, and intelligible form; and from these grows readily the childish drama, the love of “acting-out” the stories they read, the doings of the grown-up world over again. So much has been written and said of late years of the use of this “dramatic instinct” in children, as an educational force, that it is not necessary even to sum it up here. We have now for some time introduced it in our school work as accessory to some of our studies, and as recreation, or for holiday exhibitions.

That this element in school work has been coming to the fore widely in the last few years is something to be glad of, but to advocate full appreciation of its value and better organised and more comprehensive method for it as employed in school processes does not mean that it would be well to specialise its use in a way to seem to turn schools into training classes for the theatre, nor to have the matter entered upon with dramatic

art as an object in itself. But its employment as a means to the end of a richer educational process has values now no longer doubted, and its varied possibilities are open to fruitful discussion. There remains much to be said respecting the relation of this work, with all it may imply, not only to the studies of the school régime, as illustrative, but to the æsthetic growth of the child.

We are coming to understand how far from a complete, harmonious development of the child our school system now brings about, as it stands, and in our attempt to better it we must discover more and more definitely that it is the temperamental side, the side through which the soul moves us as human beings, that we are most neglecting, and we must next slowly see how the arts are the human means of the soul's expression through the temperamental powers. It is exactly this need that has been creating the inner human urgency which has brought about what we now call the Psychology of Pedagogy.

Of all the arts, those coming nearest to the child's first instinct for temperamental, or let us say, more simply, personal expression, in play, are:—dramatic art,—the lyric arts,—those that require personal action, vocal expression, to carry them out. We know the stages of activity the child goes through as his plays and games begin to take on coherence,—how from his baby-pretending that he is a horse, dog, or soldier, he and his little companions act out made-up adventures that are

more and more like complete stories; and how from running and racing aimlessly about, the touch of music inspires them to march rhythms and to the first joyous incoherent little jumps and steps and whirlings, and rudimentary snatches of song, which forecast later enjoyment of rhythmical dance and song forms which are to give, still natural, but more beautiful, conventionalised vent to the exuberance of healthy young spirits. We are coming to see what Nature has been trying to say to us through all these manifestations of childish energy, and we are no longer cruelly suppressing them, but giving them their due through a realisation that they are the natural way of awakening and energising all the faculties of the young child and getting him in symmetrical trim for the later demands life is to make upon him.

Considering these things, and granting the value of the dramatic, the lyrical play as a first all-around personal gymnastic and æsthetic culture—we may go on and see some further ranges of its usefulness which are come upon in the course of its administration, and which carry the pupil into the stages of intellectual education.

Pantomimes, games, dances, and spontaneous make-believe plays appropriately open such a department of work—or recreation work—in the early primary stages. Children take up these of their own accord, naturally, in their playtime by themselves, and teachers are beginning to give them place in the moments of recreation in school

hours. The children may be given stimulus for these directions of their play, later, by their studies—history, geography, reading, and story-telling,—and teachers do so give it, as a rule. There has not yet been, however, any series of plays or any organic scheme arranged, or at least published, with the special purpose of developing the values in this department of work as a field in itself. That is to say, it does not need to be only an accessory; it can suggest altogether too many things on its own account. It may project a plan all its own for bringing to the school children glimpses of the ways of folk in other lands and at other periods, as well as making them observant of their own times and people, while it gives them a broader development of their faculties than any other one thing can do. For this reason it can do best free of any prescribed history courses in its original project, although its context, in a projected plan, might always be utilised to advantage for illustrative work with history and literature.

It has seemed that such a scheme clearly laid out might be useful as a working basis, however it were employed, as accessory or special, and the present outline is suggested as a possible help towards such an organised plan. A first suggestion, however elementary, often suggests further development, or better ideas, and so may serve to more definitely point out latent possibilities. In this special work there are unlimited ones which attention will readily bring out. I have adopted

the name of a Department for Folk-Plays, because that seems to indicate rather happily what vistas it might open, and in accordance with my idea of it I range an amount of material, certain compositions already known, classics and standard works, which apply to the scheme, and in the appendix to section II of Part II give an example of a folk-play which includes folk material in a way which I believe can be particularly useful.

For special story-telling in a period in which the children give free play to their active expression and fancy independent of prescribed lessons in history and other studies, it is to be supposed that the teacher would herself make some regular plan of the kind of stories she chooses, and their progression and relation, so that at the end of a series the children would have a consistent knowledge of some chosen subject. Introduced in the field we are considering, it would properly be a series to stimulate fancy, and the wish for expression in action.

But for such material, a simple outline of the syllabus beginning with the later primary years¹ in this field might begin with:

Fables: Æsop's; of Bilpai (East Indian); *Reynard the Fox*, too—even if this last carries a satire which the children cannot fully fathom, because the animal stories in its series are delightful fables in themselves. This last, *Reynard the*

¹As it will be detailed more fully in Part II, I do not recommend this ready-made story material till the later primary years.

Fox, might be given not only in the translation of the Goethe version, but in German, as also La Fontaine's are sometimes given in French in schools,—for this hour might well be made to serve for the much needed and sometime discussed work in foreign languages in this period of the child's school-life, when more than at other times languages are most readily acquired by the natural method of conversation, and the sort of reading that arouses desire to translate. There are some of the modern animal stories, too, which may be used in this way, and which give, entertainingly for children, instructive glimpses of animal ways. In addition, fairy-tales and folk-myth make an unending supply. But in accordance with the plan I have in mind, I would choose the tales of one people at a time, making each series of them long enough to impress its character on the children, before another series was begun. Young children are very literal; with them it is better to begin with what is most familiar and progress to the more remote. A progression with them will be more geographical than historical. Begin at home, with stories of the people about them, their doings; then stories of the history that has brought about their own environment, and after that the folk-tales and the history stories related to each other, in the order of their relation to the history of their own country, and what is near at hand. I would suggest this order from the first, for instance: First, nature stories of animals, in-

sects, flowers, the elements, as the children see and know them; next, the simplest fables, especially such as deal with familiar things of nature, and animals' ways, which is an easy step from the first direct nature stories, to the use of them figuratively, to illustrate an idea; then next, more personal incidents of the children's own environment, followed afterwards by the history stories and folk-myth of those peoples related to us, in the order in which their relation is most apparent to the children; beginning for instance with our own country, with the stories of our pilgrim ancestors, and the myth that has grown in instances about their doings, as in the case of Henry Hudson and his men playing at bowls in the Catskills, and then of Rip van Winkle. Such related myth, history, and classic literature can be carried out in thousands of instances. What examples suggest themselves to me for this outline, I will give; all teachers have thought of and will think of many more. Suppose then we choose the Red Indians. We will tell their true history, and their relation to the newcomers to this country, in one little series of stories, and associate their historical stories wherever it is pertinent, with their myth, the introduction of examples of their music, their songs, accounts of their customs, their crafts,—as those of the Arizona Indians, particularly; the relics of unknown races of them,—as of the Mound Builders. If this seems to lead the teacher next to the Mexican and South American

early Indian civilisations, those of the Aztecs and Incas, she may follow the same plan in series for them. This will bring her in touch with the Spaniards, and from them easily to the other European continental nations. The French, Dutch, Scandinavians, and the rest, however, who were the main ones in our congregation of ancestors, the teacher may appropriately have made her series bring in earlier than the Indians if she has so preferred, and then she may continue with more remote nations afterwards. In this way a series may finally include all the peoples. It will be seen that this is a kind of Folk-Group method, in historical and geographical relations.

These simplest forms of stories, games, dances, songs, and plays might cover progressively the period from seven or somewhat younger to twelve or fourteen years of age, and include what we call the primary and intermediate or "grammar school" grades.

We will suppose the hour given to this is opened by the teacher with the narration of the chosen history incident, folk-tale, or literary selection, or the correlation of all the three which she may have chosen, and that then from this the children are asked to decide upon some form of expression of the narrative's context. They may choose an idea for a dance, a game, childish songs, from it,—or to act it; and to whatever form of expression they choose, the remainder of the hour will be given. Where it is interesting to discuss the

“properties” for their game or play or dance, and to introduce special customs and modes of dress and speech, the teacher may illustrate these before the class with pictures, actual specimens when possible, and with makeshifts for costuming from things at hand, or that the pupils can find at home; so that the impressions may become more lifelike and interesting to the class. If the children want to carry out their idea with some elaboration,—always barring expense, of course,—let them do so, and help them, and let each game or play or dance, or whatever form the expression takes, cover as many recreation hours as it needs; even a week or so of these periods for one subject may not be too long. The good of letting the children get them up as interestingly as they can and wish to, is much greater than it can be if set times are doled out for each story of the series. One may properly need a long, another a shorter time, but if the children are allowed to satisfy themselves with the result, each will leave a definite and interesting impression. The preparation and painting of the scenery and its framework may well be done in periods for manual training and drawing and colour work, and it is so done in some schools now. All such departments of work added to or associated with this one, increase its value in the child’s culture,—and the work deserves this scope. Detail relative to such association of this work with other departments is given in section III of Part II, and

also in the paper on the administration of class work.

With older classes this recreational study of races, the form which it would seem this department of culture may most interestingly and appropriately take,—since drama is an active personal expression of the phases of human life,—may take its development in the same manner as in the earlier classes, except for selection of episodes, folk-lore, and literary productions of an order suited to the advanced period of the school grades, or it may very interestingly and valuably take its course from the more abstract historical view, along the lines of racial progressions, as one theory stands, beginning with our Aryan ancestors in Persia; or in the European steppes,—if that theory appeals most to the teacher. However open to change the theories of racial progressions have been, and may still be,—along the main lines of the accepted ones, at least, the development of literatures, arts, and governments may be very consistently followed.

In the primary years the pupils will perhaps have become acquainted in these recreation periods with the simpler myth and the main incidents in the histories of the peoples about the globe,—supposing this plan here suggested is followed,—but now they may take the more complex historical developments of the nations, their clashes, interferences, conquests, decadence; glimpses of their epochs of brilliance through

the famous romances of their ancient chronicles. They may begin to see them in the actual epic sweep of their migrations, colonisation, and interaction in such a way as to begin to understand how our present world has been built up, and its civilisation developed, and what will be the forces of its future building.

The periods for this may still be called a recreation time, as before, and the ordering of it be after the same plan. The teacher in her progressive stories may make plain the influence of the peoples on each other's movements, and the effects of physical conditions; the resultant myth, customs, and character.

With these older pupils the teacher may introduce the romance of the history of the peoples, their poetry and arts, in the advanced stages more perfected and advanced than those producing the ranges of decorative and industrial arts to which the younger children's attention was mainly directed. For at this later period of school-life is dawning in the children the sentiments of adolescence, to which is natural a love for romance, poetry, and the beauties in the manifestations of art; sentiments that should be given full response, if life thereafter is to unfold richly for the child.

This in fact is the simple principle of the whole idea for the administration of such a department; that, as it is a department for active, joyful, full personal expression in forms of art, it shall take for its suggestion and stimulus the active, personal

life story, and the expressional art story of the races. The natural correspondence in the racial story and expression with the development of the individual child, must make the introduction of this story in his culture fit most naturally his own developing instincts for expressing himself through his energies and faculties, and it will give him rich material to serve his wish for expression, and help him focus its forms. Perhaps nothing helps us to find ourselves and to focus our capacities, more than scope for expression in the arts,—and in such an hour as I can foresee this hour for folk-plays and kindred forms might become, there is not one of the faculties that would not be given play,—no æsthetic perception that would not be developed and refined. The crafts, including mechanics and simple carpentry for the preparation of stage scenes and properties; drawing, colour, decoration, ornament; appreciation of art forms, through the illustrative exhibition of pictures and specimens of the crafts of peoples, that teachers and scholars might collect; as also instinctive feeling for art forms that practice in dance and the symmetrical movements of games, and the needed accord of action in dramas, however simple, bring to the participants; strength and health of body which belong always with grace, which dance and dramatic action—the best of all gymnastics—bring; and the use of the voice, for beauty as well as for clearness; the appreciation and constant use of good speech; the appreciation

which must come increasingly from the familiarity with good literary and poetic forms, and which stimulates the creative poetic gift,—these are the elements of culture which it plainly includes. In fact the most splendid thing of all that this would do, would be, first to give scope to the full, free development of the child in the three inseparables of beauty, health, and grace, with faculties all elastic, freed, and ready to do with eagerness and vigour whatever chosen work should eventually disclose itself before him; and second, to stimulate his creative gifts for strong individual expression, so that he shall be helped to find and recognise his special individual work and focus his powers freely upon it with strong initiative and joyous originality.

It will not be forgotten by any practised teacher that, in the conduct of such hours, a little questioning will often lead the class itself to contribute much unexpected and entertaining information about the subject in hand,—of relics, of travel, of home reading. In this country where we have such a medley of races, children often contribute valuable data concerning the customs of out-of-the-way places in "the old country."

It will also be remembered that, since the object of such a department of work would be primarily to encourage and develop powers of expression in the pupils, each narrative of the series presented by the teacher must contain some striking incidents, some description of interesting customs, or

introduce some production of the arts, literature, poetry, industrial occupation, or music, to be material for games, youthful dramas, dances, rondes, childish cantatas, or recitations. The conventionalisation of the game and dance forms it is interesting and profitable to give the pupils every opportunity to work out from their own fancy. Help them to reduce their ideas finally to order, if need be, but let them take the initiative. It is especially valuable, also, to let them formulate dance steps and rhythmic bodily movements spontaneously as the teacher plays one and another kind of composition. Audible rhythms and physiological rhythms act and react to develop the primitive dance; emotions and ideas respectively inspire and define their forms and force. Things should not always be presented to children ready-made; they should often be given opportunity and encouragement to invent their games themselves, compose their plays, songs, choruses, and operettas, in their own childish ways, and to improvise their own dances to express their fancies, or the natural impulses stirred by music of differing rhythms. Relative to this point, we may consider what we now call Greek dances. We must believe that the Greeks were as sensitively spontaneous as any people could be; as expressive of youth and freshness. We reconstruct their dances from the fragmentary scraps of art relics they have left us. A dance, a dramatic gesture in a choral movement, caught in a picture or a

stone, can be related to a whole only by a perfect æsthetic sense as to what the progression of movement from first to last must have been to produce it in a certain part of a dance. One must be as an æsthetologist, what Cuvier was as a naturalist, to do it! That is, to do it without the aid of human illustration and experiment. The æsthetologist can be supplied with this, if Cuvier could not be with his primeval specimen. The unerring response to such experiment will be in scope for spontaneous expression in dance forms. Without a thought of attempting to copy Greek dances, we may through spontaneous experiment be actually doing over again just the kind of dances that, attempted otherwise, we are reconstructing quite wrongly because artificially, from fragmentary knowledge unrelated to consistent development of expressional gesture in any choral form. For the forms of gestural expression, spontaneously produced, grow of course from the same principles with all human beings; but we can never find out these principles truly without studying expression, spontaneously aroused and developed without self-consciousness or instruction. No true form of dance, or in fact of drama, or any art, can be developed without understanding these principles as nature shows them, and as they can be discovered from spontaneous processes.

When there is a special room and a specially allotted time for such a department in the schools,

just as there is already a gymnasium and a manual-training room, and in some schools a swimming-pool, one can see for it a little museum of its own gradually collected, of the specimens of interesting products of the varied folk of the world, or of properties made by the children to represent things used by foreign peoples, their costumes, and whatever has contributed to the historical or lifelike representation as "properties" for the scenes of the plays or dances or whatever. There will also be copies of famous pictures on the walls, where such have helped to bring the reality of the subjects introduced, to the classes, as also books of reference gradually collected for use in these series, of narratives which are to be illustrated in beautiful forms of activity, and also, perhaps, copies of compositions in music and dramatic form, original with the children themselves! It would be a museum worth a visit, and the children who had helped to make it would have interesting acquirements accordingly.

A bibliography is given, to serve as a pointer for such a course of teacher's reading as may help a consistent progression in the work of a department of this kind. Every teacher will select and develop his own to fit the particular needs of his classes, but a hint of one formula is usually effective in stirring the invention of others. The following one is presented only as one such hint.

The bibliography is arranged after such a scheme as will seem likely to bring to the teacher

for his store of material: first, in each section of the list, the historic basis for his folk-group; (second) folk customs, racial tendencies, and racial expression, as affected by locality, environment, and external race influences, and expressed again in myth, customs, arts, and industries; (third) striking historical episodes, with the important personalities standing as their exponents; and (fourth) the romance of history and literature, with the classic forms of the arts. To this are added, usually, references to writings which give atmosphere and colour to present-day customs of the various countries, and make their locality more vivid.

The bibliography is not exhaustive, by any means; it merely aims to name a few of such books, standard and miscellaneous, in each department of the progression, as shall indicate to the teacher the trend of essential study for it. The selections for the most part, as will be seen, are for the teachers themselves, and to give them a store for their own choice of narrative, or from which to recommend reading to their classes, for home or school hours.

While it is not necessarily to be expected that the comparatively young teachers in our public schools would have given exhaustive reading to the great historians, it should be expected of them that they know how to use them generously for reference, and that they have already used them so before beginning practical work in teaching

such a course as this, here laid out. It is to the great historians we must go for the real substance and riches of historical writing; for the epic sweep, the understanding of humanity in its struggling growth; the power of correlation of all parts of civilisation's progress; the rich flow of anecdote and illustration; all those things that come readily, and therefore most delightfully, only from minds most splendidly stored. Not for nothing are they "great historians"; it is for their understanding of Man,—their real touch of life. This perhaps needs to be said to the young teacher, who turns away rather fearfully from the rows of ponderous-looking volumes to some of the superficial, abridged "outlines,"—really published merely for the convenience of making a first skeleton upon which to build more, and to fill in with the real living pictures of the peoples. From these "outlines," if one used only such, one must turn away unsatisfied, longing for that charm, that romance, that breathing life that the true historians have caught, that make their heavy *looking* volumes the only real treasure-houses of enchanted lore. It is only those who have caught this enchantment and tell it who have stood out from among the annalists of men's ways. It is good advice to the young teacher to go, too, to the fountain-heads, the old chronicles,—where they can be consulted, as many of them can, in our libraries. To realise one is reading contemporaneous accounts,—or nearly so,—comparatively (since the perspective

of years makes centuries dwindle), lends a peculiar charm to these records, and, moreover, the naïveté, simplicity, and directness of the old chroniclers in recounting their times and environment, no more sophisticated modern narrator can possibly reproduce, even when he attempts it in the way of atmosphere for fiction and romance.

It is a general principle, that to tell a little well, to children, even,—one must know a great deal; and it is true. Where one has but a skeleton of information for resource, what one tells is dry as bones; but the deeply informed person may tell a very simple thing, and it will be rich with life, with vision. Only by giving herself a rich store of her own, may the teacher hope, in her most simple recounting, to give the gleams of life and beauty that irresistibly vivify a class. It is largely for these reasons that I make my bibliography, for the most part, far from juvenile in its context, expecting teachers to prepare from its material a series of juvenile presentations that will be vastly richer and better and more real than juvenile literature proper can supply, even although the teacher's work is for children, and beginning with very small ones. The plays I give as illustrative, and the collections I cite, are meant to be an indication of what may be done toward such a presentation of matter for children's use; to stimulate pupils to go on by themselves or with their teacher's help, to prepare original compositions for action or other forms of expression from

material they themselves collect from reading, or from their teacher's narratives.

It will be seen that archæological books are especially included in the list that follows. This is so, because of their value in presenting the modes of art and industrial expression of primitive peoples, and of early civilisations. When the pupils get up their little plays, games, and dances, and prepare "properties" for them, to know the principles of the arts of the peoples whose doings they wish to mimic will be a small education in itself. For instance, then, books on our Indian basketry are most pertinent; on potteries and implements,—and besides these, a study of the music of the different peoples in conjunction with their other lore. The series of folk-song books now published, and the folk-dance books with descriptions of the dances so that any teacher may work them out, will be indispensable adjuncts to the department of work here outlined. Arts and industrial training, represented by our manual training in the elementary grades, will go hand in hand with it, too, to the advantage of all, in addition to the apparently more immediate relation of this department to history and literature. And at last, in reality, all these elements that may enter this work are vehicles, or expressions for the vital core of it: the freeing of personal faculties, scope for originality, power, and efficiency.

II

THE ADMINISTRATION OF CLASS WORK IN A DEPARTMENT FOR FOLK-PLAYS

IN such a department as that just outlined, if the teacher is working with a class in a recreation period,—which we shall suppose a good forty or sixty minute one for this kind of work,—we will suppose the children are past the period when the dramatic instinct has satisfactory vent to them in marches, the most childish and made-up dances, and the simplest forms of game and “make-believe,” and are interested in acting out stories, to the point of even wanting to make up their speeches and action into little plays for their companions to look on at, because at this more advanced period we may demonstrate more fully what the scope of this work actually is. With this premise, we will say we open the class hour by first telling a story, or several stories, and letting the children choose one they would like to “pretend,” or we may tell one longer narrative in which we know there is the possibility of finding several dramatic plots. This last gives most scope for originality in discovering and choosing

the incident they want to make a play of. Most children catch the salient features of a story, a few have a weaker sense of the relations of detail to main facts, but out of the various suggestions, a good outline for the action will easily come. In our unfortunately big classes, so far exceeding the only possible number for good results, all the children cannot possibly take part in each play, so they must be asked who will be audience for the first play, when the number of those needed in it is found. Then it may be explained to them that there are many other things to be done beside acting, in the getting up of a play,—that there will be something for each member of the class to do to help.

The teacher may remind the children that a play ought to be made interesting to look at by making the scene of it appear at least something like reality. This does not need much impressing, for it is natural for children to make up a semblance of scenes in all their plays, as we know; so by very little talking and questioning you may get them gradually to give their ideas of what the imaginary scene of the play they want is to be like, and following that up, you may ask them how they think they can manage to make it like that. Perhaps as has been suggested they will think of decorations and "properties" they can bring from home to help, or makeshift things they have at hand with imagination to aid, both of which methods have their advantages and are a splendid beginning.

It is a good plan to let them work out each play in a makeshift way at first, for rehearsals, yet the further ways of carrying out the plan are what widen the field of achievement and educational benefit for it. For the function of imagination is to spur on realisation. At each rehearsal it may be suggested—indeed it will suggest itself to the children—that the scene may be improved upon. If there is a blackboard behind the platform let it be utilised for drawing or colouring an imaginary background to the scene. Then from that you can explain to the children what it will help them to know about the painted scenes in the real theatre.

The idea of wishing they could make some semblance of real scenery will have probably suggested itself. Then they will begin to think how they can themselves make such, and make it more and more like theatre scenery on a small scale. All these accessory things necessary to the play those who are to be audience can do entirely, and they will be perfectly happy over this part because it will keep them busy and interested. The actors themselves can attend to their makeshift costumes and the general bettering of them, and to their personal "properties." In these simple little plays for the children themselves it is better to have them originate their own lines gradually, playing them out as they go, than to have them put the plays at first into set lines and learn them by rote before acting them; and

for most occasions it is best to get up plays with no idea of exhibiting them except for the children's companions, or parents and teachers. Let the children rehearse the play over and over until certain lines stick and are always in substance the same, proving that they belong to the real action. By and by each child can write down an outline of what he remembers he says, the teacher can help in the putting together of these outlines, and you have a play all in order for reference and help at rehearsals, and nothing, at any rate, can be better for the children than this process of making it up themselves; certainly not for the younger children.

But with so much premised it is necessary to imagine a very delightful, but as yet unusual state of things, that is, the open space schoolroom with no close rows of desks, or else that right at hand, for use in connection with this "recreation study," shall be a work-room, or work-space, for preparing just these needed accessories to the play the children are getting up; that in this work-room there shall be tools and utensils for work, and that materials shall be provided for it as they are needed. Where there is a room for Sloyd or other manual training, this may be easily realised.

Let us see next what the children would have to do. Suppose the ordinary furnishings for the scene were at hand, that is, tables, and chairs, or a bench or stools, but that the children wanted to make the semblance of a special background and

side framing to their play picture. First of all they must make the skeleton for the canvas or paper to be stretched on before it is painted, and here is introduced at once a simple carpentry, easily and gladly undertaken by some of the boys. But are the children sure how they want the scene painted? Who has a clear idea? Let them tell. Discuss the ideas, then let each one make a drawing to show his idea, a drawing big enough to be held up for the class to see, and done in broad lines of charcoal, or best practice of all, lines of ivory black wash paints. Finally the best points of all will be sifted, through criticism, the outline of the scene picture decided upon, and the result drawn by teacher, or a pupil, and hung up again in view. Each pupil must again copy this in pencil outline, and then colour his design according to his idea; all the designs again to be submitted, discussed, and compared as before, and the best points chosen for the colour model.

Now who shall paint the scenery? You have already given the carpentry of its structure to one group of pupils, so now your number is reduced and easier to choose from. You ask for volunteers and if there are too many you may tell them as before that there are still other things as interesting to be done, for which there must be workers. To vote upon the question of who has made the best colour designs if you like, is a natural way, though as all who like to draw and paint are to be benefited, to turn and turn about among the

members of the class for all the different kinds of work needed should be the plan followed. Yet choosing the best drawings, the best carpentry, and so forth as a means of assigning "head-workers" excites a wish in those not chosen, to improve, if the teacher will say that she will choose a new head-worker in any part of the work, whenever any other pupil succeeds in doing as well as the head-worker in office.

Having the design settled upon, the corps that is to stretch canvas, or nail or paste cardboard on the scene frames, must come forward and go to work. If the designs are to extend beyond the frames as they would do in tree branches or the like, the pasteboard must allow for this, or if canvas covering is used, the canvas extensions will have to be stiffened with pasteboard. The young scene-painters may then draw their projecting outlines and the young pasters or canvas stretchers must cut the extension away along the outlines of the design. When this is done the scenery is ready to paint, and the artists may put on gingham aprons, girls and boys both, and go to work. If pasteboard has been used, colours made from vegetable dyes may be used for the medium, mixed with water simply, and used like water-colours with big soft brushes; if canvas, oils, bought in quantity and thinned; the cans of paint or stains used for walls or furniture or floors or for kalsomining, and that come in all colours, may be used, also with big brushes. But the vegetable

dyes may be used on most fabrics, and are harmless. In either case obtain brushes that are well made for such uses, and which allow for detail work, not of course, large and clumsy ones like whitewash-brushes, except for big flat-toned spaces. The children's ingenuity will tell them how to set up the frames steadily, unless they can also make a holding frame to shift the wings in, which is more difficult, but possible enough to do, and more steady and satisfactory for use, in the end.

Can you imagine anything children would find more entrancing? To have their fling fully with a good big paint-brush and plenty of lovely colours? Yet they will all the time be having the natural discipline demanded by the very aim they themselves have for their work,—their desire to make it like the design they have decided to follow, and to do it well because they want it to be a good-looking scene, which is, indeed, the very heart and soul of the only discipline worth having,—the discipline inherent in the necessity to do good work in order to bring a desired good result. The child with this aim will be careful, jealous to protect his work, anxious to finish it, and delighted to see it grow under his hands, without any teacher or meddling grown-up person needing to stand over him with grim authority. This is always so when the work the child is given to do is full of interest to him, as this kind of play work—with its very wonderful potentiality—is full, for him.

So now we may see we have given to the children,

in this preparation for their play, two kinds of "manual training": the carpentry of the scene structure and the pasting or stretching and cutting of the scene surface; this has necessarily included the calculation of spaces and measurements and is, so, a further mental exercise; we have also given them a splendid lesson in symmetrical design through the making of scene sketches; as well as the colour designing afterward, and the delightful chance at broad colour work that the final scene-painting squad has, and which shall be given to other squads in their turn. So:—design, with its accompanying discussion of perspective necessary for a scene sketch, in simple terms for practical application, with the chance for instructive comparisons of perspective, outdoors and in; painting, with the ideas of distances as expressed in colours and tones, which will naturally be discussed and compared with the interior and the exterior chiar-oscuro; and manual training, to say nothing of the mental and imaginative exercise of originating the idea of the play; these so far; and what next?

Those pupils who have nothing else to do may constitute themselves a force to get together and arrange personal properties and the stage setting of "movable properties" and they can be critics at rehearsals. They can notice how the stage looks, whether it makes a good picture, and they can work at the setting till it is good, or, that is, till it is as nearly like as they can make it to whatever is appropriate to the action to take place in it.

Then they must notice how it looks when the little actors come upon it, and they must see how the groups must stand to make the picture look well; they must notice, too, about the colours of the costumes, how they go together, and with the scenery. In short they will gradually, without knowing it, and in this play-hour manner, develop their sense of harmony and symmetry, with respect to colour, mass, and line, and they will come to know instinctively what it is that makes unity in the composition of a picture; what makes it striking by its centre of strong action and its contrasts, or what makes it beautiful and appealing by its pleasant, soft-toned colours and its gentler action; thus a million details in the training of the finer perceptions, we can readily see, can be supplied the child, which perhaps no other one thing could give so well to him, not even outdoors, because in this play of make-believe—acting—the attention is concentrated, and the influence of its accessory benefits is attached to something directly in hand. It is in fact a spur to the noticing of natural objects and beautiful outdoor scenes, and to all appreciation of them, in a way the child might not arrive at through the influence only of working among outdoor things without having any wish aroused in him to focus and reproduce in some creation of his own the beauties about him. Outdoor beauty is so diffused it does not necessarily make a poet, or painter, or a man of thought or invention of the farmer or other out-of-doors worker, by its influ-

ence, so long as that influence is not met by æsthetic sensibility inherently keen or developed to activity through the awakening of intellect and vision to invest the mere physical eyesight, and make it focus attention on beauty to the point of appreciation and understanding. But this particular power of focusing æsthetic faculties, the application to arts accomplishes.

There is more still.—The words of the little play must be heard by the audience of the players' companions; they will insist that they hear, so voices must be used clearly and words spoken well. But the voice must also sound pleasant, must have a good tone, not be harsh, hard, and loud as it too often is in our public-school rooms, as if the only object were to have it heard, whether agreeably or not. Therefore it will be necessary to discover the *right* way to use the voice, which is the only way that allows it to be heard and to be pleasant and sweet at the same time. When songs are introduced into the plays, this helps the vocal work, as well as bringing another element of vitality and enjoyment into the little drama. Even a "character" or eccentric use of the voice for portraying a type, must have a good tone placing. The audience also wants to see everything that is happening on the stage, and plainly, not with one thing crowding or blurring another, for the drama is a way of telling a story, and the audience must know how all the parts of the story work together and finally resolve themselves.

So the little actors have to make their gestures and steps tell clearly what is happening, and each one must give his neighbour his chance to be in view. This must give practice to the players in moving about among people, in overcoming clumsiness and rude ways of pushing about, and it helps the little audience to learn further to understand what is meant by the good composition of a picture, even if the technical words to explain it are not introduced. That, too, is an eye practice in good arrangement, and eye practice means something contributed to all the senses.

If we introduce dancing, folk-dances, and rondes into the plays, that is another elaboration of this element of grouping, and of attainment of command of physical motion. Like singing, too, it brings a splendid vital element into the recreation, —vital and an awakener of æsthetic sensibilities in gay, natural young ways. Where there is outdoor exercise for children in its right measure and dancing, singing, and active occupations of interesting kinds, artificial gymnastics are not, or should not be, necessary at all. That is, for a normally developed and healthy child they should not be; but in these hours of play theatre, through the different kinds of action demanded of the children, physical defects can be readily discovered and remedial gymnastics applied in the course of the work being done, and as if it were not a medicine, but merely a part of making them carry out their small festival better.

The little class audience will be loudly and mercilessly critical; children are very ready to pounce upon each other's faults, especially when these faults interfere with enjoyment. If they don't hear the lines, they will insist that they be spoken more clearly; if they are spoken in bad voices they will also be corrected with great promptness; if the spectators cannot see plainly what is happening, they will cry out against the bunglers, who will have to remedy things and make their actions simple and plain. You will notice from this, that the audience will be criticising the actors because they want to know what the play is about, because they want the play to be as pretty or as interesting as they imagined it would be; they don't criticise because they want Mary or Tommy to look more attractive or to show what good voices they have. And that is the best part of it. While the teacher knows that the whole thing is for the benefit and improvement of the children individually; that Mary's voice may be better, that she may physically improve and not be clumsy, as well as that she may be benefited by the other things the dramatic game can give her, and which we have enumerated; yet the teacher must know also that this benefit, even subjectively, is altogether to have its best fruition through the effort of the children to accomplish something outside of themselves, for its own sake; therefore the criticism directed against the effect of the play upon the young audience is right, and should not

The Dramatic Festival

PART I

A DEPARTMENT FOR FOLK-PLAYS IN SCHOOLS AND PLAYGROUNDS ¹

I

ITS ORGANIC FORM

WE have seen the value of play in educational development; that its processes are like those of work, and differ only in so far as work is bent towards a direct concrete result, while play is primarily aimless. Yet play has a valuable effect upon the growth of the playing child, while all through this unconscious process his faculties are being made adept and facile for work.

Music has always had its place in the schools, but it has taken longer to give a place to its natural accompaniment, dance,—dance, which has everything gymnastics and calisthenics can give, with

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and a normal joyous child should never have it mentioned to him, however his parents may guard it for him without his being conscious of it.

Yet of course so long as we seat young ramping children for five hours a day at a stretch at desks and mainly over books, with an outrageously hurried luncheon in between, to have them get up once or twice in that time and bob about stiffly in unison between the rows of desks may be a little relief, if even of a clumsy kind,—but we hope for better schooldays after awhile in all schools, as they are now in the few,—with outdoors and real child kind of hours in them as the main constituent,—with things learned in happiness and through such methods as do not let energies dull to the point of finding relief in these inane dippings and jerkings called “calisthenics” still used in too many of our overcrowded school-rooms. How much better would the hours be, not only momentarily relieved in this set way, but enlivened by gymnastics of a natural order like the folk-dance, music, gardening, one or another kind of productive occupation, or this dramatic game with which no “gymnastic” of a mechanical sort can compare in opportunity for varied activities and development of many powers—not alone physical,—as the enumeration which we are making of its benefits must show. It is very hopeful for school improvement that its adoption is not only becoming popular, but better understood as valuable. It is the lyrical elements

it is bringing more definitely into school, which, perhaps more than anything else, will do away with our *criminally unhygienic* methods of artificial "discipline," our enforced, unnatural restrictions to quiet, and long silent periods at desks for children at ages when this is likely to be, and often proves to be, a positive injury, physical, mental, and nervous.

To continue with the possibilities of our work: On our children's stage, of course, the matter of their learning to walk about in the groups there, is a help in getting over clumsiness and in a number of related ways. They will be seen to get over their awkwardness readily when their attention is called to the need of ordering their steps and movements in ways that don't impede others whose movements must be seen, too, to make the play clear to the onlookers. This also must appear to them to be for the sake of the play, and not because they are themselves "clumsy" or "stupid." Surely it is a poor method to tell children such things of themselves, and it should never be done. If they are awkward they are so only from timidity, which is not allayed by making them more self-conscious. Make them forget themselves in interest in what they are doing, and awkwardness is gone, gradually. At all events, the play is not given them to do, for the sake of their acquiring a perfection of dramatic technic right away, but for purposes more fitted to their childish development. But a little child,

active and happy and healthy, is as graceful as a fawn when he is doing something in which he forgets himself because of its interest to him, and it is a perpetually valuable gymnastic to do things gracefully because of happiness in them.

We may have the children make the properties and paraphernalia necessary, as real as they like, and actually make things themselves for use, in the handicraft hours that nowadays they are supposed to have. They can model clay pottery and weave some of their fabrics; they can cook things in their domestic science classes for use on their stage tables, and make simple carpentry products for furnishings.

It is good to create things for a purpose of use always; and the make-believe use in the little plays is practice for real use, and besides what is concocted for use in the play hour may be destined for taking home to an actual use afterwards if it is a substantial product, as something woven, some piece of furniture, or something really decorative might be. At all events if the school theatre became an institution the children would build up and accumulate all its necessary paraphernalia gradually, and very satisfactorily and instructively to themselves, by this method.

So much for the beginnings of class work relating most to the active and æsthetic elements of this recreational exercise. Now for the further intellectual acquisition that may belong to it. Illustration is the easiest way to set this forth.

Suppose we take a play built on some especial episode in history, or about picturesque racial customs with a simple dramatic story running through it as theme. Whether we use a play ready-made, or the class and teacher together build it as I have suggested, we may take up the work in the following manner, which has proven satisfactory and interesting.

I will take the little genre- or folk-play appended to section II of Part II, *Minka's Wedding*. It is one adapted to classes midway between the primary and advanced, and it includes the main features which we have just discussed as important in a play's preparation for our educational use.

My own method in preparing a play of this kind is, as preliminary, to sketch for the class the possibilities in the history and racial ways of several nationalities, and then ask the class which it would prefer to begin upon. For our present purpose—from, say, French, Spanish, Irish, Japanese, and Russian material supposedly presented, which might find varied adherence in the class,—we will say the Russian material sketched out by the teacher is that finally chosen. With that done, the next step is for the teacher to present several suggestions about different periods and their incidents, in Russian history; to talk about Russian customs, and of the country itself descriptively. In the case of this Russian folk-play taken for example, and which was discussed first in class in the way sketched here, the idea of

"a plot" finally focused about the provincial wedding customs, as giving a chance for liveliness, bright costumes, and the introduction of some of the most picturesque types and customs as special features,—as, for example, the introduction of the bard with his recitation of a famous epic.

In a school drawing upon the foreign quarters in our big cities, one or another nationality chosen will be found, likely enough, well represented in the class. For our Russian play, suppose we should find among our class a number of Russians, there would be a chance of arousing their special personal interest by getting them to make inquiries of their parents about Russia, if they had not themselves been there. Usually such class members will report their possession at home of interesting relics, costumes, utensils, ornaments, and furnishings from the "old country," some of which would not be held too precious to lend as "properties" for the play. It is also often the experience of the teacher that upon her inquiries, the foreign children will delightedly bring quaint and interesting bits of information about present customs that still persist from many past generations in the provincial districts of their fatherland.

The best plan for working out the action is that already outlined,—guiding the pupils to work out the lines themselves with appropriate relation to the chosen plot. When this has been done enough to give the substance of the dialogue, the teacher may herself shape it consistently, but the value to

the child is greater if the teacher will do this shaping in class with the pupils, letting them see the steps she takes to put it into good structural form. During this time, while teacher and class are getting the play shaped, and working it out by tentative rehearsals, books may be suggested to the pupils to look up, which relate to the subject of the play, and further, they may be directed to museums and shops where there are exhibits to illustrate the subject. Whenever it is possible for a teacher to take her class on a tour of inspection herself for such illustrative material, she can add thereby to the interest of the whole work.

For the costume part of the preparation, sometimes more help is necessary from the teacher than mere drawings of costumes, or directions to books of costume plates. In this Russian play, for example, the headdresses would require help usually in the cutting of patterns, and the explanation of character touches in the costumes, as, for instance, such points of dress as indicate rank, or official position. For this play, the foundation of the costumes would be simple and supplied from materials and garments in every-day use; the picturesque and character touches would be in the detail, and to supply these touches, a little paint, gold paper, particular kinds of bows and streamers, and the utilisation of long cloaks, sashes, gymnasium suits, and imitation top boots will answer, and make up satisfactorily the wardrobes of bridesmaids, principals, guests, and Cossacks.

In such a process as this, if carried out with enthusiasm, and with effort on the part of the teacher to have her pupils get the most benefit from its possibilities, the class may be given a glimpse they will not forget into the ways of a foreign country, its appearance, its history, its folk-lore, its people's character. As in the play taken here for example, some typical episode may often characterise and throw light on the people's history, and open a vista for interest in its arts and literature. By introducing the bard to the young players as a character in the scenes, the teacher is given a chance to tell them the picturesque story of the unearthing of the mass of epic treasures that were for generations previously only handed about from mouth to mouth by the wandering *skoromokhi* or minstrels, in outlying, primitive districts, and to introduce any number of examples of this folk-literature too. The flavour of romance in such narrative is always delightful to children, and the teacher who is on the lookout for such opportunities, and cares to inform herself with some richness and variety upon the subjects that come into her work, will open a whole treasure-house of possibilities that will make her hours as well as her pupils' full of charm and life.

All plays in the schoolroom may be developed from a similar basic plan, varied of course in development according to their nature. The play used for demonstration here is just one idea from a

vast treasure-house of the lore of peoples, their history and romance, open to any teacher who is interested enough to explore it for the sake of more life in the schoolroom, and the richer field of work she can make.

The best part of all this is that the action of the children themselves, the opportunity to make them feel actually part and parcel of the scenes, especially after they have been made vivid to them by discussion and investigation of the details relating to them, impresses the whole new realm the process has opened to them indelibly upon their minds, perhaps as a spur to further interest and study on their part,—at all events in a way that is delightful to them, and never to be forgotten.

So it may be seen from this, not only how fully plays may be made to help the study of history, geography, literature, and the world of romance and myth,—and we have employed them already in our schools as accessory illustrations of these studies,—but how the employment of them with all their possibilities developed may bring in every element of educational work in a manner that is peculiarly valuable because of the natural relation of all parts to a particular and concrete aim.

To this enumeration of the values represented by this work, and so far discussed in this and the previous paper, we may add: the development of ability to compose varied literary and musical forms. This may indeed readily be seen to be

but a natural sequence to the origination of the play outline, to the making up of the lines by the children themselves for songs and speeches, and the putting together of the full play. The introduction of songs and verse, of rhythmical forms, into the simple play, is a value in itself, because it more definitely develops the capacity for spontaneous rhythmical utterance. Rhythmical utterance is really as natural to human expression as are the rhythms of breathing and of all the involuntary physical actions,—in which personal rhythms, as we know, the rhythms of art take their rise. Therefore this further value our lyrical or dramatic exercise has in giving scope to rhythmical utterance is a value meriting special attention.

Now, if for any reason,—either for the sake of a study to be illustrated, or the advance of the children to capacity for it,—an already made play, classic or other, is chosen for use, the teacher is likely to find the odd, stilted self-consciousness manifest itself which for some reason or other the untutored human being assumes the moment he attempts to deliver the printed sayings of another human being.

He would not do so if he were reporting what his friend John said to him, even if his friend John's information took the form of a long and exciting or comic or even tragic narrative. He would not be melodramatic, or artificially burlesque or lachrymose; he would be quite simple and the

narrative would carry, therefore, as that of a real occurrence to real human beings. But to learn from the written word seems at once to induce an intense formality, general stiffening or exaggeration. Why? An amount of wrong training and wrong standards, for one thing, in school recitations, and from public examples, but also,—with the child, as it is, too, with the uncultured professional actor,—because the printed words seem not, to his imagination, to invest themselves with life. With the professional actor lacking culture this is chronic and probably irremediable except through education usually beyond his opportunity or taste, but with the child the remedy for it lies in awakening his intelligence and originality. There are two methods for this: the first, and usually the best, of them being to lead him to make up his lines in the way we have suggested already, with the teacher only helping with material for ideas through her suggestions. The other way is to help the child to really understand intelligently lines he has to learn if he is learning from an already prepared play,—and more,—to understand the whole play until the relations of all the parts and speeches become clear to him. There can be no more pernicious method than to give a child lines and cues alone to learn before he knows fully the import of the play; it is a wretched enough method for professional managers to inflict upon professional players.

To help the child, in this respect, suggest to

him that he remember when he is speaking the lines of the play that they are just such things as real people like himself would say, whether they are supposed to belong in China, Russia, or anywhere else, and that then if he and his companions only think the idea of the words and then say them feeling as if they were themselves those other people, in such and such situations, it will begin to come more simply to them, and seem more real. Children are imaginative enough not to need much of such suggestion, though it is a help in cases of awkwardness and self-consciousness, for it helps them to forget themselves in the thought of the characters they are pretending to be, and this in proportion to the clearness with which the teacher can bring them to see the characters and their situation first. This of course it will be understood, in accordance with our discussion of method, must be accomplished by guiding the child to understand the points for himself, not by one-sided telling by the teacher.

Often, though, let us remember, this sense the child has of the unreality of printed lines he is to learn, has a true foundation in their actual artificiality, for of all beings in the world, the child has the keenest sense of what is sincere, and what unreal and artificial in expression,—expression through books or through people,—and for the most part the plays ready-made for children have this defect. Any one thinks he can turn off a hack play for children or young people, and does

not realise that one must take some pains to produce written language in forms that are simple and sincere, even when they deal with fanciful or childish subjects, or the naive juvenile romance that carries a harmless poetic sentiment for older boys and girls.

To obviate the trouble when this is the cause, the teacher must first look over the play she gives the children and see if its lines are in themselves stilted and unreal in expression, and if they are, ruthlessly change them, into verse or prose, as she sees fit, only, if verse, it must also be simple and good. But better far, she may ask each child how he would tell the content of the lines in his own words, and help him so to make his own changes. Classics will be, of course, simple and true in diction, but those above the children's heads, so that they cannot feel their reality, should not be given them to learn, any more than inferior literary work. In this latter class, if plot or story is fanciful or interesting, the faults of artificiality should be eliminated, and poor blank verse or rhymed plays that make children feel unreal when they speak the lines should always be subjected to whatever changes will commend them to the child's sense of reality. In using their own language forms it really is not bad to let the children have leeway; certain childish simple expressions should be left to them without correction. That is, too much correction and perfection is never necessary all at once, and at all events from the

companionship of cultivated teachers and parents the child's language becomes correct and loses primitive expressions or those ungrammatical or undesirable ones he may pick up outside of home or school. Mere childish language it is better to let grow and improve in its own natural ways.

With all this we should not expect nor wish to see the whole work of a school focused upon the preparation of a play, even with the fine variety of accessory work that can belong in the process; but that it introduce and demonstrate more thoroughly the principle that the educative process has its rise in the play instinct, the first method the child employs for trying his energies,—that is to be expected and wished, for the more this principle of natural use of natural energies is allowed to develop its own possibilities, the nearer we shall come to an educational process less tied to unchallenged custom, and more nearly allied to the needs of natural growth.

The examples of plays in this volume are given to show the kind of plays and festivals which may be made to include the special activities I have cited as valuable accessories to the now increasingly adopted plan of introducing dramatic work and festivals into schools in such a way as to correlate them more intimately with the regular régime. But they are given as types and suggestions only; that they may be used satisfactorily as ready-made plays, and with some benefit to the pupils, I know, always provided that the

process be rationally developed, and not mechanical or a rote one, as too often the case with ready-made plays. But in offering them for such suggestion of types as they may give usefully, I must emphasise the point already dwelt upon, that the best values are to be obtained in this work by leading the pupils to build the plays and festivals, the dances, songs, and games themselves, through the processes nature indicates for spontaneously developing powers of expression. This should be a main principle to build upon throughout the entire course of the work, and it should result finally in each pupil's ability to construct for himself the outline of a simple play, and in his gradually learning to compose it completely. Such a development of the work brings out the literary faculty, the power of clear construction, poetic and, as well, musical talent, in the pupils. At last it must sift out those with marked gifts for the several arts. The development of constructive faculty alone, required in the making of a play, reaches farther than the making of a play, too. Though we might not necessarily aim to make each child distinctly a litterateur, a composer of music, or a dramatist, still, to produce a work of art noble in conception, and excellent in structure, presupposes high gifts and devoted effort in the composer, therefore a process that develops even elementary powers in these directions must have a distinctly comprehensive educative value. Even supposing the child's natural bent turn him finally away

from the arts as a special work and, instead, to science or industries,—this æsthetic, personal culture we have been considering, applied after a sincere method, must give him constructive faculty and augmented gift for any work he does, as, undoubtedly, no other one factor in the whole educational plan can give them.

But it is especially to be desired that this department of work should be a source of happiness to the children in school, and least of all that it should exist for an end of laborious exhibitions. So for this reason all fuss of scenery and properties which cannot be made or collected by the children in ways that are useful and educative and happy for them should be avoided,—and such accessories supplied only by imagination, plenty of it, and the fun of clever and amusing makeshift. Then all the recreation of value there is in this new departure—or comparatively new in its present applications—will be for the sake of the children and not for the sake of a display of their “progress” to outsiders, except only so far as all children like to have their own friends come to enjoy their fun with them, and see the results of their work.

While such a department is a recreational one, in measure, in the school régime, yet because it is a method of giving beautiful forms to recreation, it means it is also work, and not desultory or haphazard, or only relaxation. But happiness is not in relaxation,—necessary preliminary as

that is to recreation,—nor in spasmodic impulse and effort; but always in work that has a constructive purpose, especially in original and creative work. Creative work and the real happiness it brings from its awakening of energy is the soul of this department of plays, festivals, the lyrical arts. For happiness is the main-spring of the lyrical arts, and it is through them we see now coming the regenerative process—the leaven—needed in education. These modern departures in education are not for the purpose of giving children the idea that life is one long play-day in which everything difficult is to be avoided, but to give their powers scope to find themselves through a proper meed of relaxation and freedom from rule, and then to give them material to encourage the creative energy that arises from such freedom, and to inspire it to valuable and beautiful expression.

III

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LANG: Ballads and Lyrics of Old France.
LANG (Ed.): Perrault's Fairy Tales.
KROEGER: The Minnesingers of Germany.
See also, for anecdote and description, into which peasant folk-custom enters:
MACQUOID: Through Normandy.
LE BRAZ: The Land of Pardons (Breton) (modern).

Relations of France with Spain in the Middle Ages

POOLE: Story of the Moors.

TAYLOR: Aryans (*see* reference to Basques).

Spain

General Reference: BURKE, History of Spain.

TICKNOR: Spanish Literature.

SOUTHEY: Trans. *Poema Del Cid*.

LOCKHART: Ancient Spanish Ballads.

FIELD: Old Spain and New.

Also, for colour and customs:

DE AMICIS: Spain and Spaniards.

BAXTER: Spanish Highways and Byways.

HAY: Castilian Days.

Also Mediæval Towns Series (Dent, Pub., London); TAINE, Tour through the Pyrenees; WASHINGTON IRVING, Conquest of Granada; Alhambra.

Teutons: Goths, Normans, Franks; in Italy, Mid-Europe, and along the North Seas.

General Reference: VON PFLUGK-HARTTUNG, The Great Migrations (Hist. of all Nations Series, vol. vi.); RICHARDS, History of German Civilization.

BRADLEY: Story of the Goths.

CRICHTON: Scandinavia, Ancient and Modern.

SCHERER: History of German Literature.

Nibelungen Lied.

CRAWFORD: Translation of Kalevala.

RAGOZIN: Siegfried and Beowulf; Frithiof and Roland.

BARING-GOULD: Iceland.

BAY: Danish Fairy and Folk-Tales.

SAINTINE: *Mythologie du Rhin*.

LAING: Eng. Trans. SNORRE STURLESON'S *Heimskringla*—Sagas of the Norwegian Kings.

BRACE: The Norse Folk.

VON SYBEL: *Die Entstehung des Deutschen Königtums*.

GAILLARD: *Histoire de Charlemagne.*

See also the folk-tales of the Brothers GRIMM; and book-list for France and the Middle Ages.

Holland (the Netherlands)

See references covering Normans, Franks, Saxons, House of Hapsburg, Spain.

MOTLEY: History of the United Netherlands.

GRIFFIS: Brave Little Holland.

DE AMICIS: Holland and its People (colour and anecdote).

See also Dutch in America.

Belgium

JUSTE: *Histoire de Belgique.*

Italy

General reference: CABOT, Italy (Hist. of all Nations Series, vol. vi.); BOSCO, Compendium of Italian History.

HODGKIN: Italy and her Invaders.

SYMONDS: Renaissance in Italy.

Also TAINE.

FREEMAN: Sketches from the Subject and Neighbour Lands of Venice; History of Sicily from the Earliest Times.

For reference to the Etruscans and earliest peoples of Italy, also see EDWARDS, Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers; LA SAUSSAYE, Science of Religions; TAYLOR, Etruscan Researches.

D'ANCONA E BACCI: *Manuela della Letteratura Italiana.*

ARIOSTO: Orlando Furioso.

BULWER: Rienzi.

BLASHFIELD: Italian Cities.

HOWELLS: Italian Journeys; Tuscan Cities.

CRAWFORD: Ave Roma; Salve Venetia.

CAVAZZA: Count Finimondone (*genre* stories).

The Holy Roman Empire; the Crusades.

General Reference: BRYCE, The Holy Roman Empire.

ARCHER and KINGSFORD: The Crusaders.

TAYLOR: Land of the Saracens.

POOLE: Story of the Moors.

GRAY: Children's Crusade.

See also France, Germany, Charlemagne, Italy, in this list;
as also Jews and Jerusalem.

FREEMAN: History and Conquest of the Saracens.

Switzerland; Austria, Hungary (House of Hapsburg)

General Reference: **LEGER**, History of Austro-Hungary; **DÄND-LIKER**, Short History of Switzerland.

COLQUHOUN: The Whirlpool of Europe: Austria, Hungary and the Hapsburgs.

HOLME: Peasant Art in Austria and Hungary.

RADIGUET: Celtic Origin of Swiss Institutions (Celtic Rev., vol. iii., 1907).

GUERBER: Legends of Switzerland.

RILLIET: *Origines de la Confédération Suisse: histoire et légende.*

The Slavs in Europe

General reference: **STEPNIAK**; **LEROY-BEAULIEU**.

SCHRADER: Aryan Peoples.

RAMBAUD: Russie Épique.

TALVI ROBINSON: Historical View of the Language and Literature of the Slavic Nation (published, Andover, Mass., 1834; New York, 1850).

CURTIN: Myths and Folk-Tales of the Russians, Western Slavs, and Magyars.

BRANDES: Poland.

WIENER: Anthology of Russian Literature.

VOYNICH (Trans. of misc. authors): The Humour of Russia.

POLLEN: Rhymes from the Russian.

See also stories and novels of **SIENKIEWICZ** (trans. Curtin) and of **TURGENEV**, for general colour and atmosphere, modern and historical.

See also references covering Hungary, Magyars, etc.

CURTIN: Mongols in Russia.

Ancient Rome and Greece. Byzantium, Constantinople; the Conquerors from the Far East

Greece

General Reference: GROTE, History of Greece; BULFINCH, Age of Fable.

SYMONDS: Studies of the Greek Poets.

GLADSTONE: Homer and the Homeric Age.

LANG and BUTCHER: Trans. of Odyssey.

LANG, LEAF, and MYERS: Trans. of the Iliad.

BUCKLEY: Children of the Dawn (recent; F. A. Stokes & Co., Pub.).

BECKER: Charicles: The Private Life of the Ancient Greeks (trans. Metcalfe; Longmans, Green).

Rome

General Reference: GIBBON, MOMMSEN, FREEMAN, FROUDE, TACITUS, LIVY, JULIUS CÆSAR.

See also FINLAY, History of Byzantine Empire, and references for Constantinople, and Italy (Etruscans) in this list.

KUHL and KONER: Life of the Greeks and Romans.

LANCIANI: Ancient Rome in the Light of Recent Discoveries.

CHURCH: Pictures from Roman Life and Story.

GUERBER: Myths of Greece and Rome.

JONSON: The Poetaster.

CHURCH: Burning of Rome.

MELVILLE: The Gladiators.

BULWER: Last Days of Pompeii.

MASSINGER: The Roman Actor.

ECKSTEIN: The Chaldean Magician.

LEE: Parthenia: The Last Days of Paganism.

WARE: Julian: Scenes in Judæa.

MASSINGER: Emperor of the East.

STANLEY: History of the Eastern Church.

**The Structure of the Ancient Civilisations:
Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Chaldea. The
Jews**

Gen. reference: RAWLINSON, PETRIE, WILKINSON, BUDGE; the
Old Testament; the Talmudic Books.

SAYCE: Babylonian and Assyrian Life and Customs.

MASPERO: Life in Ancient Egypt and Assyria.

PERRY: Land of Temples (Prang).

REBER: History of Ancient Art.

The Jews

General reference: MILLMAN, KENT, JOSEPHUS; *also* Russia,
Spain.

HOSMER: History of the Jews.

OLIPHANT: Jerusalem, the Holy City.

SUE: *Le Juif Errant*.

Asia Minor and the Conquerors from the Far East

POOLE: Story of Turkey.

FREEMAN: The Ottoman Power in Europe.

GROSVENOR: Constantinople.

Persia

RAWLINSON: History of Ancient Religions.

BJERREGAARD: Trans. of Omar Khayyam (with valuable
commentaries relative to Persian cults).

RIDLEY: Tales of the Genii.

See also India, Parsees.

Syria, Arabia

WRIGHT: Syriac Literature.

See also Sismondi.

The Koran.

Arabian Nights Entertainments.

Timur (Tamerlane).

MARGOT: *Histoire de Tamerlan*.

MARLOWE: Tamburlaine (drama) (In connection with this:
DOWDEN's Transcripts and Studies.)

Jenghis Khan.

DOUGLAS (Trans. from Chinese): Life of Genghis Khan.

AUBIN (Trans.): History of Genghis Khan the Great.

See China, Japan, also HANNAH: Brief History of Eastern Asia.

China

BOULGER: History of China.

SCIDMORE: China, the Long-lived Empire.

GILES: A History of Chinese Life.

BARD: Chinese Life in Town and Country.

HOLCOMBE: The Real Chinaman.

YAN PHOU LEE: When I was a Boy in China.

India

General reference: HUNTER, Indian Empire; WEBER, History of
Indian Literature (Trübner, Oriental Series).

MÜLLER: Chips from a German Workshop; History of Ancient
Sanskrit Literature.

HAUG: Essays on the Religion of the Parsees.

Fables of Bilpai (recent edition published by E. P. Dutton,
New York).

FRERE: Old Deccan Days.

RAGOZIN: Vedic India.

KIPLING: Jungle Stories (selected others).

Gypsies (Hindu Relationship and Origin)

RAWLINSON: Ethnic Affinities.

See also History and Folk Literature of other countries.

LELAND: The Gypsy.

BORROW: Lavengro; Romany Rye; Romano-Lavo-Lil; The
Zincali (Gypsies in Spain).

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The Dramatic Festival

Japan

General reference: ASTON, Japanese Literature; Writings of
LOWELL (PERCIVAL), GRIFFIS, LAFCADIO HEARN.

MITFORD: Tales of Old Japan.

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HARRIS: Nights with Uncle Remus.

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STANLEY: My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories.

Hawaii

KALAKAUA (Editor, Hon. R. M. Daggett): Legends and
Myths of Hawaii.

STEVENSON: A Footnote to History; In the South Seas.

The Arctic Regions

(Folk-Lore and Discoveries)

WHYMPER: Heroes of the Arctic, and their Adventures.

RASMUSSEN: People of the Polar North.

Eskimo Folk-Lore (Publishers, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.).]

The Dutch in Africa

HILLEGAS: Oom Paul's People.

SCHREINER: A South African Farm.

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Heinemann, London).

Story of the Nations Series (Publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons,
New York).

- Heroes of the Nations Series (Publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).
- Mediaeval Towns Series (Publisher, J. M. Dent, London).
- Epochs of Modern History Series (Publishers, Longmans, Green, New York).
- MICHELET and SIMPSON: Modern History.
- DIXON: Tower of London.
- HESDIN: Journal of a Spy in Paris (French Revol.).
Also Carlyle and Hugo.
- GRIFFIS: Romance of Discovery.
- RUSSELL: The Ship, her Story (Stokes).
- FREEMAN: Historical Geography of Europe.
- GUYOT: Man and the Earth.
- JAMESON: Celebrated Female Sovereigns.
- LOSSING: Eminent Americans.
- FROISSART's Chronicle.
- HAWTHORNE: Notes of Travel.
- IRVING: Tales of a Traveller.
- SVEN HEDIN: Through Asia.
- TRUMBULL: Studies in Oriental Social Life.
- KAKUZO: The Ideals of the East.
- BARING-GOULD: Origin and Development of Religious Beliefs.
- LANG: Custom and Myth; Myth, Ritual, and Religion.
- See also SISMONDI for Spain, Arabia, Provence, Italy.*

Art

- LÜBKE: History of Art.
- REBER: History of Ancient Art; History of Mediaeval Art.
- JAMESON: Sacred and Legendary Art.
- PRANG's Illustrations of the History of Art.

Drama—History of the Theatre

- MANTZIUS: History of Theatrical Art.
- MAGNIN: *Les Origines du Théâtre antique et du Théâtre moderne*
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BRAND: Observations on Vulgar Customs, Ceremonies, and Superstitions (London, 1813).

WARTON: History of English Poetry.

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MICHEL (Mommerqué et Francisque): *Théâtre Français du Moyen Âge*.

CREIZENACH: *Geschichte des Neueren Dramas* (Mittelalter und Frührenaissance).

D'ANCONA: *Orig. del Teatro in Italia*.

HASTINGS: The Theatre (London, 1901).

GREGG: Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama.

See also **MORLEY**, for Drama in England; **MOULTON**, Ancient Classical Drama.

LANG: Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus; rendered into English prose.

SCHERILLO: *Commedia dell' Arte*.

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BARBER: Primers of Art (Penn. School of Industrial Art).

The Connoisseur's Library (Publishers, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York).

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MASON: Aboriginal American Basketry (and other Reports. National Museum. 1902. Col. illusts.).

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CHRISTIE: Embroidery and Tapestry Weaving.

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BARBER: Drawings of Ancient Embroidery.

Weaving

- GILROY: Art of Weaving, with account of its rise and progress.
HOLLISTER: The Navaho and his Blanket.
PRIESTMAN: Weaving as an Occupation for Women.

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- BEAUMONT: Colour in Woven Design.

Wood Carving

- LELAND: Wood Carving for Beginners in Useful Arts and Handicrafts, (1899-1900).
MATSUKI: Catalogue of Antique Carvings from Japanese Temples and Palaces. (Illus.)
SMALL: Scottish Woodwork of 16th and 17th Centuries.
SANDERS: Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork in Houses and Furniture of 16th and 17th Centuries.
REDFERN: Ancient Wood and Iron Work in Cambridge.
ROWE: French Wood Carvings from National Museums; Practical Wood Carving; Hints on Wood Carving, Recreative Classes, and Modelling.

General References

- ADDISON: Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages.
BEARD: Indoor and Outdoor Handicraft and Recreation for Girls.
SANFORD: The Art Crafts for Beginners.
WILLIAMS: The Arts and Crafts of Older Spain.

Folk-Songs of Different Countries

(Published by G. Schirmer, New York.)

- Songs of Italy: Coll. and ed. by Eduardo Marzo.
Songs of Germany: Coll. and ed. by Max Spicker.
Songs of Sweden: Coll. and ed. by Gustav Hägg.
Neapolitan Songs.
Forty-four French Folk-Songs and Variants from Canada, Normandy, and Brittany.

Folk-Dances

BERGQUIST: Swedish Folk-Dances.

NEWTON: Graded Games and Rhythmic Exercises.

CRAMPTON: The Folk Dance-Book.

CRAWFORD: Folk Dances and Games.

BRENMER: A Book of Song Games and Ball Games.

School-Songs

Songs in Season (A. Flanagan, Publisher, Chicago).

BENTLEY: Song Primer; Song Series, Book I.; Song Series, Book II.

RIX: Assembly Song Book.

PART II

FOREWORD

IN Part I, I have considered this subject more as to material for a basic model scheme in its outward arrangement. Part II will emphasise especially the point of the personal values of this æsthetic form of action, drama, in its various modes. The point is of first importance, since we cannot be sure a scheme will fit personal needs until it has been successfully submitted to the subjective test.

In the pages relating to primary work, I speak of the effect of mimicry of action on faculty in the other arts. It is a case in point of the special tendency to quicken the power of subjective correlation of faculties, which makes the vital element of this dramatic feature. There is increasing attention given to the better correlation of outer material for study, but the measure by which to gauge a true correlation of such material with the pupil's needs, is observation of the natural correlation of his faculties in their stages of awakening. In fact, new forces and ideas are urging themselves so fast upon the educational scheme,

that the spectacle at present is a bit jumbled; what strikes one in the work of schools whose aim it is to be progressive and to accept and try new elements, is that coherence and organisation with a true basis are lacking, and the attempted organisation, where it exists, is artificial; that the new inroad of many and diverse features into the modern schedules has made them almost as arbitrary in their relation to the natural co-ordination of the child's needs, as the old hidebound mediæval mode was in its way. The problem awaits its solution in more accurate response to the inner processes of the child's growth, which in their turn await better understanding. It is in this respect that the real value of the dramatic feature in school work consists when we make it include in its meaning the comprehensive culture of personal activities and the power of creative expression, for it then continually contributes opportunity for the subjective test of true application of cultural material and method.

Therefore, than this recreational æsthetic, in its various forms, with the elements of culture we know it to possess, there can be no fitter focus for the co-ordinate arrangement of certain departments of our educational work.

At least this is a logical basis for an organic plan in developing this work in schools. Without such a logical basis and organic plan, no other cultural feature is so much as this one in danger of fantastic and erratic application, for the reason

that the supply from which to select its material is so unlimited and so varied, and because its own possibilities for employing material are correspondingly multiple and diverse.

The application of drama in school curricula is threefold: first, for personal culture; second, as an adjunct to other studies, as, primarily, history, geography, and literature; and lastly, as a special study in itself,—in its history and literature as well as special æsthetic. It seems practical to supplement the suggested outline and syllabus of the preceding papers by examples of such forms as are of value in this work. These examples are intended merely as illustrative and not necessarily as model ones, but only such as will show useful ways of employing material in relation to the studies appropriate to preparatory work, and with regard to its æsthetic values for the pupils.

The element of personal culture, the æsthetic element, is inseparable from the application of this dramatic feature, but the extent of this application as a vehicle for history and other studies properly varies with the periods of school work.

I shall fit this discussion of the application of dramatic forms to the three main divisions of preparatory-school work: first, the primary; second, the intermediate; and third, the advanced—the “final preparatory”—or high school period.

In the primary period, understanding it to extend from the kindergarten to classes of nine and

ten years old children, the element of personal culture is properly the predominant one, and the idea of the forms of drama bringing with them acquaintance with special compositions of art and literature, or the impression of historical facts, is secondary.

In the intermediate period,—as from ten to fourteen,—the dramatic exercise will be given zest for development by supplying the history, folk-lore, and literature elements as its material. For culture in these subjects it becomes then the liveliest possible vehicle, and even if progress in their study takes some more special importance, the æsthetic values of the dramatic exercise are by no means lost, but will, from this time on, be enhanced in many respects by the supply of always new and interesting material of this order. I qualify this by saying “in many respects,” because where the main object is to study or even to improvise from ready-made material, the special subjective values inherent in original composition and improvisation are necessarily subordinated. But it is possible to keep a balance of these values, and such a balance is supposed and planned for throughout the present outline.

In the section upon the final preparatory period, further developments in the use of forms will be considered, and the use of more advanced material. The study and adaptation to school use of actual forms in the progressive history of drama is especially dealt with, both with reference to the

student's maturing æsthetic sensibility, to which certain of these forms particularly respond, and because of their association with the special periods of history, literature, and, probably, of foreign tongues, which this school period brings with it.



PART II

FORMS OF PLAYS AND FESTIVALS FOR THE SUCCESSIVE SCHOOL PERIODS.

I

PRIMARY PERIOD

IN developing plans for this work the suitable base for the teacher to build upon is the history of culture modified by experience with the individual child. Although it is a platitude to say that the history of an individual's development is analogous to that of the race,—with the modifications of advancing civilisation which makes the period of primitive intelligence ever shorter in the individual,—it has proved a most valuable platitude to remember in the development of theories of education. In this matter of development of temperamental powers and expression, to which the dramatic feature in schools primarily applies, it is peculiarly useful.

The child's expression of physical exuberance gradually takes form in definite games; his facile state of sense and emotion in their degrees of awakening, and his increasing responsiveness

to more* and more complex outer impressions,—as of action, colour and the rhythms of sound and movement,—bring enjoyment in measuring off or conventionalising his romping and games into dance and march forms; he mimics action, and delights to bring to his play, colour, in personal or accessory decorations; in which points his tendencies to personal expression resemble his primitive race ancestor. At the point where the primitive ancestor began to take his mimicry, personal adornment, and dance seriously, and apply it as propitiatory ritual to personified natural forces he feared, the modern child merely continues his expression of these impulses through the progressive forms of play and occupation,—out of school and in,—which constitute the practical culture that is to be his vehicle of expression of matters he will at last take seriously.

This primary part of dramatic work in the schools is now for the most part planned suitably, and the order is in the main this obviously natural one of rondes, dance, song, games, and simple forms of mimicry.

The material of it for the most part is folk-tales, ballads, songs and dances, and games, of which suitable collections are now published, with the object of adaptation to school use. These collections are for the most part well known to teachers, but I have nevertheless noted, in the foregoing bibliography, some of those on the public school lists.

Yet although, for the most part, this feature of work as applied to grades for little children is fairly simple and adapted to their years, there still seems danger, now that it has at last gripped the popular notion, that the child is to be exploited for the sake of the experiment, rather than that the latter shall be carefully admitted with the consideration that it is first of all for the benefit of the child's culture.

For this reason, in the first years of the primary period, the idea of attempting the essentially dramatic should not be the first thought, and the material or inspiration for the recreational periods should be of the simplest, and taken from happenings and conditions near at hand,—as a mother seeks for it for her very young children,—rather than from tales and songs from books or ready-made games and dances. Part I of this volume already prefaces this suggestion, so here we need only sketch a few examples slightly more in detail. Improvisation and mimicry are natural to the child; with the little child these are more naturally inspired by what is near at hand, or by suggestion of what is familiar, first, rather than by attempts to make him fancy unknown or unfamiliar things, and such improvisation is more interesting to him because more real,—and must therefore be more valuable. A child's fancy develops fast enough, and the natural method it follows is the most wholesome one, even if the fantastic sayings of children overfed with imaginative tales do entrance their elders.

To regard this natural interest of the child in present or familiar things, and yet to make use of it as a means of his culture in the fields we are considering, would be a very simple and beautiful matter if all our schools were country ones, or if they had, as they might, even in our cities, some open tree-planted green spaces about them. That it is more beautiful and wholesome for a child to begin his culture in relation to outdoor life, rather than predominantly related to a manufactured indoors, makes it the harder to match the actual city conditions with which we have to contend with what we know is best for the child. But taking conditions as they are, there are still means in reach of most teachers for carrying out to some extent their best ideas. There are aquaria and window gardens in school-rooms; there are periods allowed in some schools for nature study in nearby parks, and even without these at hand, even in the city, we hear the wind and the rain,—see trees, birds, and animals,—so that when the teacher says in kindergarten fashion, “How do the branches of the trees wave?” or, “the birds fly?” or, “How does the wind sing?” or “the rain sound on the panes, or when it rushes down the gutters?” all these things may suggest a mimicry that shall grow to songs and dances and games that with absolute simplicity and without forcing will become gradually, in degree, harmonic, choral, and formal. There are many voices in the wind and in the rain, and

the leaves on a single branch bow and nod about in so many different ways at once when it swings, that when the teacher asks the children to listen to the high voices, the middle and the low voices in these sounds, and each to choose which he will sing, there may at last grow a vocal harmony through her guidance; or for a leaf play, when the children choose the rôles of the various leaves, to dance and bow each in a direction and way of its own, yet all remembering to be related in general direction of movement, and in keeping time,—just as the branch swings as one thing even with the varied dancing of its leaves,—there grows at last a full dance figure, its individual dancers each dancing a distinct part, but all related in a choral ensemble.

Once begun, a teacher finds this plan unfolds subjects in all directions, and the most barren schoolroom will begin to yield unsuspected material from the sights and sounds through its windows, and even here and there from its own furnishings. For instance, a game or a dance of a clock face and its hands can be improvised, the children representing the hours carrying out some action appropriate to the successive parts of the day, the children who are the hands going about to find out what each hour means. The little fish in the window aquaria may suggest dances, there may be games to represent the growth of plants in the window boxes, or as they are remembered from the children's experience out of doors.

Practically, this dramatic feature, as part of the primary period, is best in this form of a kind of recreational gymnastic, a little more lively and on broader lines than the conventional kindergarten play, and with more scope for original impulses, but still reaching no elaborate form. The beauty of this is, especially, that it can be made the focus of so much of the occupation of the primary time, that it can relate itself so definitely to the various crafts and elementary arts the children are engaged in. Into this I have gone in detail in section II of Part I, and I will here only mention some points that emphasise the connection, especially with reference to its subjective force. Ask the child to draw a picture of the fish in the aquarium. It is better to have him go and watch them, and then draw without looking at them, in the Japanese fashion for children to do. After he has done this, let him improvise a game or dance in mimicry of them. When he has done this several times for days in succession, looking at the fish between times, let him draw them again, and see if he has not gained something in his depiction of motion. In modelling it will be the same thing as with drawing, but the results will be more marked usually in their developments from time to time.

In the matter of the songs the children improvise, it is very interesting to them, as they grow old enough, for the teacher to help them to match their songs with the notes of the piano, and then

transfer them to score paper. It goes without saying that for pedagogical interest the teacher does well to note down also the figures of dances and games the children improvise.

Mimicry of animals is always highly entertaining to children. They can carry it out from recollections of their own, and even very small children are amazingly observant of the ways of the creatures. They reproduce all sorts of characteristic action of animals to define them, without suggestion from the teacher,—as for instance to look up and try to make their eyes goggly and seem on top of their heads like a frog's, or to sniff and munch along the ground, halting and hopping like a hare. And all this mimicry, as I cite its development in the case of the fishes,—this observed action transformed into the observer's physical personal possession,—presents its further result again, in awakening and rounding of faculty for the other arts.

The psychology of the telling of fairy-tales to children seems not yet to have been conclusively threshed out. I believe, for myself, that they should be handled as the essence of poetry,—never explained. But children are, undoubtedly, frightened by any presentation of these tales which makes their actors out as mysterious and supernatural beings, even if well-intentioned ones. Hobgoblins, witches, and ogres I am sure should be introduced sparingly, and explained as only disagreeable old—or young—persons, as the case fits

—without too graphic flights as to their traditional characteristics. Fairies, dryads, brownies, and all those cherished creatures lend themselves to eloquent description as having every attraction—but no shivery mystery need attach to them, except only the mild one as to the haphazard way they appear, and their quite irresponsible way of having no apparent headquarters, or visible means of support,—which petty details, however, matter not at all to children. This notion of the matter may be quite irrational, and is advanced timidly; but I am weakly loath to believe in plans of educational propriety that would heartlessly exclude the beloved stock characters of the fairy horde,—whose places would thereafter for ever go unfilled. One shudders to think how dun-coloured our grown-up thoughts might become if we had n't these elusive and inconsequent companions of long ago to leave their trail, and their perfume and their echo, twisting about our sombrero notions, to keep us a bit fantastic still.

But with this for what it is worth to the individual teacher,—when the primary children show interest in narrated tales, fairy or other, they may fitly be added to the material we are discussing. The test of whether the children's fancy is appealed to, will lie in the interest they manifest in reproducing the story in their games, and how much, and what elements, of it they remember, and their manner of depicting the characters in it. With the mimicry of natural things in the forms of

recreation and elementary art crafts, as we have considered them, and later, the introduction of simple story-telling, the primary period is sufficiently supplied.

For this period, for little festival-day amusements in the schoolroom, any of the games, plays, and songs the children have made up, and been interested to repeat and so work them into consistent form, are appropriately given, and a gala atmosphere added by such festive "riggings" and toy accessories as can conveniently be brought by the children from home. Such little festivals among the children themselves wisely replace the exhibitions of their childish prowess before a roomful of spectators. The holiday feeling is given to the children, and the unprofitable, even harmful exploitation of their work from a platform, for strangers, is avoided.

Subjects to build these festival amusements about, are the animal plays, the nature mimicry in songs and dances and games, and the simplest forms of pantomime, plays, or pageantry. There are ideas for season and month processions; and those representing races of people, the kinds of minerals, trees, and flowers; and especially interesting series of scenes may be made to represent the trades the children know about. Of course the story-telling material is the most interesting in the matter of giving greater variety for personal characterisation; but this leads to work of the older children, and to the intermediate years.

When stories are used for material and told or read aloud by the teacher, it is always more valuable, as in the case of other material suggested above, to allow the children to improvise their expression from the narrative, than for the teacher to cast it first in dramatic or game form herself. From improvisation upon a plot suggested to them, they will come to inventing and developing plays from their own plots, and this point is enlarged upon in the chapter on the administration of class work.

The most successful method must always be to alternate occasions of wholly original work with a supply of sufficient and interesting outside material to perpetually feed the fancy and make the original work progressive. Obviously the supplied material is to be increasingly advanced in its nature.

In planning such simple pageantry, or processions, and other festival forms as we have just suggested, the teacher finds it almost necessary to make out for her own reference a species of charting for the groups and ordering of each, and a general full scenario.

In the appendix to this section, in addition to the suggestions for festival forms, and the two types given, is included an explanation of such charts as they should be used in the production of a play.

For myth and folk-tale material and its progressive ordering for later primary and for inter-

mediate use, I refer the teacher to the introductory paper and the bibliography in Part I. The bibliography includes in its several sections a few juvenile books which may be read directly to children, or easily adapted. These may be readily selected from the lists, as for instance: *American Indian Fairy Tales*, *Colonial Children*, *Children's Stories in American Literature*,—Perrault, Grimm, Hans Andersen.

For the most part, the bibliography is particularly arranged for teacher's reading, so far as the early school work is concerned, my reason for doing this, as indicated in that section, being that the personal narrative of the teacher, out of her own knowledge, has a more lively value for the child than narratives read aloud, with the exception of such writing as is actually for children, and so beautifully told that we grudge having a word changed,—as in Hans Andersen's tales and in poetic forms, where such are within the child's understanding; and in these cases the only requisite is that the reading be as charming as the matter.

For these departments, I will call attention again to the books listed under Crafts and Fine Arts, which ought to recommend themselves to the teacher as valuable material for carrying out the accessory possibilities of this recreational æsthetic culture,—as also the lists of Folk Songs and Games, which are directly useful as ready-made material. In the appendices of this Part

II, I add, with a few references to special material, titles of a few collections of plays, which are of the best possible sort and therefore, if ready-made material is to be used, the kind that is really worth while using.

One important element of this work needs treatment by itself: the development of structure in dramatic and lyrical forms used. This development has a direct relation to the child's instinctive sense of proportion, and therefore a distinct part in maintaining and further educating it, which is why the dramatic and lyrical features in modern school-work augment the constructive faculty, and give symmetry to native powers for any work to which they may be eventually directed.

When young children improvise games or plays, their productions are almost sure to embody, in however crude outlines, a complete plot structure, *i.e.*: an *impulse* to action, *action*, and *its result*. This logical form—of plainly related beginning, middle, and end—is natural to the direct simplicity of the child's concepts, and it is a lack of appreciation of this, on the part of elders, and of the value of its preservation, which often causes the child, when he comes to the period of noticing details, to lose this sense of proportion natural to him, and to have it obscured by bad methods of introducing details to him, by one-sided elaboration of things taught him, and by the altogether ill-adapted methods of their addition to his culture.

For this reason, in the special work we are discussing,—through which more than any other kind of cultural exercise the natural concept of symmetrical structure may be kept clean cut and strong,—when the teacher tries to improve the children's outline plots for plays, games, or other festival forms, it is useful for her to remember, if she is not particularly experienced in this comparatively new feature of work, in which not every one is technically trained, that the children's simple, rough outline—the product of their unspoiled instinct—is more likely to have the necessary basic dramatic structure than many a grown-up improvement,—unless the matter of elaboration is continually subordinated to the structural action.

Of course the principle of structure is the same in all arts, qualified by the *modus operandi* of each. In dramatic forms, being properly expression through personal action, their development of plot must be kept in the scope of this means of expression. Not only that, but this means of expression must be that accented.

But personal action is to be classified, for obviously there are other ranges of it than muscular ones. Episodes may be intensely dramatic in their portrayal, without being dependent on predominantly physical activity. Yet there are certain absolute proportionings of physical action, nervous tension or excitement, and speech, which differentiate forms possible in literature from those

which carry on the stage. But in this place further analysis of this æsthetic law is not necessary, but only the elementary ranges of it as applied to the simple children's work considered here.

Yet the law is the same for both elementary and advanced practice, though developed in degree. However simple the plot, the points of its development must be at certain proportionate intervals, and the gauge of these intervals is in their power of sustained progression. That does not mean that there must always be physical action; it only means that whatever is done, said, or held must sustain the forward action of the plot. A pause, or "picture," must be suspensive, holding the interest in the main action. A bit of narrative must never be a digression to the point of losing connection with the main interest; it may be used as a means for allowing surreptitious action—clear to the audience—to be carried out; but it must be a *link*, or *means for a link*, in the progression of plot. Action and dialogue must be well knit in themselves, and in their interaction,—in their sustainment of the plot's movement.

Children's own improvisation is likely to have the main action and dialogue clearly suggested, in natural, and so true, proportion, and this is the backbone of the drama, game, dance, or other festival form chosen. If, therefore, in elaborating a plot for production, additional dialogue, byplay, or

any explanatory narrative passages at teacher's or pupils' suggestion, are introduced, the teacher may test the proportioning, and help the pupils simultaneously to do so, and to understand it, by trying out these new insertions in connection with the main action, and seeing what ones heighten its effects, and what ones make its movement heavy, and the interest flag.

A sense of this right proportioning of action and effects, in elaborating these exercises, increases with experience, and the personal æsthetic of dramatic study—a point previously emphasised—makes the growth of this sense twofold: result of, first, experiment with outward forms, and, second, with personal action.

Needless to say, the power of maintaining grip on the main theme, through no matter what orders of elaboration introduced, is the life of any work of art, or any form of expression. Practice makes it possible to coquette with it; to apparently digress or be silent, or inert,—yet still to know just the moment when the hold would break, the chain of interest snap, if the next point of the motif were not instantly introduced. The principles of a law so necessary to all departments of culture are worthy the teacher's attention, and since the child has not yet been hopelessly disturbed from his instinctive sense of this law's rudiments, the school can do nothing better than to cherish and develop it in him instead of obscuring it,—as the piling on of untimely and ill-pro-

portioned detail has often been proven to do. Therefore the somewhat technical analysis I submit to the teacher is not out of place, or a matter unnecessary to consider even in the beginning years of school. Indeed, it is in these years that such fundamental things need most understanding on the teacher's part,—for lack of regard for them early is the cause of the loss or dulling of many precious abilities in children,—and abilities which are, early, vigorously ready for development.

Obviously this rule of unity of interest applies to all forms of dramatic representation, only varying in application with the form chosen. It is true, all sorts of exercises are continually presented which are without unity of idea,—and such work, if it deserve the name, is opposed to every natural effort towards the organic and symmetrical. It is not beauty, nor art,—and its employment in schools helps on no consistent progress in culture, but is, rather, a positive force against the faculties of co-ordination and the natural instinct for coherent purpose. Either this now much talked of, and almost frantically adopted, department of dramatic culture is to represent an ill-adapted fad, distracting, and not intelligently educational, or not only must the most appropriate schedules for its outward organisation be a matter of careful study, but the intrinsic unity of its various forms of exercises must be understood and adhered to. Lastly, these specific

forms in their turn are to be considered, not only for their reflex value as objective forms of art, but very importantly, as exercises in personal culture in the subjective sense.

APPENDIX

IN this appendix are given a nature allegory, as a festival form, and a little play, illustrative of the suggestions given in this section for the use of fables, tales, and simple lyrical action. In addition to this, I would refer the teacher also to the passages on pastorals, in the last section of Part II, and to the material suggested there, if she is not already familiar with the compositions representative of this form of entertainment. While, obviously, the classical compositions of the eclogue form are not recommended for small children, their study will be found suggestive to the teacher, in the preparation of festivals adapted to little children. As for instance, the pastoral element in the Towneley Mysteries, though having farcical elements to be modified, is suggestive of outlines for certain types of fêtes. A Christmas play for little children may be built on this simple outline, from the Towneley Mysteries, for instance, as follows:

First: A rustic farce (which may mean, in the children's version, a country scene, with shepherds and simple country folk for characters, enjoying themselves in some usual gay manner, and ending with an awed discussion of the prophecy of the coming of a celestial message).

Second: The appearance and announcement of

the angels that the heavenly messenger has arrived (which suggests its own presentation quite simply for adaptation to the children's play, in either the voices of the angels singing without, only, or also appearing in some veiled and softly lighted way before the country folk).

Third: The Adoration (which may be arranged as a tableau copied from any of the famous paintings of the subject, accompanied by the singing angels, without, or arranged as background grouping to the tableau).

In using forms from these historic "Mystery Plays" it interests children to explain to them that these were the forms of holiday celebration used in England long ago,—or wherever the form chosen was used,—and whatever else of detail about them can be made graphic and real to young primary classes.

The making out of "plots" or charts, in preparing a play, is indispensable to its smooth production, and orderly production of work is important to the pupils, even if the effects are simple and the play or festival is to be given only for the classroom. Of course for very simple little plays, the ordering of its groups and details may not need writing down, but may be carried in the memory of the teacher and children. In a festival with any elaboration, and in cases where it is useful to give it as a general holiday entertainment for the whole school, and not only the small classroom, to schedule its details and groupings will be something the teacher will find she can hardly do without if the festival is to be one enjoyed by every one taking part as well as by those looking on, for it will make all the difference between confusion from lack of plan, and order, with each one in his place at the

right moment. A method of making out such charts is as follows:

First, from a scenario of the play or festival, the plan of production is outlined as a whole. This the teacher needs for her own use, and to make a copy of for the assistants who take charge of the separate departments of the production to refer to. It must map out the whole action of the play, with the individual actors and groups who carry it. Tabulated forms in work of this kind are a great help to the eye.

Next, the departments of the work are parcelled off, and a chart made out for the work of each. These are given to the assistants the teacher has chosen for the supervision of the play. An assistant, or corps of assistants, must take charge of each department. As recommended in Part I, it is always well for the teacher to choose so far as possible her assistants from among the pupils themselves, for the work of production is as interesting and valuable to them in its way as the participation in the acting, and the pupils are happy to feel the responsibility of it.

The arrangement of the costumes is one department of the work of production. A chart for these, lists them in detail, with the characters to which they belong. If groups must be ordered on the scene with regard to colour or type classification of costume, this is noted. The acts and scenes in which certain costumes are worn are scheduled, and where there are changes of costume during the play, the cues for exits, change of costumes, and re-entrance of the players involved must be entered in the tabulation.

For the properties, personal and scenic, there must be charts, noting the actors by whom they are to be used, when and where they must be on hand for use,

if they are personal properties; and as to scenic properties,—which should be separately attended to if the play is elaborate,—the times and places for their use must be designated carefully. Whoever has charge of the properties should be directed to collect them and have them on hand for use at least at the last three or four rehearsals. There is a great deal in getting used to properties just as one gets used to lines and action, although preliminary practice with imaginary properties and setting is training in initiative, and necessary,—and too much rehearsing with properties, in producing mechanical smoothness, loses, for the purposes of our special work, some better cultural elements.

The actors themselves, both principals and groups, should be managed in squads, so to speak, so far as possible with a head for each, either an assistant teacher, or, if one of the pupils not acting, one old enough to be responsible. Each head of a squad should have his chart giving the description of his group, the actors in it, if principals, or its divisions or nature, if a dancing, singing, or other non-individualised group. His chart must designate cues for entrances and exits of the groups or principals; their stage business, position on the scene, costumes, and properties. One head might direct the "calls" of all the principals, marshal them for action, and see to their costuming and properties,—unless the cast were long, and many simultaneous entrances made from different parts of the scene.

If there is incidental music, the cues for it must be listed, and the correct introduction of it be carefully attended to at all rehearsals. Songs and dances must be looked out for in the same way in conjunction

with orchestral or other instrumental accompaniment on or off the scene,—even though included in the separate group charts.

Shifting of scenes, cues for curtains, special lighting, all require also systematised attention with especially detailed aides to see to them. Needless to add, the teacher or head supervisor must have in hand copies of all the charts herself, or incorporate the plan of them fully in her own general schedule.

Such ordering as this should be made at the beginning of rehearsing the completed play, and the assistants taking charge of each of these departments of the production should become accustomed to their duties just as much as the actors to their rôles. The object of this is not, however, to give a counterpart of a professional theatrical performance; but in so far as a theatrical performance is at least bound to be carried out with system and precision, its plan is worth following, for the acquisition of power to produce any work in that way is valuable.

To take a simple example of charting, or making "plots" for the production of a play, we may use the little *Æsop's Fable* play given in this Appendix. It is a play so simple that it probably would not need any elaborate tabulation, but it serves as a clear example, and any production, however simple, gains by a systematic division of its work.

It would require:

First: General outline of action, first act and second act. This for the head director.

Second: The scene plots, one for each act.

Third: A chart of the principals. If they all enter from one side of the scene, one head would answer for them, if not, two might be needed in cases where the

entrances were opposite but simultaneous. In this simple play with few principals, one leader would be enough.

Fourth: Charts for each of the groups, the group of Ants, and the group of Grasshoppers.

Fifth: There must be a *music plot*, if there is orchestral accompaniment. If not, the group leader will note the times for singing by his groups, and the leader of the principals, of those he takes charge of.

Sixth: There will be need of a *light plot*, if scenic effects are attempted, and not only imagined. The time for moonlight to shine over the scene must be noted at the cue of spoken lines in the play, a lantern moved on the outside of the scene, to shine in, and taken away when it is cloudy and supposed to be dreary.

Seventh: Properties must be attended to also,—the guitar of the Grasshopper, the bags of meal of the Ants.

There are usually additional things in plays, as effects outside, of storms, winds, and other sounds, or snow blowing in, and so on. Some one, or some people, must be responsible for these, too.

Even if this tabulation is not really needed carried out to such an extent of care in this little play, the outline of it here may suggest what is needed for making the schedules to use for more elaborate ones that do need their production systematised.

THE GRASSHOPPERS AND THE ANTS
AN ÆSOP'S FABLE PLAY

Characters:

FIRST GRASSHOPPER (*the Guitar Player*).

Second, Third, Fourth Grasshoppers, and an
Old and a Young Grasshopper. Other Grass-
hoppers.

LEADER of the Ants.

An Old Ant.

Any number of Other Ants.

THE GREAT OWL.

Place: A Field beside an Ant-hill.

Time: Summer, and then winter.

THE GRASSHOPPERS AND THE ANTS

ACT I

Scene: The fields in summer; everything green and sunny. The Grasshoppers come running in from either side, dancing and singing. One with a guitar plays while the rest sing and caper.

GRASSHOPPERS' SONG

Oh, in this pleasant summer weather,
Let us sing and play together.
Who is saying this will end,
That old Father Time will send
Cold and snow, winds that blow,
Freezing all the brooks that flow,—
Laying all the flowers low?
Oh, ho, ho! We don't know
Anything of cold and snow!
All those things are very far!
Hum—hum,—tum—tum! Neighbour, play on your
guitar!

(Théy caper and dance; the Player stands aside with his guitar. A procession of Ants enters, carrying bags of food. The Grasshoppers stop to look at them, and begin to laugh and jeer.)

A GRASSHOPPER: Oh, look at the foolish Ants!

ANOTHER GRASSHOPPER: What are they doing, bending over like that and toiling along?

THIRD GRASSHOPPER: Think of working like that when it is such fine weather!

FOURTH GRASSHOPPER: Can't one find enough food, without carrying it around in bags? (*They all laugh.*)

THE ANT LEADER: Yes, there maybe is enough food now, but if we only eat it, and don't store any up, what will happen to us, when the cold comes, and we can't find any growing any more?

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: Oh, oh,—there he goes, talking about cold and those disagreeable things! (*To the Ant.*) We don't believe in your old cold, good Friend Ant, anyway. We may be gone away to some other pleasant country then, too, if this grows cold!

THE ANT: Oh, well, that may be; but you can't tell. Maybe there is no other country, and anyway you know about this, and perhaps could n't find your way anywhere else. You will be wise to come with us some days, instead of dancing all the time,—and spend some time gathering food for winter.

A YOUNG GRASSHOPPER: Oh, dear, there he goes again with his talk of winter! What is it, I wonder? Good Mr. Ant, what is this dreadful winter? I, for one, am not afraid of its coming.

AN OLD ANT: (*Going to the LEADER ANT.*) Come, come, what are you wasting time with these foolish people for? They will listen to no one. And we have more work to do.

THE ANT LEADER: Yes, true enough; we must go. Well, I'm sorry for you, for you will surely find out how silly you are being, Mr. Grasshopper and your friends!

(*He turns away, and the Ants all go off past the grasshoppers. The grasshoppers begin their capering again.*)

The Grasshoppers and the Ants 101

SECOND GRASSHOPPER: What silly old things! Croaking and fussing, and having no pleasant time at all!

THE GREAT OWL: (*Without.*) Tu-whit—to-whoo! (*He flies in.*) Oh, oh, you don't know! It's yourselves, indeed, that are foolish!

THIRD GRASSHOPPER: Dear, dear, another old thing to croak at us!

THE GREAT OWL: Never you mind! To-whoo! You 'll find part of the time it's good to play, but not to spend the livelong day and evening, too, that way! To-whit—to-whoo! You 'd best take my advice, I say. And now I'm going to fly away. I hope you 'll heed it, foolish creatures; Ants, maybe, you 'd find good teachers.—Tu-whit—to-whoo! (*He flies away.*)

(*The grasshoppers hop about a moment, and then crowd together as if frightened.*)

FOURTH GRASSHOPPER: Dear, dear,—he 's a scary old thing!

THIRD GRASSHOPPER: Come, we 're foolish, huddling here! Laugh and sing! (*Going to Player.*) Play, good neighbour! What 's to fear? (*They dance a bit, but not so gaily, and some stop and begin to whisper together.*)

THE YOUNG GRASSHOPPER: Oh, you silly ones: I believe you are really growing frightened! Ha-ha! Look, now,—how the moon is shining up over the hill. (*Points off to R.*) Let us run up there and dance while it comes up. Oh, come,—come along! (*He leads the way, and begins hopping off.*)

OTHER GRASSHOPPERS: (*Successively.*) Yes, come; it's silly to be frightened by an old Owl!

Yes, yes,—so it is!

The Dramatic Festival

ANOTHER: Oh, yes, so it is! Ha-ha!

Yes, yes, come!

(They all run off, dancing and singing the first verse over again.)

Oh, in this pleasant summer weather,
Let us sing and dance together, etc.

(End of Act I.)

ACT II

Scene: The Field again. Everything is brown and withered. The wind is blowing: "Whoo-who!" An Ant comes to the door and looks about.

THE ANT: Dear, dear! This certainly is cold! How glad we ought to be that we have our food all safe indoors, and don't need to be running about in the bad weather for it! And where should we find it now, if we had left it still to gather? Everything is dried and dead!

(A very sad and wailing song is heard without.)

Why, what is that? Some people in distress, I should think.

(He comes down to the Centre, and looks off.)

Tut-tut-tut! I believe it is the poor foolish Grass-hoppers! They are hungry and cold enough now! Well, well, we told them all we knew about what would happen, to warn them. I don't see what we can do for them, now; we need all we have stored, I'm sure, for ourselves and our children! Our children can't be hungry because other people are silly and won't do what they should when they can! *(He looks off a while, then goes into the Hill and closes the door.)*

The Grasshoppers and the Ants 103

THE GRASSHOPPERS: (*Without, singing wailingly.*)

Oh, oh, cold and snow!

Surely this is what they told us!

Now the icy breezes hold us!

(*They enter, slowly, mourning.*)

What shall we do? What shall we do?

What the Great Owl said, was true!

Our great folly we repent us,—

Now our punishment is sent us!

Ah, too late! Too late, ah! What shall we do?

(*They stop and look about, all crowding in the Centre of the stage.*)

A GRASSHOPPER: There's the Ants' house. Don't you think they will help us? It's cold, and we did n't know it was going to be like this!

SECOND GRASSHOPPER: Help us? I'd hardly dare ask them after we laughed at them so, when they were working in the good weather!

THIRD GRASSHOPPER: I'm ashamed, too, to ask them!

FOURTH GRASSHOPPER: Still, we're freezing and starving!

SECOND GRASSHOPPER: Pooh, anyway they won't help us! They're so selfish with all they have, I'm sure of that; my grandmother told me so!

FOURTH GRASSHOPPER: Anyway, there's nothing else to do, unless we all die of the cold, and of hunger. Who will ask?

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: Well, I suppose we must ask them. I feel rather foolish, I must say, when we were so sure they were wrong and we right in the summer!

(*He knocks on the Ants' Door. An Old Ant opens it.*)

THE OLD ANT: Oh, so it's you, is it? Hm, it's rather cold after all!

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: (*Stammering.*) Well, you see—we did n't know—

THE OLD ANT: (*Tartly.*) Well, you know now!

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: (*Humbly.*) Ah, but we're very cold and very hungry! Will you not help us just a wee bit?—from your store?—You must have so much—

THE ANT: Indeed, and we worked well for it, as I recollect we advised you to do, too! But where is that other country you were talking about? Why don't you go there now? You seemed to be so sure you could find it! It's probably just over the hill where the moon shines! Ha-ha!

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: (*Miserably.*) What other country?—I'm sure I don't know—

THE OLD ANT: Oh, you've forgotten so soon? You boasted well of it, last summer!

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: I don't know of any other country; I'm sure I've forgotten what you mean; and if I did know, we should n't know how to reach it now—

THE OLD ANT: Well, it's now you'll have to go find it, I think!—Right over the hill where the moon shines—ha-ha, ha-ha! And it's a good time now to be dancing, to keep yourselves warm, I'm thinking; could n't be better! Doubtless on the way, too, there'll be folks will pay to hear that guitar you carry!—Or, over there in that place, on the other side of the hill, where the moon shines! Ha-ha! Ha, ha!

(*He goes in laughing, and closes the Ant-hill door.*)

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: (*Coming down to his friends.*) Oh, dear, now, what shall we do? So, our folly we must rue!

ALL: (*Sighing and wailing.*) Oh—oh—oh!

The Grasshoppers and the Ants 105

FIRST GRASSHOPPER: I see now there is nothing for it, but to try to find the other country!

ANOTHER GRASSHOPPER: If there is one!

THE OLD GRASSHOPPER: And if we're not all dead before we get there!

ALL: (*Wailing.*) Oh,—oh!—Now we go!—
Cold and snow have caught us!

(*They begin trailing off, singing dolefully.*)
If we'd listened to a word of the good advice we heard,—cold and snow and hunger had not taught us! Oh—oh—oh!

(*They go off. Snow falls in behind them, blowing over the stage.*)

Now we go, through the snow—

Where, oh, where—we do not know!

Oh—oh!

• (*Their voices die away mournfully without.*)

(*End of Play.*)

THE GREATEST GIFT
A MID-YEAR OR SPRING FESTIVAL

Characters:

THE MOTHER OF LIFE.

THE FOUR WINDS, the Shepherds of the Clouds
(the East and West, the Cold Wind and the
Warm).

THE THREE SEEDLINGS (the Flower Seedling, the
Grain Seedling, and the Tree Seedling).

THE WINTER MISTS AND CLOUDS—Dancers.

THE LITTLE RIVERS—Pantomime, lines, and
songs.

THE LITTLE WILD CREATURES—Pantomime.

THE GREATEST GIFT

Scene: In the centre of an open space, a great Tree grows on a slight elevation. Its far-spreading roots reach down and about on all sides.

To the rear, open lands reach off to a partly mountainous horizon.

It is gloomy and grows more so.

In front of the Tree, among its roots, and near a great hollow in its trunk, the MOTHER OF LIFE sits brooding, silent, in dark garments that shadow her face.

Curtains of grey moss hang over the roots of the Tree and down from cliffs that border the sides of the scene. All looks bare about the scene, except the branches of the great Tree, which hang down from above, dark but with leaves upon them.

At Rise: There is soft, low singing about, as if far and wide from under the ground,—not sad, but a murmur and crooning, without words. Then—weird, windy, piping sounds from without (*from R. and L.*) and presently two Shepherds enter, blowing lustily on pipes (*one enters from L. U. E., one from R. I. E.*). They bear on their shoulders bags of leaves—some bright, some brown. Circling around the Tree blowing on their pipes, every moment or so they stop to fling from their bags swirls of leaves. They are frolicsome and boisterous. Finally they stop before the MOTHER.

FIRST SHEPHERD WIND: Did you see our clouds rushing by, Mother?

SECOND WIND: They are spread out well, now, over the sky! Our brother will have a hard time to chase them to fold when he comes back from the warm land.

FIRST WIND: *If* he come,—you mean.

MOTHER OF LIFE: Why “if”—boy?

FIRST WIND: Because who knows if he will come again?

MOTHER OF LIFE: Hush, you thoughtless boy! At all events, don't blow such foolish words where the birds can hear them! They are wise creatures, but still they rely on you so much, you must remember!

SECOND WIND: But may one not jest sometimes, mother?

MOTHER: Not idly, boy! Have you not played long enough in my trees to know better things?

FIRST WIND: Ah, you brood so, mother!

MOTHER: It is dark, and time to rest and prepare.

SECOND WIND: Has the light been long gone, now?

MOTHER: So it seems; but leave me in peace! My thoughts are longer than Time, and call me.

FIRST WIND: But first, mother, what are they,—your thoughts?

MOTHER: Then learn a lesson from them!—They are of many things; of what is growing in the earth; of what it shall be, and what it shall do.—You have your part towards it, you, with your jesting!—So, work, instead!

(The two Winds swirl about with their leaves a moment.)

SECOND SHEPHERD WIND: *(Stopping.)* I saw the last of the birds go down over the hills, mother. Are you lonely without them?

MOTHER: They will come back.

FIRST WIND: (*Stops after another swirl of leaves, on the other side of the MOTHER.*) Why do you not go with them, and with the light,—since you love them so?

MOTHER: Indeed, and who would do my work for me, then? Each one in his place,—and sometimes we must wait in the dark! Now, attend to your place; cover my children, before your brother comes blustering in!

BOTH WINDS: (*Grumbling, but swirling their leaves about again, and blowing on their pipes. The orchestra accompanies them here as if the wail of their blowing echoed far and wide through the woods and country beyond.*) FIRST: Hm,—indeed! As if we had not attended to our work!

SECOND: As if we had not herded and blown our clouds about till our big brother will have it hard enough fleecing them! Hm,—indeed! Hoo-hoo-oo!

(*They blow and whirl about R. and L.*)

(*The THIRD BROTHER WIND is heard blowing his pipe and approaching.*)

FIRST WIND: Ah, hurry, hurry,—our brother is certainly bringing the cold with him!

SECOND WIND: Yes, yes! Ho-ho!

(*They flourish about, scattering leaves. The THIRD WIND enters with a flourish, scattering a flutter of white flakes from his bag.*)

THIRD WIND: Ho-ho! ho-ho! Is it time for this, Mother? Is it time? Wool from my sheep—for your children's blanket, mother! Mother, mother, is it time? Ho-ho! (*Shouting and approaching.*)

MOTHER: (*To the other two Winds.*) See, you were none too quick. Do your work, then go and be still! Your big brother's noise is all I can stand!

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(The THIRD WIND blusters about, whirling snow, while the other two retire more slowly, R. and L. U., flurrying leaves about them.)

MOTHER: *(To Third W.)* Hush! You've no need to be quite so noisy; you'll wake my children,—and frighten them so they'll not dare come out when it's time!

THIRD WIND: Ho-ho! Maybe they'll never wake up again! Ho-ho!

MOTHER: Don't speak of what you don't know! But you were always worse even than your brothers!

THIRD WIND: Ho-ho! But you yourself never know but this is the last time!

MOTHER: I have lived longer than you, foolish boy! What does the Ice tell you,—that holds the story of the light?

THIRD WIND: Ho-ho! Whoo-whooh! Even so; even so! Who can tell? Ho-ho!

MOTHER: None, surely, who is never still enough to think!

THIRD WIND: Ho-ho! *(Carelessly and wildly.)* Ho-ho! *(Blows his snow about.)* Don't take it amiss, don't take it amiss, mother! See, I'm spreading out a fine blanket now for your little ones, mother! I'm not so bad as I sound! Ho-ho! *(Swirls about.)*

MOTHER: Indeed, and if you were, I'd send you packing! But you're quite rough enough! *(She rises and looks about; speaks to herself.)* It is more and more dark; it is near the end! *(She bends down over the tree roots and looks at the crevices where the moss hangs, and leaves are thrown.)* Yes, they are well covered. *(Spreads the leaves over with her hands. She rises and enters the Hollow in the Tree and is obscured in its shadow behind overhanging moss.)*

(The THIRD WIND, behind, hooting between his hands, shakes snow all about. The other two Winds retire in their cloaks to the rocks, L. and R. U., and blow softly but more shrilly, to accompany the THIRD WIND. The orchestra reinforces the pipes of the three, and more snow is whirled in from the wings, and settles on the ground. The THIRD WIND from dancing about, comes to Centre front, and settles down on the roots of the Tree, and pipes loudly, and more wildly, and lustily as if he hugely enjoyed it. Over the cliffs and from behind and all about come silent white and grey mist and cloud children, in a dance of whirling scarves from which snow flies. It grows darker and darker, and the low croon under the earth sounds farther and farther away, and with a longer, slow, rhythm. The THIRD WIND's piping becomes stronger and turns minor with occasionally a wild harsh call—like a shriek of the wind. His enjoyment turns to impish derision. Suddenly he stops, at one wild note, and as if it were frightened into silence it dies with a quaver; an utter lull falls, while the cloud and mist children sink together back, and settle among the side cliffs, as fogs mass and settle.—Far, far off is heard a long sweet call, like a bird, once. The darkness deepens, with light only catching the white draperies of the mist and cloud children. Out of the intense darkness, just over the horizon a great Star shines (R. U.) The MOTHER pushes aside the curtain of moss, and, with her cloak partly thrown back, leans out from the Tree opening, and with her hand on the shoulder of the THIRD WIND, points to the Star.)

MOTHER: Look—look! The Promise! Hush! The flood-gates are open; pipe no more! (*As if awed the Shepherd Wind holds his pipe suspended. Immediately the Song of the Rivers joins far off with the low croon under the earth which has been heard before. First orchestral, low, sweet, then bright with a swift release of sound,—and without, distant, children clap their hands, but softly, and sing, with laughing notes at beginning and end.*)

SONG OF THE RIVERS

(*Bright and quick, but soft and distant.*)

All: Oh, ho! Ah—ha, ha! (*Laughing notes.*)

Ah, see! See!

One Voice: What brightness creeps along our rims of ice?

Another Voice: Like sweet warm fingers breaking it away!

Another Voice: What blew upon me like a summer air?

Another Voice: I thrill,—I wake!

Many Voices: We wake! What fire along the ice, —what lovely fire?—Ho-ho! (*Joyfully.*)

Sisters, awake, awake!

The flood gates break—

The Star of the Waters calls us; we are free!

Away! away!

(*Their voices die, distantly, with accompanying sweet orchestral notes. There is silence again.*)

The THIRD WIND with a roguish look sets his pipe to his lips, and blows a blast; the mists stir and move towards back slightly.)

MOTHER: Give me your pipe! My children can never hear your brother's,—for your noise!

THIRD WIND: My brother's! Pooh,—he will not come. He loves the warm land much too well. The rivers have stopped their laughing, and gone back! Besides, if my brother does come, that is not saying the light will come with him! (*But his blustering tone has become awed and subdued.*)

MOTHER: Give me your pipe! (*Takes it.*) No more! Your brother comes because the light is coming. (*Raises her head.*) Now,—I scent the soft wind from his pipe!

THIRD WIND: (*Derisively.*) Ho-ho! (*Tries to blow at his pipe in the MOTHER'S hand. She takes him by the shoulders firmly and turns him off, away from the Tree.*)

MOTHER: Go up there, and sit down on your cliff and be quiet!

(*Slowly and surlily he goes, scrambles on the rock, and sits hugging his knees frowning.*)

(*The MOTHER listens, standing with her head in the shadowy hollow of the Tree, her face uplifted. The light over the sky at the back seems to lighten so that the Star grows paler.*)

He is far off—but he is coming! (*She muses, turns her cloak again down over her face, and goes back into the Tree.*) Awhile yet I must plan my children's work! (*Disappears in the shadow.*)

(*Soft music like distant pipes playing. The scene lightens slightly to a soft grey-purple glow. The music makes one think of soft little winds that bring the scents of new tiny flowers; and that one hears the first calls of birds, in scattered, long-drawn notes. A few pale flower-petals blow across the scene from R. U. and catch the fading light from the Star. The THIRD WIND throws*

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back his cloak and peers over the cliff. The other two Winds creep out from L. and R. U. and look and point off R. U. The THIRD WIND clambers a bit nearer inquisitively. Shrinking, the mists retire towards rear entrance and cluster there.)

FIRST WIND: To be sure,—to be sure! He is coming,—our brother!

SECOND WIND: And it's lightening behind him! After all,—it is always so.

FIRST WIND: Yes, yes,—but how is one to know?
(More petals blow across scene from Right, and a sweeter strain of pipes comes nearer, and echoes of soft bird calls, in many directions.)

SECOND WIND: After all, it's not so bad to have him come back!

FIRST WIND: We can't be so rough, but I like it just as well. It's rather pleasant to play with the gentle little waves instead of the great rough ones, and to swing more lazily in the trees!

THIRD WIND: *(Grumbling and scrambling upon his rock.)* Yes, I suppose he's coming! No more fun for me! Still, one must rest sometime!

(The sweet sounds come nearer still. A flurry of last year's leaves blows across the stage followed by a shower of petals,—and with a final sweet blow on his pipè, the FOURTH WIND enters. The THIRD WIND, with a cross look back, scrambles upon his rock and settles down grumpily. The two other Winds go towards the New Coming One. The grey mists huddle and disappear R. and L. U. E.)

FIRST AND SECOND WINDS: *(Severally.)* Hoo-hoo! We hardly thought you'd come, brother! No, the dark seemed to stay so long!—and our big brother blew so loud!

FOURTH WIND: (*Who wears lighter, softer clothing and carries a syrinx. His face is smiling, and his hair fair.*) Yes, yes,—ha-ha! (*Blows a sweet note or two.*) And the light is coming—see! (*Pointing to the sky R. U. behind him.*) I must go about and wake all the children! Are you glad to see me, brothers?

FIRST AND SECOND WINDS: (*Severally.*) Yes—oh, yes! I think we are,—ha-ha,—after all! Yes—after all!

THIRD WIND: (*From his perch half to himself.*) But it's hardly time! I have n't half had my fling. If the old Dame now—(*Mumbles crossly, but the FOURTH WIND blows his pipe to silence him.*)

FOURTH WIND: 'Sh—'sh! (*Laughing and blowing; then runs down, front R. around the Tree trunk. He knocks at the roots where the moss hangs down, and leaning over by the hollow in the Tree blows a very sweet low call there, and laughs softly.*)

I have come!—A-ah—I have come!

(*His voice is like a breath of summer wind. Then he runs down over the roots and out, off scene, at L. D. (L. I. E.) playing softly as he goes, and gradually ceasing as if in distance without. The two first Wind Shepherds group off up L. beyond the Tree, looking towards the distant horizon R. U. There comes again the soft song of the distant waters.*)

THE RIVERS: (*Singing together and severally with soft accompaniment.*)

Voices All: We come!

Higher: We come!

All: High in the hills the treasures of the sun—

High: —the sun—

All: Were given us to bring!—to bring!

Lower Voices: Sing, little reeds that grow along the banks—

High Voices: —little reeds that grow along the banks—

All: See now with golden rings we bind you into pipes—

High: —with golden rings!

All: To wake the fields!

Low: —to wake the sleeping fields—

Higher: —the sleeping fields!

High and More Distant: Sing!—

(Voices die away, but orchestra echoes for an interval longer, growing softer, while from crannies in the rocks at the sides of the scene little animals peep out, nose about a moment, and run back. With that the music ceases, while from the root crevices of the Tree, three Seedlings peep out. They wear little cotyledons for caps.)

FIRST SEEDLING: (*R. of C.*) Oh, what was that?—What wakened me?

SECOND SEEDLING: (*L. of C.*) Who are you? Did you hit against my house?

THIRD SEEDLING: (*C.*) Oh, I heard something very sweet!

FIRST SEEDLING: (*Sniffing the air.*) And, oh, what a sweet scent in the air! What has gone by?

SECOND SEEDLING: I don't know. Somebody must have! I was dreaming about a place light and open—and wide about—Oh, but it's rather dark here! But some one called us!

THIRD SEEDLING: I was dreaming too, about music playing around me,—that sounded like what just went by! I was high up somewhere—and saw far away to wonderful shining places!

FIRST SEEDLING: I can't remember how it was I came here.

SECOND AND THIRD SEEDLINGS: (*Severally.*)

Nor I!

Nor I!

THIRD WIND: (*From his cliff.*) Hoo-hoo!

SEEDLINGS: (*Severally, frightened.*)

Oh, what was that?

Oh!—Oh!

(*They go back in their nooks.*)

(*The THIRD WIND laughs and rolls about gleefully.*)

(*Now the music of the waters sounds orchestrally again and the Rivers' singing is heard nearer, in successive voices: together, medium, and high.*)

THE RIVERS AND BROOKS:

We come!

We come!

Awake!

Awake!

(*Over the edges of the cliffs at the sides the Brook Sprites come clambering with trailing, shining clothes, and down over the roots of the Tree. They take hands and wind about over the roots, crooning little laughing notes, and echoing the words of their refrains from each other and from without. As they pass the THIRD WIND, he jumps up, laughing roughly, and tries to blow them back,—but they only laugh, with little detours passing him and clambering on. The other Winds play more gently with them, blowing at them as they pass.*)

(*The Seedlings look out again.*)

SEEDLINGS: (*Severally.*)

Why—who—?

Why—who are you?

(*Some Sprites stop.*)

SPRITES: (*Severally.*)

Why, we're the brooks, ha-ha!

Don't you know? Don't you know?

SEEDLINGS: (*Severally.*)

Oh, stop and talk with us!

Tell us where you go!

Tell us!

(*Some run on, laughing back and singing.*)

WATER SPRITES: Oh—oh—the fields are waiting for us, we must go!

ONE SPRITE: (*Mischievously splashing her veil at the Seedlings as if it were water.*) You're waiting for us, too, ha-ha! (*Laughs and clambers on over the roots.*)

FIRST SEEDLING: (*To Sprites.*) Oh—oh—stay!

SECOND SEEDLING: (*Looking about.*) It's getting lighter, see!

THIRD SEEDLING: I thought it maybe never would be light again, as my dream was—

SPRITES: (*Near the Seedlings.*) It was no dream—but true!—but true! We know—

(*Laugh and clamber on.*)

SEEDLINGS: (*Severally.*) Oh, stop and tell us, do! It's still not light!—And we're afraid,—Oh, do!

(*One Seedling tries to hold a Sprite, who splashes at him, so he lets go, and she runs on laughing,—but all the Sprites then sing as they go, turning and waving back their veils at the Seedlings.*)

WATER-SPRITES: (*Singing.*)

Harmonically: We know—we know—

High:

We know—

Harmon.: For under the ice and under the snow
Still we flow!
And there the shining hours that go
Leave their jewels still to glow—
We know—

High: We know! (*These Sprites go out.*)
(*Others clambering after go on singing.*)

Distant and high: We know! (*Entering.*)

Harmon.: Where the tree roots pierce and grow
So deep down we go—we go—
And hear their secrets—so we know!
(*Soft and echoing.*) We know!

(*They go off towards edges of stage,—some running off and appearing again on edges of rocks, where they dangle their shining draperies over. The FOURTH WIND is heard piping again R. U. Birds sound nearer from same direction. The two first Winds stir and look more aroused, towards the horizon R. U., leaving the Water Sprites alone. The THIRD WIND clammers down from his rock and approaches his brother curiously. There is a flourish of birds' calls near at hand and the FOURTH WIND's piping again,—and the MOTHER looks out from the Tree, her dark cloak off and with soft grey and green garments on. As she looks out, a shower of petals blows from R. U., as if from before the FOURTH WIND, and falls in front of her. She looks about happily—and bends over the little Seedlings.*)

MOTHER: (*Touching the Seedlings on their heads and shoulders gently.*) Come! Are you ready? It is time!

THE SEEDLINGS: (*Severally.*) Time? (*The others look questioning.*) What, mother?

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MOTHER: The Light of the World is coming;—
what have you to give him?

(They look in their nooks.)

SEEDLINGS: *(Shaking their heads.)* Oh, mother,
we don't know!

What shall we do?

What would he like, mother?

MOTHER: What has been given you? Think!—
you'll remember.

(They are silent.)

FIRST SEEDLING: Why, mother, long ago—I
thought I dreamed it—was it true?—the little winds
brought me sweet scents, and colours shone about me
in the light; I danced with lovely things on dainty
stems,—and I was one.

MOTHER: Go call them; they were flowers,—it
was true,—and they will bring your gift! (FIRST
SEEDLING goes to entrance of her nook and pauses watch-
ing MOTHER and other Seedlings.) And you—what fell
to you? *(To SECOND SEEDLING.)*

SECOND SEEDLING: Light, and warm winds, good
mother,—and I dreamed of bearded stalks, all waving
like a sea,—and I was one.

MOTHER: Neither was yours a dream, but true!
Light fed the blessed grain, with which you grew.
Go bring it—for your gift; go to the fields and tell
them it is time! (SECOND SEEDLING turns to his nook,
in the same way as FIRST SEEDLING and pauses there.)
And you? *(To THIRD SEEDLING.)* What bounty did
you know?

THIRD SEEDLING: Oh, mother, very high I swung,
and all about me sang the sweetest winds, playing
about as if I'd been a harp;—and through a green-
gold light—far, far away—I saw bright shining lands.

MOTHER: Far from this highest Tree, you fluttered down to sleep,—and having such a glory for your dream, must bring a lovely gift! So it shall be—?

(He thinks.)

THIRD SEEDLING: Let me go see—oh, mother! *(Turns to his nook, and with the others parts the moss to re-enter.)*

OTHER TWO SEEDLINGS: *(Together to MOTHER, nodding.)* So—we will go!

(Exeunt Seedlings in nooks behind their moss curtains. The FOURTH WIND re-enters R. U. E. and sits on rocks R. U., playing. Immediately music of birds and streams and soft winds is heard—voices without, and orchestra, a harp among the pieces. The light becomes lovely, like dawn, or the opalescent softness of early spring days. Out from the tree roots at the MOTHER'S feet troop: With the Flower Seedling—the FIRST SEEDLING,—Flower-Children—violets, wind-flowers—the tiny early things; after the SECOND SEEDLING, of the Grain, troop little children, with sprouting grain for caps. They flank at either side the scene over the roots and under the cliffs where the Brook Sprites sit above; the little animals nosing, peep out again. Last of all, and when the tableau is set, the THIRD SEEDLING enters from Centre nook alone, carrying a censer, and kneels before the MOTHER. The FIRST SEEDLING holds out to her a flower; the SECOND SEEDLING a stalk of grain.)

MOTHER: *(To Seedlings, smiling.)* Your offerings for the Light of the World—what are they then?

FIRST SEEDLING: Flowers are Beauty, mother,—so, I bring him Joy! *(She kneels before MOTHER, holding up the flower.)*

SECOND SEEDLING: And I bring grain for bread—and that is Life! (*He kneels, extending the grain stalk.*)

THIRD SEEDLING: (*Rising and with lifted face swinging his censer before the MOTHER.*) Mother, I bring him aspiration from the trees,—that, like this incense, soar up towards the sky!

(*Remains standing.*)

MOTHER:—Whose Light first gave them Life!

(*Raises her face, looks up, pointing.*)

And now——

(*All becomes brighter. All the soft new sounds of spring begin rising as if from all sides in the music of orchestra and voices, on and off the scene, and at a sudden joyful chord the Light is brilliant over all as if directly above the Tree, and shining down through its branches, so its leaves glisten brightly. The sounds of birds' notes rise above all others. The Star has faded in the greater light. The Shepherd Winds all sink, kneeling and subdued, in the circle of light on the ground beyond the Tree, up the scene, except the FOURTH WIND, who rises, playing, and comes lightly near the foot of the Tree, and to the Right of it. The Rivers make a joyful undercurrent, nearer and stronger, with their lower voices. All, but the three subdued Winds, who kneel with bent heads, look up.*)

MOTHER: He is here!—

ALL: (*Echoing harmonically, with instruments accompanying.*) He is here!—He is here!—

(*Repeated, more and more distantly, carried off scene, as if by universal voices, far and wide.*)

(*End of Play.*)

COLLECTIONS OF PLAYS AND FESTIVAL MATTER

(Appropriate to Primary Grades.)

The Masque of English Trees and Flowers: M. F. Hutchinson. Pub. Blackie and Son, London.

The Masque of the Woodlands (same author and publisher).

The House of the Heart: Constance d'Arcy Mackaye. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Masque of the Seasons: John Wessex. (Songs, music, and dances arranged by Oriska and Rosalind Fuller.) Munster Press, Sturminster Newton, Dorset, England.

II

INTERMEDIATE PERIOD

IN the Intermediate Period the application of material in history and folk-tales begins to be appropriate, obviously, because the active mind of the child is increasingly eager for information about the world around him, what has made it as it is, and he is beginning more actively to correlate what he learns of outside things with his personal life and interests.

For progressively arranged material, beginning with this time when literary or historical narrative is advantageous, the suggestions in the introductory section of Part I already present a good working basis. The present section will consider some of the main forms of the dramatic exercise in conjunction with such material and their appropriate adaptation to the child's æsthetic development, powers of comprehension, and appreciation.

As the introductory thesis suggests, a geographical progression is more appropriate with young children than a strictly historical one, and the locality interest, information about people, their

activities, customs, and arts, best dominate and lead to the historical interest rather than subserve it,—at least, apparently,—for they actually serve its best understanding, finally.

Interest in the *genre* type of narrative is natural to children. In the primary period it shows itself in their observation and mimicry of people about them, and their doings. As they begin to show interest in accounts of people of other places, the teacher may then begin systematising her presentation of such material as that given in Part I,—and for the reasons given there,—while the geographical progression as the elementary structure, gradually develops into a framework for the historical interest.

By a “geographical progression” in this connection, I mean what it will be remembered I have called before a “Folk-Group Method,” that is, the taking of our stories in series from group to group according to the most naturally suggested association, racial, historical, geographical, or all three, by a method of *genre*- or folk-stories, with accounts of racial customs and characteristics.

We have considered the outward correlation of material; the question of forms of use of this material comes next,—and what may be a logical means of planning their progression. We probably cannot do better than resort to our timeworn analogy of the primitive man’s development of expression, ritual, and celebration. We may practically use the same order in our development of

dramatic forms and in our combination of them which we used in the primary period, only now, with children able further to elaborate and formalise them, and to appreciate material that passes beyond what is simplest in their own experience and environment, and which belongs to more advanced intellectual attainment.

In choosing illustrations for this period, preference is given to a folk-group method that relates itself systematically to historical developments and influences, although it may be subordinated to the *genre* interest. It seems the richer and more fruitful method, and entirely consistent with the child's growing powers of acquisition and intelligent correlation of knowledge.

For instance, he has already been through a rudimentary interest in immediate environment,—in the current sights and doings close at hand in the world he has entered. In the comprehension of any group of people, near or far, his child-mind can only go a limited distance. When that is traversed, replies to his questions of how and wherefore will present the association of facts which introduce him to his first glimpses of history, geography, and the races. But through description and his own awakening fancy, he can go as far in comprehension of these different subjects, relative to other times, places, and peoples, as he can go in comprehension of his own immediate group,—its time, place, and doings; and he can, by an intelligently related method of presenting the

groups to him, come to realise their relations to each other, as to history and development, and to his own group, very naturally, and without conscious effort. But a purely contemporaneous racial and national group method may have equal possibilities of interest, and be made, in its way, to lead to the understanding of the history of peoples as well as to relate itself consistently, too, to the child's growth of faculty and intelligence. The important points are to develop consistently in these respects whatever plan is chosen, and in the development of this plan, to keep in mind the value of correlating folk-customs and myth with history and classic literature throughout the progression as recommended and instanced in the introductory outline in this volume. But the method given in Part I has been chosen because it presents a satisfactory working basis and a symmetrical progression in the choice of material, so it is with reference to that, that the illustrative forms given will be chosen and discussed.

The genesis of dramatic forms, as it is manifested historically and in the child's play, is appropriate to its cultural use in the second period as in the first, remaining to be elaborated and built up with more diverse material.

Taking the simplest forms for a beginning, and adding to the exercise in them, what we did not in the primary period, a special historical association, we may choose, in our American schools,

the Red Indians, for our first group, introducing them in association with the stories of our country's discovery. Good and varied material is cited in the Bibliography, and there is such a mass now of ethnological information concerning our Indians that no teacher need be at a loss for it. In this connection I would especially recall to the teacher again the appropriateness of books on American Indian pottery, basketry, and blanket weaving; for the matter of crafts and trades is always of interest to children, and also supplies matter as instructive as picturesque for pageant and other festival use. Also I would call attention to the researches in Indian music made by Dr. Fillmore, Miss Fletcher, and Mr. Frederick Burton, and to the researches of the American Folk-Lore Society, in general. Many of the legends suggest their own forms of reproduction in the dramatic game, but the historic value is enhanced if the children are told of the actual primitive forms of celebration and ritual of the group studied, and so the reproduction of these especially suggested. This is in addition to the point before introduced, namely, that primitive forms of action are natural to the child as to the primitive man, and so subjectively appropriate.

Obviously, the teacher's judgment will guide her choice of accounts of savage celebrations, and of picturesque and typical features of dance, pantomime, and recitation to be retained,—with such points as commemorate the brutality of

savage peoples omitted, or modified to harmlessness.

Animal pantomime has been a feature of some of the festivals of American Indians, as of other primitive and savage tribes,—the Australians, for instance, in their hunting dances. I quote here a paragraph from Karl Mantzius's *History of Theatrical Art* as being suggestive on this point, though from personal experience, one finds the fancy of children in mimicry lively enough without much suggestion of method: “. . . they [the Australians] are capable of imitating the peculiarities of the emu, the kangaroo, the frog, and other animals, merely by movements, especially with their arms,—by which they represent the neck either of the emu, or of the kangaroo. Later they deck themselves out with hide or feathers . . . and make masks, which, in a more or less fantastic way, represent heads of birds or animals; . . . the red Indians, in particular, excel in these animal disguises; their bear, dog, and buffalo dances are said to be more like pantomime farces than like what we call dances. Their dramatic point consists in making a comical chase after the supposed animals, some of the dancers representing the hunters, others the beasts.”

As a point of history method, there may be a question of introducing the Norsemen to the children earlier than the Red Indians—but as the former's civilisation was far less primitive than the latter's at the time we readily associate

them with our own country's history, I give the Red Indians the preference in such a chosen arrangement as the present one.

The festivals to celebrate peace are as interesting as those to arouse the war fury among savages, and their general plan may be used in representations of our American Indian stories.

The order of a typical one is as follows¹:

I. The singing and marking of rhythm on their primitive instruments by the medicine men, while

II. The dancers, in gala decorations, dance in circles about a central pole bearing trophies² or a dancer in the centre carries the trophies. All take their steps rhythmically in time with the music.

III. A pause, for rest, in which the centre dancer, or an especially selected one, relates historical events (in the case of the Peace Dance, events of the war just concluded) and eulogises fallen warriors,—at the end of the recital exclaiming: "Whose trophies do I carry on my shoulder?" at which the dancers cheer and cry out for vengeance, and break into their dance afresh.

This point in a class representation would make a dramatic finale, for the suggestion is sufficient, and to continue and repeat after the manner of the reality would be tiresome ordinarily, though repetitions and monotony in pantomimes and

¹ See Mantzius, *History of Theatrical Art*, vol. i.

² Needless to say, scalps, which fact the teacher's discretion will modify.

dances, used skilfully, produce parallelisms of effect that have striking dramatic force. This is a point, too, especially exemplified in the ritual performances of savages, and made use of in ecclesiastical ritual, and having a special interest for its æsthetic and psychic effect, in stirring emotion and enthusiasm. It is the secret of the march form's stirring of martial feeling. But as for its use in a school exercise, the length and repetition of effects in a recreation or festival performance must depend upon the method of their introduction,—whether as a dance, pantomime, and recital feature complete in itself, or whether they form subordinate episodes of another composition. The knowledge of how to use such effects as this comes with experience in developing structure,—which point has been dwelt upon already at some length in the last paragraphs of section I of this Part II.

If the American Indian stories lead us to the Aztec Indians, as our introductory paper suggests they may do, there is material in accounts of their festivals for very charming pantomime plays and dances, which are independent of such cruel rites as the preparation and sacrifice of the "Fair God," and other monstrosities of their ritual. I append a passage from *Purchas's Pilgrims*,¹ which

¹ Vol. xv., chap. v., p. 367, of the modern edition, published by James MacLehose & Sons, Glasgow, Scotland, 1906. Macmillan & Co., New York. Hakluyt Society Publications, Extra Series.

makes a favourable glimpse for school children to get of this remarkable ancient people's customs.

"There was in this Temple a Court of reasonable greatness, to the which they made great dance and pastimes, with games or comedies, the day of the idol's feast, for which purpose there was in the midst of the court a theatre, thirty feet square, very finely decked and trimmed, the which they decked with flowers that day with all the art and invention that might be—being invironed round with arches of flowers and feathers, and in some places there were tied many small birds, conies, and other tame beasts. After dinner all the people assembled in the place and the Players presented themselves and plaied Comedies, some counterfeiting the deaf and the rheumatic, others the lame, blind, and so on, to seek cure of the idol. The deaf answered confusedly,"—etc. (here the narrator describes the pantomime of the halt and defective, which is not the best kind of pantomime for children to employ. Then he continues): "others came in the form of little beasts; some were like Snailles, others like Toades, and some like Lizards; then meeting together, they told their offices, and every one retiring to his place, they sounded on small flutes, which was pleasant to heare. They likewise counterfeited Butterflies and small Birds of divers colours, and the children of the Temple represented those forms, then they went into a little forest planted there for the nonce where the priests of the temple drew them forth with instru-

ments of musicke. In the meantime they used many pleasant speeches, some in propounding, others in defending, wherewith the assistants were pleasantly entertained. This done, they made a Maske or Mummerie with all these personages, and so the feast ended; the which was usually done in their principal feasts."

In dealing with the French, Dutch, Spanish, and Scandinavian groups, as well as those from other regions of the old world, it is simpler to deal with them in two sections or stages; first, in connection with the colonisation of this country, with only a brief preface of their European estate and origin, enough for a satisfactory preliminary explanation; and then not until later, when a fuller idea of the early settlements and their progress has been given the class, to turn back and give special attention to the specific history of origins, customs, myth, and arts of each, as a separate group.

While, however, for the American child, we make our starting point and pivot of action, so to speak, the birth of this country and its development as a new civilised world,—nevertheless, so far as possible without confusion or too great digression, it is well to build up the history of the nations through contemporaneous stages, towards any focusing point chosen in the history of civilisation.

Obviously the focus must be kept in view, and the action of the forces towards it well knit and clear, and, when the audience is of children, the exposition is to be as simple as possible, and the

features introduced to point the progress, and to illuminate the causes, such as will appeal to the child and impress him.

As soon as we come to the narration of plain history stories in which the main action is so important that any associated myth or odd typical customs become subordinate, any representation we make of this material, when we use it for a dramatic exercise, naturally exacts the complete dramatic form. In using it as material we pass beyond what can be satisfactorily expressed by dances, pantomime, and games, unless we conventionalise certain features of the stories, but I refer to the direct use of the story, and this brings us to the actual complete dramatic form proper, however juvenile.

Since singing, dancing, pantomime and mimicry, and poetic recital are the earlier steps towards the complete dramatic form of the play proper, their values as cultural forms separately and collectively should not be neglected, even when the intellectual material in history and literature advances to points where its dramatic use would seem to find sufficient scope in such play forms as may be carried wholly by free, direct, and unconventionalised action and use of speech.¹

The children of the intermediate period are still very young, and while they can be interested in the more intellectual dramatic forms as the pri-

¹ In this connection song, poetry, dance, and pantomime are differentiated as conventionalised action or use of speech.

mary children would not be, they still need, as well as love, the more vivid action of song, dance, and lively and amusing mimicry.

To keep to the rule of correlating folk-myth, information concerning trades, arts, and customs, with history and literature, will continually keep before the teacher material she can supply to the children for the introduction of the elements of dance, song, poetry, and lively by-play into the plots that are to reproduce their history narrative.

But the study of the groups of people in contemporaneous stages, as we bring their respective historic movements into relation with each other and towards our chosen central point, of itself—through the history of their culture, their arts, and modes of expressing themselves, lyrically or ritualistically—supplies material for such classwork as we are discussing. It is material that suggests to us how our use of dramatic forms may be kept more evenly advancing, making use all along, separately or in combination, of their variety of beautiful and lively forms. We find by such a method that while we preserve a historic unity that gives to the child a very clear and splendid notion of the spread and building of civilisation, and the coherence of its elementary forces, we are applying to him, too, a system of personal culture that has an analogous unity and symmetry. Tell a child about the Pilgrim Fathers going through the woods with guns, and he will undoubtedly enjoy incorporating it in his plays and games,—

and stories and plays about the incidents of those brave times need hardly lack action or variety, even when more grim and heroic than gay and attractive. Far be it from me to say that wherever the real human action and the heroisms of history appeal to a child, he should be diverted from any of the interest he can take in them. But it is for the teacher to intersperse the beautiful, the lyrical, the fanciful, or the amusing, with the stories of stern or only practical realities. With grim Puritan tales of hardship in the New World may enter the picturesque and poetic legends and customs of the Indians, and the romantic adventures of explorers and seafarers,—and I am loath to omit pirates! In fact the child himself misses the more brilliant elements after awhile, if only the bare structure of history enters in his lessons, since it is n't solely made up of periods where guns in woodpaths are necessary, and Indians and wolves are to be expected behind the kitchen door. In order to interest children, what is presented to them must have striking features, —in action, in beauty, or gaiety,—but it is a rarely dull teacher who does not see and take advantage of the wonderful opportunity in teaching history!

The most striking features, to the child, in the main lines of action that have built nations, as such, are doubtless wars, and venturesome explorations,—and this brings up a certain point which calls for more definite facing in our teaching than it always has.

The sentiment concerning war, in our teaching of the building of nations, is not unimportant. For the civilised world to have attained the apparent intellectual advance, and the humanitarianism of the present day, and to have been so long in fixing the ethical status of war, would be an incomprehensible anomaly, if it were not for the fact, that, averaging all our factors, it is to be realised, after all, that, through and through, our civilisation is not as real as it is apparent. We cannot fail to introduce this question of the ethics of war to our school children, if only by the suggestion that our method of referring to it gives,—and we should know what we believe about it now, at least, even though it is late for a supposedly enlightened era! It is true, it is a difficult subject to broach to a youth of seven to whom some still barbaric relative has given a toy gun, and who is having an enchanting time, killing hundreds of people, and probably wild beasts, in the back yard. But when the hare is caught, so to speak, and really in school,—it becomes our duty! No doubt it was duty in the back yard,—but reforms are slow, and one can be a savage for so short a time, after all! However, when it comes to history, in school or at home, and the point really stares one in the face, then I believe we must attempt to clear it up for the children. We may draw for them an analogy between the dispute of two nations, and that of two men. The more ignorant and unable to use their minds to come to an understanding the men

are, the likelier they are to fight; and the same holds good of the nations. Yet if the men had never had means of learning to use their minds reasonably, they could not be blamed for using the means they could command to defend the possessions that they had worked to own; and again the same of nations. Therefore in times past, when men have fought because it was the only way they believed they could accomplish what they thought should be accomplished, and if they fought bravely without caring for danger and agony to themselves, they were heroic. Again, in periods when men might be supposed to have been able to settle their disputes more intelligently than by war, if they fought bravely, believing they were right in doing so, they too, were heroic; as, for instance, who would not say that our Civil War was fought with the sincerest belief in its necessity and justice? And so, of similar cases.

Surely now, children may begin to learn that to settle disputes by force of arms, even to employ it to hold in check more lawless communities, is a confession of lack of such nobler powers of control and reasonableness as should characterise highly developed human beings.

I believe such an ethical sentiment as the International Peace Society inculcates, should characterise our dealings with this subject in our schools, and to sum up one method of presenting it to the children is absolutely pertinent here, considering the field of work we are discussing, and especially

because of the illustrative forms of exercise it gives opportunity for.

So in taking up our history narratives, on the whole the war element is better subordinated, and as much as possible other interesting activities of the typical periods introduced, diversified by the matter of legend, and gay and picturesque customs. It is not to be expected that the sober industrial growth of communities, in its large aspects, will interest children, but small trades and crafts will, because they become specific and personal, and the intimate charm of character types, and the real everyday doings of people may come into the discussion of them.

If sufficient personal element and variety of even simple happenings enters into the method of relating *genre* stories, they have a charm for the child equal to that of even striking hero tales, and often more than imaginative stories have for them.

Commerce, too, is attractive material, and hinges upon the other most striking feature in the tendency of nations, adventure and exploration.

These elements need all to be regarded in such a working out of the story of the peoples as will make this department of dramatic culture as rich as it can be, but the thread of them needs to be woven into all parts of the progression, none to be forgotten entirely as if it were broken off somewhere in the web, but each instead to be followed, glinting here, then lost apparently, but

only to show again later on, till the whole fabric is done,—a tapestry of rich threads, telling coherently, as far as it spreads, the story of the world's experience, for the child's culture, and though but an elementary basis, complete and beautiful in its range.

In going back from the history stories of the modern era, and the settlement of our country, and considering the parts in the historic westward movement by the several nations, we need to introduce the story of the ancient tribal life of the Celts and Teutons, who, through the interaction of their subdivisions with the Romance peoples, and the absorption of elements from the tribes of the more eastern races, went to make up our English forefathers themselves.

The field of material in this direction is so full of splendour, that it would be difficult to choose from it, if it were not that we are dealing with children, which consideration must simplify our choice to the narration of the customs and arts of the ancient peoples,—the simplest elements of their myth, and the most peaceful tales from the sagas. The deeds of "heroes" need modifying in the telling, doubtless, though children do not realise the actual bloody barbarism of these old times, even when hearing the tales of them,—and valour was there, and men that were men, doubtless, not giving a thought to danger, and despising agony when deeds were to be done. And these elements of bravery and valour may be, and should be, pre-

served in the telling; nothing is less to be desired than an emasculation of our teaching.

From the rich sagas of the Irish, representative of so high a stage in the civilisation of the early Celts, and from those of the Norse, as well as from the archæological matter relative to their periods, with their highly perfected crafts, their architecture, boatbuilding, commerce, exploration—not to say marauding,—and their social life,—sufficient beautiful and romantic material is to be selected for use in this elementary period of study, for scenic pictures, byplay, and main action. So much of this material is so powerfully dramatic that, even in modified form, it fits better with a more advanced school time, and introduced with the fuller study of comparative literatures. But simplified lyric forms of the stories, with special interest aroused for their scenes of action, and the contemporary manners and customs, is sufficient heroic material for young children.

Here is the description of the scene of a feast in ancient Ireland¹:

Once upon a time Conor, son of Fachtna, and the nobles of the Red Branch, went, to a feast, to the house of Feidhlim, the son of Doll, the King's principal story teller; and the King and people were merry and light-hearted, eating that feast in the house of the principal story teller, with gentle music of the musicians, and with the melody of the voices of the bards and the

¹ See *Literary History of Ireland*, Douglas Hyde, for this quotation from MS. in Belfast Museum.

ollavs, with the delight of the speech and ancient tales of the sages, and of those who read the keenes [?] [written on] flags and books; [listening] to the prognostications of the druids, and of those who numbered the moon and stars.

The personal descriptions of kings and heroes; the Amazonian queens who taught feats of arms to the warriors; the troops of young maidens and waiting women attending upon the queens, bending over their embroidery and weaving in the great halls of the barbarically splendid, if primitive, palaces; of the fine instances of their craft in metals, weaving, and embroidery; all these supply brilliant colour for representation of the romance and poetry of this period of history.

The viking Kjartan is thus described in the Scandinavian sagas¹:

Kjartan, Olaf's son, grew up at Hjardarholl; he was the handsomest man born in Iceland. He had fine and marked features in his face, with most beautiful eyes and fair complexion; he had much hair as fine as silk which fell down in locks. He was large and strong as his mother's father Egil, or Thorolf, had been. He was better shaped than any man, so that all wondered who saw him; he also fought better than most other men; he was a good smith and swam better than any other man; he surpassed others greatly in all *idrottir*²; yet he was better liked and more humble than any other man, so that every child loved him; he

¹ Du Chaillu, *The Viking Age*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

² Feats of skill, mental, warlike, or athletic.

was merry and open-handed. Olaf (the Irish) loved him most of all his children.¹

This description may be compared with that of the Irish heroes Conor Mac Nessa, Cormac Mac Art, and others.

In the Book of Ballymote, Cormac Mac Art taking his seat in the assembly at Tara is thus described. Cormac Mac Art was King of Ireland in the third century.²

Beautiful was the appearance of Cormac in that assembly, flowing and slightly curling was his golden hair. A red buckler with stars and animals of gold and fastenings of silver upon him. A crimson cloak in wide descending folds around him, fastened at his neck with precious stones. A torque of gold around his neck. A white shirt with a full collar, and intertwined with red gold thread upon him. Two wonderful shoes of gold, with golden loops upon his feet. Two spears with golden sockets in his hands, with many rivets of red bronze. And he was himself, besides, symmetrical and beautiful of form, without blemish or reproach.

To turn to the vikings again, Mr. du Chaillu also quotes fashions of costumes for warriors from the *Konungs Skuggsjá*. Kings and warriors, particularly, were recognised by the splendour of their accoutrements.

Sigurd "wore a a blue kirtle and blue hose, high shoes laced round his legs, a grey cloak (kápa) and a

¹ *Laxdaela Saga*, c. 38.

² See Dr. Hyde, *Lit. Hist. of Ireland*.

grey broad-brimmed hat and a hood over his face, a staff in his hand with a gilt silver mounting at the upper end, from which a silver ring hung."¹

When we come to looking up glimpses of our ancient ancestors' dwelling places, here for instance, from the Irish sagas in the Red Branch Cycle, is the description of Scathach's house.

The house of Scathach "was built upon a rock of appalling height." . . . [Cuchulain] "knocked at the door with the handle of his spear, and entered. . . ."

[The house] "had seven great doors, and seven great windows between every two doors of them, and thrice fifty couches between every two windows of them,—and thrice fifty handsome girls, in scarlet cloaks and in beautiful and blue attire, attending and waiting upon Scathach." Scathach was the Amazon war teacher to whom Cuchulain went to learn war feats.

This quotation I have taken from Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*, and in the same volume is a longer description of Credé's house, from the Dialogue of the Sages, Book of Lismore. It is long, but most of it I cannot forbear quoting,—it carries such beautiful colour, and that is what we want in our play settings, and our story-telling!

Happy is the house in which she is
Between men and children and women,
Between druids and musical performers,
Between cupbearers and doorkeepers,

¹ *St. Olaf's Saga, Eyrbyggja Saga*, c. 43.

Between equerries without fear,
And distributors who divide (the fare)
And, over all these, the command belongs
To Credé of the yellow hair.

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The colour (of her house) is like the colour of lime,
Within it are couches of green rushes(?)
Within it are silks and blue mantles,
Within it are red, gold, and crystal cups.

Of its many chambers the corner stones
Are all of silver and yellow gold,
In faultless stripes its thatch is spread
Of wings of brown, and of crimson red.

Two doorposts of green I see,
Door not devoid of beauty,
Of carved silver, long has it been renowned
In the lintel that is over the door.

Credé's chair is on your left hand,
The pleasantest of the pleasant it is,
All over, a blaze of Alpine gold,
At the foot of her splendid couch.

A splendid couch in full array
Stands directly above the chair;
It was made by *Tuile* in the East,
Of yellow gold and precious stones.

There is another bed on your right hand
Of gold and silver without defect,
With curtains, with soft (pillows),
With graceful rods of golden bronze.

An hundred feet spans Credé's house
From one angle to the other,
And twenty feet are fully measured
In the breadth of its noble door.

Its portico is covered, too,
With wings of birds, both yellow and blue,
Its lawn in front and its well
Of crystal and of Carmogel.

Of the ancient hostelries of the Irish-Celts here is a description from a tale in the Book of Leinster¹:

Seven doors there were in each hostelry, seven roads through it, and seven fireplaces therein. Seven cauldrons in the seven fireplaces. An ox and a salted pig would go into each of these cauldrons, and the man that came along the road would [*i.e.*, any traveller who passed that way was entitled to] thrust the flesh fork into the cauldron, and whatever he brought up with the first thrust, that he would eat, and if nothing were brought up with the first thrust, there was no other for him.

Any writer of plays, or teller of stories, or teacher of children knows what such little touches of information as this lend to description and action! There are many such for those teachers who want to look for them.

As for the grander dwellings of the ancient kings of our Celtic forebears in Ireland, the palace of King Conor Mac Nessa is thus described²:

¹ This excerpt is from Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*.

² Here quoted from Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*.

It had "three buildings: that of the Red Branch where the kings lodged; and that of the Speckled House, where were laid up the shields and spears and swords of the warriors of Ulster. It was called the Speckled or Variegated House from the gold and silver of the shields, and gleaming of the spears, and shining of the goblets, and all arms were kept in it, in order that at the banquet when quarrels arose the warriors might not have wherewith to slay each other.

"Conor's palace at Emania contained, according to the book of Leinster, one hundred and fifty rooms, each large enough for three couples to sleep in, constructed of red oak, and bordered with copper. Conor's own chamber was decorated with bronze and silver, and ornamented with golden birds, in whose eyes were precious stones, and was large enough for thirty warriors to drink together in it. Above the King's head hung the silver wand with three golden apples, and when he shook it, silence reigned throughout the palace, so that even the fall of a pin might be heard. A large vat, always full of good drink, stood ever on the palace floor."

In the connection of feasts and entertaining, again, the Book of Leinster affords a description of the pagan king's retinue journeying with him to be fed at the house of a retainer¹:

All the Ultonian nobles set out; a great train of provincials, sons of kings and chiefs, young lords and men at arms,—the curled and rosy youth of the king-

¹ Quoted here from passage in the *Literary History of Ireland*, Dr. Hyde.

dom, and the maidens and fair ringleted ladies of Ulster. Handsome virgins, accomplished damsels, and splendid, fully developed women were there. Satirists and scholars were there, and the companies of singers and musicians, poets who composed songs and reproofs, and praising-poems for the men of Ulster. There came also with them from Emania, historians, judges, horse riders, buffoons, tumblers, fools, and performers on horseback. They all went by the same way, behind the king.

Here is a fine bit of pageantry at once! Suppose we were setting a play descriptive of these old times of Ireland, with what a splendid processional this little passage would supply us! With some further references to sources of costume description, odd bits here and there to be found, as to manners, ornament,—and to music, songs, and recitation of tales and poems,—our scene building and the group setting and action of our production would be readily filled out.

Here again:

Briucriu,¹ the Thersites of the Red Branch, having built a new and magnificent house, asks King

¹ The passages from the ancient Irish MS. materials, which Dr. Hyde has incorporated in his volume, *The Literary History of Ireland*, have been many of them so applicable to my need here, that, with his kind permission and that of the publishers of his volume, I have drawn upon them largely. My indebtedness for this I have acknowledged already with pleasure in a prefatory note. The present quotation, as have been those preceding it which have reference to Irish Celtic materials, and, with a few exceptions, those following, are quoted from the *Literary History of Ireland*.

Conor and the other chieftains to a feast, for the house was very magnificent. "The dining hall was built like that of the High King of Tara. From the hearth to the wall were nine beds, and each of the side walls was thirty-five feet high and covered with ornaments of gilt bronze. Against one of the side walls of that palace was reared a royal bed destined for Conor, King of Ulster, which looked down upon all the others. It was ornamented with carbuncles and precious stones and other gems of great price. The gold and silver and all sorts of jewellery which covered that bed shone with such splendour that the night was as brilliant as the day."

One more excerpt descriptive of Irish building is again from the same source.¹

Most of the early Irish Celts' houses were . . . of wood. The ordinary dwelling house was either a cylindrical hut of wicker work with a cup shaped roof, plastered with clay and thatched with reeds, or else a quadrilateral house built of logs or of clay. The so-called City of Royal Tara was, in fact, a vast enclosure, containing a number of different raths, and houses inside the raths.²

¹ *Literary History of Ireland*, Douglas Hyde.

² As the teacher develops her study of comparative customs, she may interestingly point out to her pupils the similarity in these ancient feudal dwelling arrangements as both primitive and barbaric, as well as a mode among peoples more advanced, and one almost identically developed in all parts of the world; in the Far East, for instance, the citadel of the Shogunate in Japan, with its central palace, then the dwellings of the daimyos surrounding it, with in their turn the quarters for the attendant

The buildings seem to have been constructed of the timbers of lofty trees planted side by side, probably carved into fantastic shapes upon the outside, while the inside walls were closely interwoven with slender rods, over which a putty or plaster of loam was smoothly spread, which, when even and dry, was painted in bright colours, chiefly red, yellow, and blue. The roofs were formed of smooth joists and cross-beams, and probably thatched with rods and rushes, much in the same manner as the houses of the peasantry to-day. The floors appear to have been of earth, carefully hardened and beaten down, and then covered with a coat of some kind of hard, shiny mortar. No doubt some very fine barbaric effects were realised in these buildings, some of which, as is evidenced by the description of Cormac's Teach Midhchuarta, must have been immense. There were as many as seven duns, or raths, round Tara, each containing within it many houses, and each surrounded by a mound, or vallum, planted with a stockade like a Maori pah.¹

The finest house of all, painted in the gayest colours, planted in the sunniest spot, and provided overhead with a balcony, was reserved for the ladies of the place,

samurai; in savage tribes, the rude stockaded plan of dwellings; and in military orders of government, as that of the Free Cossacks of the Rivers in Russia, whose body grew up almost to independence, prior to Catherine II's reign. All these points belong to our work because they bear on the customs and accomplishment of peoples, on their relations to each other, on their progress toward civilisation.

¹ The raths or lisses were embankments of earth, inside which were the houses.

and was called the grianan [pron. greenawn], or sunny house.

Stone, however, was used in places, at a very early date, long before the first century, as seen from the stone forts of western and south-western Ireland, but there was no knowledge of mortar. . . . The Danish invasions forced them to construct the round towers in which to take shelter when the enemy was upon them, saving thus their jewels, books, and shrines. The idea and form of the round tower, the Irish almost certainly derived from the East.

[In a footnote the following is added]: There are three well marked styles of these towers. The doors and windows of the earlier ones are primitive and horizontal, but in the later ones the rude entablature of the earlier towers has given way to the decorated Romanesque arch, and the beauty and number of the arched windows is greatly increased.

The colour, the decorations of such primitive splendours as are shown to us in the descriptions of these ancient abodes, are quite possible to suggest in scenes, and give scope for delightful work, and for the contribution of properties and accessories from the classes in the crafts, which point is enlarged upon in Part I. To suggest magnitude of an interior, there are a few simple enough principles in the employment of bounding lines to the scene, and in the distribution of the properties and furnishing making up the stage "set." The perpendicular lines bounding the scene in front may disappear, apparently before they reach the ceiling, and for the rear scene the

back walls of the interior may be painted in a receding perspective much exaggerated beyond the actual distance of the stage space. This is supposing any scene painting is possible as part of the class work. The arrangement of properties to fit this exaggerated perspective assists the idea of distance. At all events they must be so placed in the stage picture as not to counteract the effect which properly placed receding perpendiculars are employed to give. This effect of space may be obtained also without scene painting, by draperies in long lines at either side of the front, with drapery of some much more indefinite and shadowy colour and tone hung across the rear, and by producing an artificially exaggerated chiaroscuro of light and shadow as substitute for the perspective of line that painted scenes might make easier. Such an effect can be produced by methods of side-lighting from without, and experiment will perfect it. Similarly, in this case, the distribution of properties and furnishings must not break the artificial perspective, and in both cases, if it is possible, the actors must not pass back upon the stage beyond a point where their dimensions would be out of proportion with the exaggerated perspective! This sounds elaborate for simple school plays, but I am giving it only as the principle for producing an illusion of greater distance than actually exists, by more means than that of painted perspective. As a principle it can be remembered as useful and employed so far as possible.

Through the sagas of the peoples run passages which continually give glimpses of their proficiency in the arts and crafts which betoken their degrees of advance in æsthetic refinement. It is only possible to quote a few passages, but through the books to which I refer both in notes and in the Bibliography plenty of rich material will be found suggested. As the Irish Celts represent especial perfection and originality in the art crafts of the Celts, I recommend reference to their archæology particularly, and have found *The Literary History of Ireland* a most satisfactory guide to research, because of its comprehensive and clear classification of subjects. For the same reason, with regard to the culture of the Norse tribes, I recommend du Chaillu's *Viking Age* to teachers. Of this volume I speak particularly later on.

Ireland is said to have been, anciently, one of the lands of Europe richest in gold, and Dr. Hyde quotes a paper from the *Proceedings* of the Royal Irish Academy, 1896, to the effect that the fine gold ornaments of the early Irish, as discovered in various archæological "finds," would have required modern goldsmithing tools to produce. All such hints of methods of work and of utensils are useful as well for general study as for use in illustrating historic scenes in a play. The ancient designs, both those indigenous, and those traceable to the East, surviving in works of stone, bronze, and parchment¹

¹ The Post-Christian work of the missals makes use of the ancient designs.

may be studied by the teacher in numerous books of design, and copies of old missals, and what features are characteristic and racial pointed out to pupils for their craft work in connection with illustrative work in the scenic embellishment of such dramatic presentations as they build upon stories of related periods of history. In this connection, colour schemes are so important to beautiful effect, and in the matter of impression on children's minds, that teachers do well to give accounts of them full place in their work. This applies to colour schemes in metal work, embroidery, weaving, decorations of houses, and costumes. The enamelling process, especially, reached a high stage of perfection with the pagan Irish, and presents rich colour effects.

Here is a passage giving a hint of the household work and arts of the women of pagan Ireland:¹

Scathach's daughter sits embroidering and watching the young heroes without on the lawn, from the windows of the grianan, and in the work she is embroidering [because of her absent thoughts] she put the gold thread where the silver thread should be, and the silver thread into the place where the gold thread should go.

A little farther on I quote from *The Viking Age* passages relative to the richly pictorial tapestry weaving and embroidery of the Norse women.

Sweden is rich still in carved doorways, and the

¹ *Literary History of Ireland*, Hyde.

specimens of the crafts of the Viking Age, in ornament, and for weapons, prove a high degree of skill in the use of tools, just as has been found to be the case with the Irish Celtic work, in metals especially. I am not in any sense comparing the two cultures here, and it is only possible in our space to suggest to the teacher the value of calling attention to such features of ornamental design as are characteristic of the races in question, either as proven to be indigenous, or adopted and incorporated with native design to an extent to make its use typical. To some teachers such introduction into this folk study of particularity in distinguishing species of design in ornament and other handicrafts may seem an unnecessary detail, but it is to be remembered that expression through the crafts is as distinctly significant of racial tendency and temper as anything else,—both as to the matter of indigenous design, and choice in the gradual adoption of foreign additions. It is also a runic, often tragic story of the influence of peoples on each other,—of conquests, of absorption; of the introduction of richer, more refined elements of culture, or, sadly, of the arrested development of beautiful and peaceful endeavour, or the intrusion of the coarse or the artificial upon simpler and ingenuous ideals.

The teacher will find herself amply repaid who gives time to reading at the libraries from the sagas themselves,—such as are translated and available,—but no better guide to the viking sagas for just the material wanted for such a

department of folk-lore study as this can be had than du Chaillu's *Viking Age*, cited in this connection, and from which I have largely quoted. The classification of material, as in Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*, is in just the form to be most convenient and useful to the teacher of the work in question, making it also an invaluable guide to research. Its selection of excerpts from the sagas, illustrative of folk customs, is similarly peculiarly apt for our purposes. It is perhaps more delightful gradually to classify, oneself, from one's own increasing reading, but books where such classification is so satisfactorily done, and with such pertinence to a special need, the already well occupied teacher must find a boon. My quotations can only indicate how much of immediate utility in this connection is to be found in these two volumes and a few others which I mention especially.

On occasions for the discussion of racial faith, in class work, such a picture as that of the Irish Elysium given in various texts is an example of what is appropriate for illustration. Asgard, Olympus, the homes of the gods, and the homes of the dead, as conceived by the various peoples, must enter the class discussion of folk-myth and whatever characterises the folk-thought of these things will then need explaining so far as children can understand. If we were dealing with the Greeks, we might tell of their rudimentary beliefs, of their folk-lore and its origins, but children would not be ready for talk on the one hand of the faith in the Olympians,

too lacking in ideality, and the profundity of Orphism on the other. And Scandinavian poetry bears on its surface, indications of depths for which children are not ready. Only such of it as can be made clear to them, and as is needed for association with study, in general, of these peoples, can be given to young pupils. But the peculiar delicacy of the Irish Celtic poetry on this subject carries something that can touch childhood; it is far nearer to it than the development of faith in any other peoples in approximately similar stages of civilisation, it seems to me. It is ingenuous, naive, wistful; the embodiment of man's pathetic longing through all the centuries for a land of peace, where discord never enters, and relations are all adjusted and in tune. And I am tempted to dwell on some selections from the poetry relative to it. To have it here before us as illustrative in this connection I would quote from the familiar *Voyage of Bran*, the description of the Land of Moy Mell, the Irish Otherworld, or Elysium.¹

It will be remembered how (I quote from Dr. Hyde):

"In the *Voyage of Bran* a mysterious woman, an 'emissary from the lovely land, appeared in Bran's household one day, when the doors were closed and the

¹ The passage I quote may be found in *The Literary History of Ireland*, above cited. The full poem of course is to be found in the edition of Kuno Meyer and Alfred Nutt.

house full of chiefs and princes, and no one knew whence she came, and she chanted to them verses describing the pleasant country,' *Moy Mell*."¹

The lovely recital from which I quote the passage, in showing us what was the vision of this ancient people, must give a special atmosphere to our thought of them, as nothing else could. Here is what the "mysterious woman" told to Bran's household, to lure them away with her:

"There is a distant isle,
Around it sea horses glisten,
A fair course against the white swelling surge—
Four feet uphold it.

Feet of white bronze under it
Glittering through beautiful ages,
Lovely land throughout the world's age,—
On which the many blossoms drop.

¹ Hy Brasil, Connla's Well, Tirnanoge, and Moy Mell,—variants of the same place. See further for this, Redfern Mason's *Song Lore of Ireland*, among recent publications. Poetic traces of it are to be found in all the poets and writers of Ireland. It is the "Land of Heart's Desire" of the modern poet, William Butler Yeats; it is the land under the sea of the enchanted seal people of Western Ireland, and of the islands, the Hebrides, and the Shetlands. It is under the sea, and it is, too, reached by way of the Sidh mounds. Dr. Hyde speaks further of it: "People were sometimes carried there while alone,—or to reach it they either traversed the North-West Sea, entered one of the Sidh mounds, or dived beneath the water." See also: "The Wooing of Etain" in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, and for the late William Sharpe's incomparably beautiful presentation of the idea, see his drama, *The Immortal Hour*.

An ancient tree there is with blossoms
On which birds call to the hours.
'T is in harmony it is their wont
To call together every hour.
.

Unknown is wailing or treachery
In the familiar, cultivated land,
There is nothing rough or harsh,
But sweet music striking on the ear.

Without grief, without sorrow, without death,
Without any sickness, without debility,
That is the sign of Emain,
Uncommon, an equal marvel.

A beauty of a wondrous land
Whose aspects are lovely,
Whose view is a fair country
Incomparable in its haze.
.

The sea washes the wave against the land,
Hair of crystal drops from its mane.
.

There will come happiness with health
To the land against which laughter peals,
Into Imchuin [*i.e.*, the very calm place] at every
season
Will come everlasting joy.

It is a day of lasting weather
That showers (down) silver on the land,
A pure white cliff in the verge of the sea
Which from the sun receives its heat."
.

Manannan, the Irish Neptune, chants to Bran:

“A wood with blossom and fruit
On which is the vine’s veritable fragrance
A wood without decay, without defect,
On which are leaves of golden hue.”

Manannan, driving in a chariot across the sea, which to him was a flowery plain, meets Bran and chants to him of Moy Mell. Prophesying of the death of Mongan, he sang:

“He will drink a drink from Loch Ló,
While he looks at the stream of blood;
The white hosts will take him under a wheel of clouds,
To the gathering where there is no sorrow.”

At line after line of this, we find ourselves exclaiming at its exquisite imagery. It is pagan, fairy, but full of glamour, of an elusive light that belongs to reverie, to the inner vision which we feel, but never fitly describe, and the chord of which poetry alone ever touches. Perhaps this poignant faculty of suggestive vision is peculiarly Celtic—and Irish-Celtic most of all; I believe it is, and for this reason all the more, the lyricism of Ireland is particularly valuable in our essentially æsthetic field of work. It is never quite sensuous in the heavier emotional or more passionate mode of Eastern and Southern peoples,—but detached, with an elfin touch, that frees it from earth, and makes it truly a thing of vision. The exquisite

melodies of early Irish music, for similar reasons, I want to bring into this discussion. The haunting loveliness of what they called their "Faërie Music," once heard, cannot be forgotten; no lullabies are more truly lullabies,—and the cries of their sorrow are out of the depths,—plaintive, lost in grief, wild,—but never with a note of self-consciousness. Throughout, their expression seems that of the naif,—the forever child-hearted,—and the fruit of this must be purest lyricism. The beautiful fairy song of Oonagh,¹ of which the original words are lost, has been set to a version of one of the songs descriptive of the Irish Elysium,—the song of Midir to Etain, telling of his fairy kingdom of "Tirnanoge."

Thomas Moore has used the melody over-embellished for the thread of several songs, but with Mr. Redfern Mason's permission I quote preferably the pure melody unembellished which he prints in his book. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford is the author of the version of "The Song of Midir," set to this fairy melody of Oonagh.²

¹ Una of the fairies (the same as she of *The Faërie Queen*).

² For further melodies under this head of "faerie music," as well as the other characteristic orders of Irish folk-music, I would refer the reader directly to the George Petrie collection especially. It is edited by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford and should be found in most libraries. In this connection, I would advise the teacher interested, to choose many melodies of each order, and play them over and over, until the special character of them becomes distinct in her mind: take for instance a series of the ancient keenes (caoinnes, Gael.), and of the music of war, which is sorrow, too, to which order they belong, and familiarise herself

"Song Lore of Ireland,"
By REDFERN MASON.
Wessels & Bissell Co., N. Y. ¹



¹ Mr. Mason's volume is now published by The Baker and Taylor Co., New York.

As an example of clearly arranged study of the folk-music of one people, I commend Mr. Mason's book above cited to teachers. In it are given numerous examples of typical Irish folk-melodies: Songs of Work and Play, of Chivalry, Gathering Songs, Lullabies, Songs of Joy and Sorrow, in addition to those of Faërie and Spirit already mentioned. Among the last is given one singularly wild and plaintive Irish "keen" and a banshee's cry. Lady Wilde gives another, a longer and very weird banshee's cry, in a collection of her folk-stories,—as well as other "faërie music" which I have not found elsewhere.¹

These points, in connection with our study of folk-lore, especially for dealing with a department like that of festivals with all they imply of the lyric arts and æsthetic culture in general,—it must be plain—are not over-subtleties. As in

with their mode; then the lullabies, then the "faerie music," and then the songs of labour,—as those of the fields, of weaving, and so on, and of merrymaking,—with the dances,—the "planxties,"—and the jigs. Needless to say, this is a good method to follow with all folk-music study. One gets the *sense* of its psychological tendency in this way—not only information about it.

¹ It will repay the teacher to look up such material. The selections I cite are apt as types of the peculiarly spontaneous emotional expression which characterises Irish lyricism. Any one who has ever heard an Irish woman "keen" will appreciate this. But sincerity and abandon in emotional expression, even when sympathetic and, so, dramatic, rather than directly personal, are characteristic of peasants,—of simple people generally. The Italian woman's mourning cry is as weird as the Irish woman's, if different.

the arts and varied expressions of one people, we find traces of their vision, their special race genius, and so may be helped to judge of their place in the general growth of humanity, so we may, in similar ways, trace it in other peoples.

To properly administer a department of festivals essentially demands investigation of the psychology and æsthetic development of peoples, with a special further correlation and application of the results obtained, and this will shortly have to be given a place in our training schools.

To continue with suggestions of romantic material of the peoples selected here to illustrate a plan of comparative study of folk-lore, history and arts, for application to our work, it will repay us to look into that part of Ireland's culture which went beyond the naive folk-myth, and the most ancient epic products. The customs in connection with the bardic schools, among the Irish Celts, for instance,—the judicial supremacy of the arch-ollavs and the long lasting influence it had, the periodic contests for this office, with their picturesque features, the position of these poets at the courts of the chieftains and kings, their relation to the Christian fathers—the early "saints" from Rome,—and the tales of their adoption of the Christian faith,—about all these things is gathered a mass of wonderful lore. Further than to outline features of it, and to give sources for research, incidentally, or in the foregoing Bibliography, is not in the intended scope of this book. Such

features as are appropriate to dwell upon somewhat especially are those which most nearly relate to development in the arts, and to those features which give colour for our special work, and suggest vistas for its development.

The tragedy of the ultimate persecution of the bards in Ireland belongs rightly to a period of history later than the one I am considering for the intermediate years of school work, but the story of the days when their sway was undisturbed, when they were triumphantly welcome everywhere they went, is full of colour and romance of the kind to be peculiarly valuable for illustration in our festival departments.

The ancient stories of the invention of the Irish harp,¹ of its three kinds of strings—of iron, bronze, and silver, which stood for its three kinds of music, that of sleep, that of laughter, and that of tears,²—set the keynote of the glamour that surrounds the Irish harp, and that has never left the thought of it. With only myth and tradition to depend on, there is no authentic knowledge of what the Irish harp was most anciently like: whether it really had three kinds of metal strings or not. In no archaeological finds has one yet been discovered, and even of more modern harps, the last one

¹ Given delightfully in Mr. Mason's *Song Lore of Ireland*. See also Grattan Flood, *History of Irish Music*. I make my abstract of the story of the harp of the Tuatha de Danaan from Mr. Mason's book, with his kind permission.

² Compare accounts of the modes of ancient Greek music especially.

known to be used by a travelling bard was lost sight of after 1810. During the times of the persecution of the bards, by English edict, their instruments were to be destroyed wherever found. The poor owners, themselves, were hanged! But the poetic stories of the music played upon them, of the occasions where it made a chief feature of the entertainments and feasts, remain to us for charming material. The mythical tale of the capture by the Fomorians of the harp of the Tuatha de Danaan, and of its recapture from their very midst by the chief Druid, to whose voice it responded, leaping from the wall where it was hung, to come to him, and at once then playing, after it had been spellbound in silence before, is an example of the underlying poetic symbolism which is inseparable from most of the myth of this early race; this tale, of course, carries with it the meaning that only to the initiate of soul will beauty, poetry, and music truly respond.

Before I end my references to the lyric expression of the ancient Irish, I want to include another passage from the ancient poetry.¹

¹ This passage, "Credé's Lament over her Husband Slain," is quoted from Dr. Hyde's *Literary History of Ireland*. It is cited by him as from Dr. O'Grady's translation. Beautifully rendered in rhythmic prose, it carries, better than any explanation can do, the idea of the eloquent pathos of the emotional expression which characterises Irish song and poetry. The peculiar emphasis produced by the timing of repetitions and transpositions of phrase is a characteristic and very beautiful mode, and has, plainly, æsthetic values to be noted especially in making use of it for

CREDÉ'S LAMENT OVER HER HUSBAND SLAIN

"The haven roars, and O the haven roars, over the rushing race of Rinn-da-bharc. The drowning of the warrior of Loch-da-chonn, that is what the wave impinging on the strand laments. Melodious is the crane, and O melodious is the crane, in the marsh lands of Druim-dá-thrén. 'Tis she who may not save her brood alive. The wild dog of two colours is intent upon her nestlings. A woful note, and O a woful note is that which the thrush in Drumqueen emits, but not more cheerful is the wail which the blackbird makes in Letterlee. A woful sound, and O a woful sound, is that the deer utters in Drumdaleish. Dead lies the doe of Drumsheelin, the mighty stag bells after her. Sore suffering, and O suffering sore, is the hero's death, who used to lie by me. Sore suffering to me is Cael, and O Cael is a suffering sore, that by my side he is in dead man's form; that the wave should have swept over his white body, that is what hath distracted me, so great was his delightfulness. A dismal roar, and O a dismal roar, is that the shore's surf makes upon the strand. . . .

A woful booming, and O a boom of woe, is that which the wave makes upon the northward beach, butting against the polished rock, lamenting for Cael now that he is gone. A woful fight, and O a fight of woe, is that the wave wages with the southern shore. A woful melody, and O a melody of woe, is that which the heavy surge of Tullacleish emits.

illustrative poetic and dramatic work. Cf. also: Kuno Meyer, *Anecdota Oxoniensa*, Battle of Ventry; Dialogue of the Ancients, Book of Lismore.

As for me, the calamity fallen upon me has shattered me;—for me prosperity exists no more.”

To turn again to dwellings of our ancestors in barbaric times: for Teutonic examples, the dwellings in the Viking Age which we have selected to look into for typical material were not in their main plan dissimilar from those of the Irish Celts concerning which we have already inserted descriptive passages.¹

Their buildings were enclosed in a quadrangular court, with a grass plot or *tun*, and surrounded by a fence—*gaard*,—“high and well-closed,” and having an entrance gate. The roofs of the buildings were “shingle-covered and tarred.”²

“Olaf Haskuldson had a hall larger and more magnificent than people had ever seen; on the wall and on the ceiling famous sagas were carved with such skill that the hall was thought to be far more splendid when the hangings were taken down.”³

The halls and buildings were of wood only. The doors and the benches along the walls were finely carved, shields adorned the walls, and they were also adorned with tapestry which the women wove and embroidered. The one dwelling with its collection of outbuildings placed inside the *gaard*, as described above, called *boer*, formed one family estate.

¹ Cf. footnote, pp. 151-2.

² The quotations are from du Chaillu's *Viking Age*.

³ *Laxdaela Saga*, c. 29. See du Chaillu's *Viking Age* for this excerpt.

"It was customary at that time to have large halls at the *boer*, at which the people sat before long fires in the evening; tables were placed in front of the men, who afterwards slept alongside the walls, away from the fires. During the daytime the women carded and spun wool in the halls."¹

The reception of guests is here described:

"When King Olaf approached, the farm servants ran ahead to the farm and into the house where Asta, his mother, sat with her women. They told her of the king's journey, and that he would soon be there. Asta rose at once, and bade men and women prepare for him in the best manner. She set four women to take the fittings of the *stofa*, and quickly arrange the hangings of the benches. Two men spread straw on the floor, two brought in the *trapisa* [table at entrance of hall] and the *skap-ker* [a vat from which ale was put in cups]; two placed the tables, two the food—two she sent away from the house—and two carried in the ale; all the others, men and women, went out into the yard. Messengers went to King Olaf to take him his *tignarklaedi* [clothes of rank] and his horse, which had on a gilt saddle, and the bit was gilt all over and enamelled. Four men Asta sent in different directions throughout the district, inviting the high-born men to a feast, in order to welcome her son. All who were there were dressed in the best clothes, and to those who had none suitable, she lent clothes."²

¹ Grettli's Saga, du Chaillu's *Viking Age*.

² St. Olaf's Saga, excerpt from du Chaillu's *The Viking Age*.

The women of humble rank milked the cows, prepared the food and drink, served the men, worked in the fields, made hay, carded wool, and attended to the clothes. But the women of high rank superintended the work of the farm, and queens brewed ale, bleached linen, worked at their looms, and were Amazons, like the Celtic queens, as we have cited them.

Brynhild "spent her time in a bower with her maidens, and surpassed in handiwork all other women. She made embroidery with gold, and sewed thereon the great deeds of Sigurd, the slaying of the serpent, the taking of the treasure, and Regin's death,"¹ and we are told that Gudrun² "made embroidery and worked thereon many great deeds which were customary at that time . . . and King Sigmund's ships gliding along the shore."

"The pride of the high-born girls was very great, and none but brave men could claim the privilege of leading them to their seats"³ in the halls at feasts.

Sickles, shears, and ploughs were among the utensils for men's work, and their peaceful land occupations were agricultural and pastoral, aside from the crafts connected with the building of houses and ships, and metal-smithing for weapons, ornaments, and tools. Prominent chiefs did not scorn work in the fields.

¹ From Volsunga Saga, as given in *The Viking Age*, du Chaillu.

² *Ibid.*, du Chaillu.

³ *Ibid.*, du Chaillu.

"Sigurd Syr was a great husbandman; his men were always at work, and he often went himself to look to the fields, meadows, and cattle, and the smithy, or wherever anything was going on."¹ And we are told that the young men going to Gudmund Riki's estate "had not to work, though it was their custom when they were at home, high-born [though] they were, to work."²

The viking people travelled from place to place in their trading ships to the great general "fairs" that were held at certain seasons. The burden-bearing ships were distinguished by striped sails and hulls.

"Thorolf had a large seagoing ship; in every way it was most carefully built and painted all over above the water line; it had a sail with blue and red stripes, and all the rigging was very elaborate. This he made ready, and ordered his men servants to go with it; he had put on board dried fish, tallow, grey fur and other furs which he had from the nets; all this was of much value. He sent it westward to England to buy cloth [woollen] and other goods he needed. They went southward along the coast; and then out to sea; when they arrived in England, they found a good market, loaded the ship with wheat and honey, wine and cloth, and returned in the autumn with fair winds."³

¹ St. Olaf's Saga, c. 1, *vid.* du Chaillu, *ibid.*

² Ljosvetninga Saga, c. 5, *vid.* du Chaillu, *ibid.*

³ From Egil's Saga, *vid.* du Chaillu, *ibid.*

In all the shadowy cycles, on the borderland between history and myth, it seems better to begin with those recording what approximates real history, and to introduce the more vaguely mythical tales only so far as necessary to explain subsequent doings and beliefs of the pagan warriors and heroes. Such a selection is easier to advise than make, perhaps, but with the beginning of the so-called hero-cycles, the actors in the narratives become nearer flesh and blood realities, and their paths of action more definite.

I have merely touched upon a point before, which requires more emphasis. In the matter of mythology, importance attaches to the question of its relation to the religious beliefs of the ancients, for it is to be remembered that every one of the cosmogonies and theogonies are gropings after a First Cause behind the manifestations of things. As mankind has bettered his ideal of life, he has spiritualised, in proportion, his idea of its Creator and Sustainer, and as experience and then science have shown him the necessary harmonies of things, he has first felt, then believed that such unity must be from a single First Cause, however infinite and varied its powers, rather than from many not necessarily unified causes. But the tendencies to believe the strongest power, or powers, good, and that they ultimately conquer or negative the baleful powers; to wish protection from the former, and to flee from the latter; to honour the man who acts according to the best

beliefs of his time, and to punish him who acts against them;—these tendencies have always persisted, and the foundations of ethics and religion are not different to this day. As to the changing outward forms and terminology of religious beliefs, they have mainly consisted from age to age, and from people to people, in a readjustment of deific titles, and a differing application of symbology,—though always with the ultimate tendency towards expression of the idea of unification of celestial powers, and greater and more refined abstraction in the use of symbol.

Through all the ages in which mankind has seemed even monstrous, one tendency has steadily emerged and prevailed,—towards harmony and beauty, and towards faith in the triumph of beneficence; and such an understanding as this, of the development of ethical tendency and spiritual aspiration, belongs in the study of the races, even with children.

The teacher, keeping this in mind, may make it plain to her pupils, in simple language, as occasion requires, throughout all courses of work that deal with the civilising of man. Festival work lends a tremendous opportunity for this, through the introduction of themes which, carried in simple form and with simple words, yet convey a high order of ethical and philosophic standards. This does not mean that the illustration of denominational beliefs, or of varying religions in any biassed comparative sense is the plan to follow; far from

it. But as the question of the beliefs of mankind arises, it may be guided by the teacher to an un-biassed discussion of the development of ethics and of religious feeling and idea in their aspect as signs of the gradual and universal awakening and aspiration of the peoples, however much each seems to express itself in different words and forms. An effort to bring to the minds of children a realisation that the messages of illumined spirits of whatever race or period, and the efforts of all peoples to find and live up to higher and higher beliefs, are all worthy of reverence as indispensable contributions to the world's spiritual aspiration and ethical wisdom,—deserves the fullest consideration by parents and educationalists alike.

Themes contributory to such a higher development of culture may be carried through poetic productions and allegory simply and impressively as part of festival work of the school year. Beautiful allegories and moralities are given occasionally in schools, which tend in this direction. The tone of the entire teaching and atmosphere of a school is shown through such work. I have in mind at the moment, two wonderful allegorical festivals given this year (1911-1912) at the Ethical Culture School in New York. One, a Norse festival for Christmas time, "The Tree of Life," in which the beings of the Norse mythology were made to convey a lesson of the regeneration of the life of the world; and a poetic Morality for Patriots' Day, "The Quest" which had for its theme the

finding of Freedom by Youth, not through War, worldly Glory, and restless adventuring, but through labouring with Peace at works of use and beauty; deeply significant, even profound themes, both, yet actually wrought out through the everyday class-work of the school, and through such departments as must contribute naturally to the festival preparation, the departments of the arts and of English mainly, but with accessory help of others,—manual training and domestic science,—for costumes and mechanical effects. They represented in all respects the ideal method of festival production by a school, and by kind permission of Dr. William E. Bohn of the school, I give in my final appendix his outline of the plan followed in the preparation of one festival, that of Patriot's Day which I mention, and which is typical. The main point I am making here, however, is that relative to the high order of theme these festivals carried, and their demonstration, therefore, of the possibility of introducing themes of serious and even philosophic import into school work with simplicity enough to be clear to young students. This is further convincing from the fact that the themes were, in these instances, worked out and developed into the full festival production, by the children themselves. No school which did not from day to day, from its first year in each child's school life till the last, inculcate the highest order of ideals, could accomplish such work in just this way. Of course

the Ethical Culture School stands for the working out of as advanced pedagogical theory as we know, and only a few great schools, perhaps, have to-day such independent scope for rich development; but such splendid object-lessons pave the way for more.¹ The teacher taking up the suggestions for this work may readily see, in the present connection, how the study and employment of folk-lore will give her material for allegory and for presentation of such themes to the children as shall give them glimpses of the deeper spiritual forces underlying all the steps of man's progress to civilisation.

I have cited allegory and poetic productions here in connection with the idea of presenting such serious themes, because these forms, with still immature young people, carry them more definitely to their minds. Drama in realistic setting entirely, usually needs the maturer mind to appreciate the philosophical themes it may carry. For instance, two modern plays carrying themes of a spiritual order, *The Servant in the House*, and *The Passing*

¹ Two festivals I give in my appendices, "The Greatest Gift" and "The Pool of Answers," are in a way, suggestive of forms presenting themes with a philosophic and spiritual import, although they are very small contributions, and simple, to this broad subject. A suggestion of Mr. Percival Chubb in this direction encouraged me to consider preparing some further material towards this need, or at least preparing a special bibliography and outlines of material for such a field of work. It is a matter for the Festival Society to take up, but the suggestion is open to all teachers, and the need is apparent, for there can be no true culture with philosophical reasoning and spiritual vision left out.

of the Third Floor Back, exactly illustrate this point; that is, it is more than likely that the depth of the lessons they convey would be more or less lost on young boys and girls, by comparison with the impression the same themes would make if developed through the medium of morality forms, or poetic allegory. In these latter cases the presentation is actually more direct and less subtle, if in a sense disguised. In the realistic drama, the apparent thing to the immature mind, is the realistic setting, and not having grown to a time of understanding subtleties in human actions, not understanding life enough for that, the young person does not analyse sufficiently to spell out the underlying lesson when it is given without those outer, fanciful signs, which distinguish the morality form. But it is easy to analyse a theme when characters actually bear the names of the abstract qualities which are to develop it.

Before leaving this possibility in the matter of a high order of festival themes, cast in forms which will be clear and direct, for children, two classes of subject may be suggested. One of these would be the use of the abstract philosophical and ethical themes as above suggested, and set in appropriate forms, the theme chosen as a general one irrespective of direct historical association with time or place. Another method is that employing history or tradition for its vehicle:—that is, the historic episodes in the growth of human philosophical thought, and religious expression, may be used,

where they can be cast simply, as basis for dramatic forms; also such stories of the great ethical teachers, and spiritual seers, as carry the essential spirit of their messages, may be beautifully employed in this way. But in all such work, the vital point is to try to see and to lead the pupils to see what relation these episodes and these separate messages bear to the working out of one universal ideal of the perpetual uplifting of human conditions. This is the vital thing to look for in all history, and the teacher must look for it, and seek to trace it everywhere, in folk-lore, in arts, in governments, in industries, if she intends giving her pupils substance, not lifeless data. When she looks for this, and leads her pupils also to do so, there will be life in every simplest fact.

To continue with the outline of material appropriate to work upon in this period, relative to study for general festival work, and progressing after our elected "folk-group method": going backwards from the colonisation of America as a starting-point, we come to some discussion of Eastern races affecting Europe by their subsequent migration and colonisation. This would bring in heroic and mythical stories of Greece and Rome, though material beyond the hero cycles of the Iliad and the Odyssey and the Æneid belongs suitably to later school periods than the intermediate one. Such of this material as is given for elementary work, needless to say, is best given through the medium of the translations which are

expressly edited for children's reading, elaborated appropriately by the personal information of the teacher with regard to such accessories of the culture of these peoples as has already been recommended in the case of the ancient northern European peoples. The method recommended for gathering this material applies to all peoples equally. Such editions as are for children's reading are cited in the Bibliography in Part I; most of them are well known. Appropriate sources are also given for teachers' reading in the case of these more remote peoples as well as of those whose culture has been enlarged upon in the present section.

Further than this, the Charlemagne cycle, the Arthurian cycle, and selected tales from the Mabinogion give together a generous supply for selection, for children to the age of twelve or fourteen. This is typical material; I do not mean to exclude, for literary selection, the romance represented in any of the great epics:—the Nibelungen Lied, the Kalevala, the mythic and heroic periods of Russia, the Cid, German heroic tales, Breton legend. They are all wound and interwoven with Europe's growth, and the mass is so rich it is bewildering; therefore, for the sake of maintaining clearness of general plan in the pupil's mind, continual adherence to a progression such as already indicated is advisable,—in which the choice shall be guided by, first, that subject-matter offering the richest material of

course, but second, according to its logical place in the development of peoples in the order we have elected to study them.

Thus, in accordance with this, it is advisable, in following the contemporaneous history of England and the continent farther than the Middle Ages, and on to the time of this country's recognised discovery, to do so only in outline sufficient to intelligibly relate our reversion to the tribal beginnings of European nations with our reasons for it, namely, the explanation of the character and ambitions of the peoples who were our forefathers, this country's first colonists. The teacher may keep in her pupils' minds that this is not to exaggerate the importance of our own spot on the earth over every other, but because we have chosen it for the starting point of our study, and made our retrogression from it in the study of peoples, for reasons already advanced as useful in keeping the plan consistent.

During the epochs of European growth leading to the period of the Renaissance, what of romance or of expressions of the arts may still be presented to the child in broad lines is interestingly used in connection with the history, after the plan already illustratively sketched as relating to the Irish Celts and the Norsemen. But all this advancing and transitional stage of European history and art development must necessarily be reverted to in advanced classes. Its arts from this time taking a more distinctly

intensive trend, approach a stage where their special study must be more complex than is fitly imposed upon children of the supposed age of the intermediate or early "grammar" grades.

Therefore when we leave the romantic half fairy cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne and the rest, with whatever associated legend and art it is wise to enrich the study of them, again the choice of material should be in accordance with its relation to the episodes of most marked importance in their historic effect, and without too much digression into the less marked ones or those in the history of peoples comparatively remote from our main line of study. It will probably be found that the study of such marked episodes and such main peoples will be all that is possible in this school period, and ample as source of material to cover the period between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. The legend and poetry and accessory information of arts and customs in general, taken in association with the plainer matter, is important to the fuller understanding of all periods, and so it is far better to treat of fewer historic events, and to cover even a much shorter historic period, than to omit this accessory material relative to the life and customs of the people, as we have recommended its use and illustrated it in our examples of folk-study given here; for it is a survey of these details thoughtfully and fitly presented by the teacher which pre-eminently gives life to such study, and makes it possible

to understand the underlying causes of the great historic events themselves. It is for the purpose of such real understanding that this folk-study makes a value in itself while at the same time it is supplying the richest possible material for festival work.

For romance material beyond the ancient sagas and epics, what is in association with history through the Middle Ages fits this elementary course. The historic action of the epochs this period includes is broad and strong, and the romantic records almost lyrical in their thematic development. Their striking elements are such as immediately to enlist the child's fancy as it awakens to a degree of romance and as he passes beyond enjoyment of what is mainly but animated and exuberant. In the Anglo-Saxon period the stories associated with King Ælfred seem to cross from the predominant lawlessness of paganism to a humanitarian, milder condition of reason, and receptiveness to new elements of refinement, while as yet no artificial elements enter. Their actors bear with them still that splendid valorous breeziness that belongs to men living free and vigorous lives,—sea-gods and warriors at call,—which characterises the figures of the Norse and Celtic Saga.

In all the foregoing, there are whole storehouses of material impossible to touch upon. Perhaps I have already made it clear that my object has been to present a method for use of material, and

as far as the material itself goes, only to suggest certain fields for it, which of themselves shall almost automatically suggest others. But to the end of suggesting method, it suffices, I think, to choose, as I have done, from two grand racial divisions, as peculiarly appropriate examples, those branches of their stock which represent the most unmixed racial tendencies in richly typical forms of arts and manners, since in the period of school study we are taking up in this section, it must be valuable to consider the prevailing and staying race qualities and impulses which were conspicuous forces in the barbaric stage of European history—for it is these forces which survived as triumphant elements of its later civilisation. Although I have chosen the viking people and the Irish Celts as representative stocks, such as have a surviving literature and history which maintains, especially clear-cut, the individuality of type, I do not mean to omit some definite references to the other material relative to the diverse tribes of Europe whose influence was also appreciable in the building of its history and the blending of its racial forces. I have given sources in the foregoing Bibliography, but will cite here for teachers' reading some special ones which are useful for this period's work. For instance, the "whole works of King Ælfred," edited by J. A. Giles (2 vols.), is a standard work and should be found at any large public library. The earliest Anglo-Saxon poems, *Beowulf*, the *Traveller's Song*, and

the Battle of Finnesburg, are to be found published in several editions, also in some editions, together, and are usually at libraries with any fair collection of reference books. In addition to the Heimskringla and other Scandinavian remains already cited, the Voluspá is to be noted as typical of those qualities peculiar to Northern poetry,—a gloomy grandeur of imagery, and power of lyrical flight. Of old German poetry, I have not included in my Bibliography the Song of Hildebrand; and, to revert to the traditions of the Celtic divisions, the ballads, and romantic and fairy legends of the Bas-Breton and of Cornwall as well as Wales are not to be neglected. Certain citations in the Bibliography cover much of the Welsh and Cornish tradition, and for that of the Bas-Breton, the *Revue Celtique* (Ed.: de Jubainville) is an accurate source of bibliographical material. Jeremiah Curtin's history of the beginnings of Russia, with the Northern Varangians and their conquest of the earlier eastern tribes there, is an important element in this survey of the initial formation of European civilisation, as well as are those references to Russian folk-poetry already given in Part I. It will be remembered that the Bibliography in Part I is especially arranged to accord with the plan of study of each people as here laid out.

Toward the latter part of the intermediate division, the dramatic form employed in class work may take a step nearer the intellectual, and away from the more simply lyrical; that is,

it may appropriately come to depend more upon its main context, and its expression in the direct form of speech and simple directness of action, rather than, as heretofore, upon its accessory illustrative byplay, and elaboration of setting in the way of music, dances, interludes, and secondary incident.

While truth to customs, character, and locale of a chosen period must be always regarded, the degrees of elaboration of these elements with relation to the main structure of a play, belong to a distinct classification. *Æschylean* simplicity, which, while marching directly to its goal, is yet accompanied by lyrical elements, is quite a different thing from that most direct modern form which is plain even to grimness. The Renaissance forms, with their elaboration and exuberance, create another class. Each is perfect in its way, and each responds to and satisfies certain developments of æsthetic and intellectual needs,—and a survey of these forms and their application is not useless to the teacher even of elementary work. They readily suggest correspondence to the successive stages of children's development in the application of dramatic forms in this recreational exercise.

While the sublime compositions of the ancient classics are in themselves inappropriate for the use of children, the form of their structural development is yet most appropriate:—the simplicity in directness of theme, yet embellished with

a simple flowing line of grace through choral accompaniment. The Renaissance modes and matter—romantic in their appeal, full of variety and life, with full share of fun and of lyricism—suggest forms most appropriate to the period of romantic awakening in young people. With regard to the actual compositions of the Renaissance and the Middle Ages, it has already been suggested that careful selections from them may be made appropriately and juvenile compositions improvised after their fashion. The modern direct form is the most simply intellectual one of all, and requires a certain further maturity of insight to appreciate it, and its use is to be so applied in school work; that is, as minds grow to the ability of appreciating the main theme most, the setting may become more plain, and the accent be put upon the substance. Yet not to be misled by these statements, it is to be remembered, that it is by way of the accessory elements in the illustrative use of song, dance, picturesque customs, and so on, that this recreative exercise may be made to bring the knowledge of the character and lives of people in other times and far off countries most vividly to the children's attention,—that therefore they are important, and not to be allowed too soon to make way for a predominant employment of other less ornate modes of illustration. Besides this, in addition to their use as a vehicle for information concerning folk-lore, they give the more compre-

hensive personal exercise to the children, and provide the more comprehensive æsthetic gymnastic needed for their degree of development. Throughout the work, the most important thing to remember is, that the forms of exercises chosen should bear a constant relation to the child's stages of growth, and that this relation should also be regarded in the choice of material.

APPENDIX

IN addition to what is already given as material in the text in the way of outlines of the pantomime and ritual of those exotic races most nearly associated with our historical progression; and with suggestions for the use of historical and romantic subjects appropriate to the studies of this school interval,—a play is here added typical of the folk-play form suggested in the text as embodying features illustrative of manners and customs, of the arts of the peoples, and introducing examples of famous folk-literature.

In preparing fêtes from saga material, no teacher need be deterred by a fear that costuming and effects must be elaborate. The initiate in the preparation of festivals know how much effect can be obtained with little cost beyond ingenuity and care in selection and arrangement—however beauty may be enhanced sometimes by increased facilities of stage mechanism. But the main thing to remember is that such fêtes as include plays, pageants, and so on, are for the recreation of the children, and while it is an æsthetic advantage to make spectacles as beautiful as possible, expense and care that take away from pleasure, or produce vanities or unwholesome excitement, are to be absolutely eliminated, or the *raison d'être* of the whole matter is gone.

In the Russian play the epic included must be cut

for use even as part of the play, or it over weighs in the dramatic proportion, but with the necessary cuts indicated, it is here printed in full in order that, for the sake of its interest as a folk-poem, it may be available for use as a separate reading in miscellaneous school programmes, or be used as it is in the play (even if not in full) in the cantata form indicated, with possibly selections from Borodin's opera of *Prince Igor*¹ used incidentally, or the words of the poem adapted in recitative to parts of the music. In this form aside from its use in the play, but in a setting of the same costumes as those in the play, and recited by a Rune Singer in typical costume, it might be a very effective separate recital. Ideas for such a scene may be take from Munkacsy's famous painting of a Russian wedding feast.

Further than this, I believe the text includes sufficient suggestion for the use of saga literature for dramatic forms, and the Bibliography in Part I notes other sources for material of this kind. But for ready-made material I want to commend to teachers the most charming collection of folk-plays for young people I know,—Constance d'Arcy Mackaye's *The Silver Thread, and other Folk-Plays for Young People* (Henry Holt & Co.). They are appropriate for either the advanced part of this intermediate period just considered, or for much of the "final preparatory" interval to be considered in the next section.

¹ The score of this opera may be obtained of Schirmer, New York.



MINKA'S WEDDING

A RUSSIAN FOLK-PLAY

IN

TWO ACTS

With *The Word of Igor's Troop* rendered into English metres
from the translation in Dr. Leo Wiener's *Russian Anthology*.

Characters:

IVAN, a well-to-do Russian Peasant.

KATRINA, his Wife.

MINKA, their daughter.

SERGIUS, a young Tradesman, betrothed to
Minka.

DMITRY, a Cossack in love with Minka.

VLADIMIR, Brother to Minka.

GRANDMOTHER to Minka.

THE VILLAGE PRIEST.

THE BARD.

MARYA } Bridesmaids.
ANNA }

Cossacks, companions to Dmitry.

Companions to Sergius.

Wedding Guests.

Scene: Ukrainian Poland.

Time: Customs, costumes, and conditions appropriate to any period within two or three hundred years prior to the eighteenth century.

NOTE

No difficulty need be encountered in getting up an effective appearance in costumes and setting for this little play if it is remembered that effectiveness can be obtained by very simple and makeshift means, if we get in our minds—and eyes—the general picturesque appearance, the main characteristics of the scene we wish to present a semblance of. To look out for the *colour* and the *adjustment* of the materials we can command, however simple they may be, is the main secret of an effective stage picture. We can have things as elaborate and as accurate as we want and can command, of course, and whatever can be commanded in this direction is a help to the historical side of our presentation, and of course can make the scene richer and more interesting to young actors and to their audience,—but for effect, where elaborations are not possible, no teacher or class need despair. Only let them look up all the pictures they can that might relate to such a setting as they wish to prepare; as has been generally recommended in our introductory paper, hunt up shops and the rooms in museums where utensils and furnishings or fabrics can be seen that might belong to such settings; find out all they can about the costumes, activities, and manners of the people they are going to pretend to be in their play, and then adjust their stage manners and their properties and costumes accordingly. The twist of a ribbon, the turn of a hat-brim, the recollection of some little mannerism in the right place, will give folk-colour to a piece magically.

In any library will be found books of coloured plates illustrating costumes and furnishings also of the various countries of the world, in their successive periods. For the rest, encouragement to read up concerning the countries and history and customs of the periods they wish to represent is one of the very things to make this kind of undertaking in schools valuable, a point already emphasised.

In the special book-list I have appended to this play it will be seen that I have noted portions of the references here and there when it seemed that such would be useful pointers to the teacher.

It always seems best in the beginning for the teacher to have in mind a good, clear, and interesting outline of any historical or racial facts that will help the pupils to a sense of vitality, romance, and beauty in the incident of their play; to a recognition of the element in all episodes and periods that makes them akin in the simple principles of life and human feeling. Only this spur on the part of the teacher will inspire the class to interest. They must feel first the teacher's enthusiasm, and find vitality and human interest in the subject because she first is able to open its vistas to them with her own enthusiasm.

MINKA'S WEDDING

ACT I

Scene: Interior of well-to-do peasant's dwelling. R. C. U. a window. L. C. U. a door entering from without. Between the door and window, the semblance of a tall porcelain stove, such as is characteristic of Russian dwellings. Down Left, a deal table; near it a bench and stool. Down Right, a long sideboard set out with tankards, bowls, cups, and a samovar; in front of this, several chairs. Left of door, a bench. Left Upper Entrance, a door, preferably practicable, gives into interior. There is a similar door opposite on Right, presumably giving into interior of house, also. Chairs are by the stove. To left of door at back, behind the bench L. C. U., is another, but small, window. The place seems in its best order, as if arranged for guests.

At Rise: IVAN and KATRINA are discovered seated by stove; MINKA is standing by window, L. C. U., looking pensively out.

KATRINA: Minka, come here, my child.

MINKA: (*Turning to come down.*) Yes, mother.

KATRINA: You should be happy, girl, the day of your wedding.

MINKA: (*Hesitating.*) I am sad at leaving home.

KATRINA: Yes, yes, child; but the new home you are going to is a good one!

(MINKA stands silent, with head bent and down-cast eyes.)

IVAN: (*Looking up scowling.*) Come, come! What is all this, Minka? You are not leaving us entirely; you will come and visit us! Your betrothed is an excellent fellow; he pays a good settlement for you; you shall not offend him by such sour looks!

MINKA: (*Looking up a bit startled, but speaking only obediently.*) Oh, yes, father, I know! I—I did not mean to—look so unhappy!

IVAN: (*Half-rising, almost angrily.*) And I say to you, you shall not feel so unhappy—you—ungrateful—

(*Enter GRANDMOTHER, looks from one to the other disapprovingly; shakes her head.*)

GRANDMOTHER: Ay, Minka, so! You are married to-day, and look so sad? (*Looks keenly at the girl.*)

KATRINA: Ay, mother, it is that for which we are chiding her, now.

(*GRANDMOTHER turns and speaks sotto voce to parents, and meantime MINKA crosses left to bench and seats herself there listlessly, fingering some work laid there.*)

GRANDMOTHER: Ye are acting foolishly. Ye should learn something from her looks and be warned!

KATRINA: (*Startled.*) What? What is that, mother?—What should we learn?

IVAN: Psh! you are always putting follies into the child's head! If you were not my mother, I would send you packing!

GRANDMOTHER: (*Laughing quietly.*) You were always a dullard, Ivan! If you had half the wise folly

of your mother, Minka would have a light heart this day. You are like your grandfather, never seeing the way the land lies till too late; but Minka is like me, which if your father were living now to tell you, is a warning! Ivan, Ivan, you are a fool!

(She shakes her head, and brings her stick down hard on the floor.)

IVAN: *(Angrily.)* It is well you are my mother, when you dare talk so to me!

KATRINA: *(Puzzled and anxious.)* What do you mean, mother?—what?—

GRANDMOTHER: *(Wagging her head.)* Ah-ha! You will learn what I mean, when you have not heeded it!

IVAN: She means nothing, wife, but to torment me, for the reason that I have not her sharp tongue!

GRANDMOTHER: Ah-ha! and for something more, Ivan,—a less stubborn head on my shoulders!

(IVAN grumbles; KATRINA looks troubled; GRANDMOTHER hobbles down stage shaking her head and muttering. KATRINA at last rises and follows her.)

KATRINA: But what is it, mother—mother? What shall we do? I do not want to make my poor child unhappy. That would be the farthest from my heart.

GRANDMOTHER: Ah-ha! So one might know! A mother's heart will give way before the pride of a father's head! *(Sotto voce.)* Daughter, do not have the wedding to-day! Make some excuse. It can be done. You will see,—you will see, if you will but do as I say; you are a mother, you will find where the trouble is!

KATRINA: *(Disturbed.)* What, and all the preparations made!

GRANDMOTHER: (*Shaking her head.*) Ah, you young people! What ye see to-day—that is more important than the daughter's happiness! That is to come in the future!

KATRINA: (*Somewhat abashed.*) No—no, grandmother,—but—but—

GRANDMOTHER: Ah, yes, well, I see; it is “but—but.” Well, let your people come; have your feast; that is after all better, since ye will not see. But ye will see—and the better then, at your feast—what is the trouble. Maybe, maybe,—since your heart is after all tender, Katrina—you will see then, even at the feast, in time, and persuade my stupid Ivan to delay the wedding,—even at the last moment.

KATRINA: I wish I understood what you really would say, mother! You must tell me!

GRANDMOTHER: Ah, very well, now,—but speak low and do not anger Ivan. It will but make him the more stubborn. He must see for himself; I am his mother, mind you, and know him from the cradle! But you, Katrina, you have still a woman's true sense, though you did love my foolish Ivan! (*Laughs good-humouredly.*) Well, now list ye! Have you noticed that young Dmitry, who looks so fine when he comes riding over the plain from the river, and stamps about the village in his high boots? And do you think that your Minka has not noted him likewise? Ah-ha—I have seen it, and the more since, handsome girl that she is, he too, has noticed her! Heed me, now, Katrina mother,—for Minka has eyes like mine, that came from the south, where they do not go to sleep when love comes,—as Ivan's eyes sleep; and yours, Katrina, they are only saved by the mother's heart in you!

KATRINA: Oh, mother, mother, how you frighten me! What shall I do? Why did I not know this before?—Now—now, it is too late!

GRANDMOTHER: You were blinded by Ivan, as many a wife is, if she does not think too, for herself! But do as I say now,—there is yet time. Do as I say, or your mother heart will grieve! Yet say little to Ivan, till it is the right time to use your own wits, too, to wake him up. And you will see well enough for yourself when the time comes, for you have a woman's wits after all, and are not a blockhead like a man!

KATRINA: (*Turning away greatly fluttered by the romantic suggestion about the young Cossack and her daughter.*) Dear, dear, grandmother, I can hardly think it is you talking! What a wild girl you must have been!

(*Laughs, but nervously.*)

GRANDMOTHER: (*Chuckling to herself.*) Ah-ha! Yet not so wild but that my parents might have understood me better, as you might now your child! Wait and see,—but go now, Katrina, and attend to what you must and do not try to talk to Ivan,—till it is time, remember! But keep yourself awake; then at the moment, pull Ivan's sleeve, and tell him you, too, see it is time to heed the grandmother, the foolish old grandmother—ha-ha—and hold back!—that he must make an excuse to the bridegroom;—but do you then invent it, yourself, for him, since Ivan is slow of thought, and would never do it,—without making a great botch of it, at least! But above all things, mention not Dmitry in your warning, or Ivan will not allow him as one of the guests,—and there would be a great scene,—with no knowing what would come of it

then! (KATRINA turns, looking shocked and questioning.) Ah, you stupid!—See what I say! Listen well, but go now—!

KATRINA: (*Turning away.*) Oh, Granny, Granny, —I hardly know what to think or do!

(*Goes up to IVAN and puts her hand on his shoulder. He looks up frowning.*)

IVAN: What are you doing there, Katrina? Listening to my foolish mother!

KATRINA: Tut-tut—Ivan! She is still your mother, and she is old, and has seen more than we have!

IVAN: (*Impatiently.*) Oh, Katrina, you, too, are a fool!—No woman can help being!

KATRINA: (*Smiles good-naturedly.*) Well, well, Ivan! Come now, though, there is much to be done! Bestir your lazy legs from the stove, if you be a man,—and wise or not!

IVAN: (*Rising and taking her chaff in good part.*) Yes—yes (*stretches himself*); there is too much to be done, to be wasting time here in foolish talk! (*He makes preparation, picks up cap and tools, etc., for work.*) That is certain!

(KATRINA turns to MINKA, who all this time has been sitting listlessly dabbling at her embroidery, which she has finally let lie untouched in her lap.)

KATRINA: Minka, my child,—you will come soon, for I need you?

MINKA: (*Looking up and sighing.*) Yes, mother, I will come. (*She speaks dutifully but listlessly.*)

(KATRINA looks wistfully at her daughter, pausing beside her as if longing to speak something of what is on her mind.)

KATRINA: That is pretty work, Minka.

MINKA: (*Taking up work and picking at a stitch or two with her needle, as if trying to appear interested.*)

Yes, oh, yes, mother, it is pretty, is n't it?

(*Meantime IVAN comes down to GRANDMOTHER.*)

IVAN: Mother! You are my mother, although you have made me angry; but still Minka is my child, not yours!

GRANDMOTHER: Nay, therefore she is twice mine, Ivan!—Now go to your work! You will listen some day!

IVAN: Hmph! (*Exit, muttering, R. upper E.*)

(*Almost simultaneously, but more quickly, KATRINA makes exit by opposite door, L. upper E.*)

GRANDMOTHER: (*Crossing to MINKA.*) You do not love the young merchant, do you?

MINKA: (*Looking up astonished.*) Oh, Granny!

GRANDMOTHER: I know!—and you shall not marry him! (*MINKA remains dumb with surprise.*) You love the young Dmitry! (*MINKA looks down embarrassed; the GRANDMOTHER smiles*)—and a Cossack is a very splendid fellow!—Your grandfather was a Cossack; did ye know that?

MINKA: (*Looking up interested.*) Yes, Granny,—oh, yes. But you, you—were—?

GRANDMOTHER: (*Shaking her head.*) Nay, you have heard; but I was not a gypsy. Your great-great-grandmother was; yet even so, even so, I had enough in me!—Ah, yes, it is a great blood! It is in me,—and by your eyes, it is in you, also, Minka,—so that you cannot do what your heart accepts not; for the gypsy blood cannot! And you shall not do so, Minka, my child! I am your grandmother, and I say so! I am an old woman, but it is a blood that will not die,

nor grow old; it is a proud blood that we have, you and I, and my granddam, and hers before her,—and it will love truly, or not at all!

MINKA: (*Looking amazed and excited.*) Granny!

GRANDMOTHER: (*Continuing.*) You shall not marry him you do not love!

MINKA: (*Low and excited.*) And—and what did you—did you do, grandmother? Did—did they want you to marry some one else than the—my Cosack grandfather?

GRANDMOTHER: (*Patting her on the shoulder.*) Ay, that they did! Ay!

MINKA: And—what did you do? How—?

GRANDMOTHER: I—ran away!

MINKA: Oh—oh!

GRANDMOTHER: (*Leaning over and laying her hand on her shoulder firmly.*) Minka, little one, do nothing wilfully and wildly! Wait—wait! Your mother and father love you. Your mother wishes to help you. Your father is my son, and I may say he does not see that he is harming you, and he wishes to do the best—but he is a man, and men do not see always what we women see. Wait—for him, Minka. He may change his mind in time. Do nothing rashly. Dmitry is an excellent fellow, but he, too, is a man, Minka. Granny knows; you must not be unhappy for life, but wait and see,—wait—do not—

MINKA: But—you ran away, Granny!

GRANDMOTHER: Yes, yes,—and your Dmitry may turn out as well as my Mikula! But 't was a risk! Wait and see—wait and see!

MINKA: (*Excited and pressing her hands together.*) But—I—would be afraid to run away!

GRANDMOTHER: (*Doubtfully and shaking her head.*)

Ah-ha! But first, I would have you promise me, child! For I know! and when Dmitry came, you might not be so afraid as you think. No, you must say to me that you will wait, little one! And if no one else will tell you when it is time to wait no longer your old Granny will, and she will go herself to the priest in the village and see that he takes your part and brings about forgiveness, so that shall protect you. But wait till then, little Minka; your father may see and save you! (*Turns away, and speaks half to herself.*) But I—I—know the mistakes of his forebears. Ah—I know!

MINKA: But—oh—oh, Granny! Anyway—I know—I should be afraid to—run away!

(*Looks around, almost scared as she says it.*)

GRANDMOTHER: So much the better indeed! (*Pats MINKA's shoulder, and goes off shaking her head.*)

(*MINKA sits looking rapt and excited; she gets up and moves around nervously, then suddenly stops as if in distress at recollection of her coming marriage and finally flings herself down on bench L.C. with her head on her arms on the table. The door opens softly from without, and DMITRY enters, C. He goes down to MINKA and puts his hand on her head, looking down at her questioningly. She looks up, startled; they pause, looking into each other's faces.*)

DMITRY: What is it, little one?

MINKA: Oh, how can you ask?—and to-day my wedding!—I am so frightened! I cannot escape it; it is too late!

DMITRY: (*Nonchalantly.*) So? It has come to that at last, has it?

MINKA: (*Nodding.*) Yes—oh—oh! But Granny,

—oh—Dmitry,—Granny was sorry for me; she was going to try to coax father—

DMITRY: To coax your father?—

MINKA: To—not make me marry Sergius! But—but, you speak so carelessly! Are you not afraid?—

DMITRY: (*Throws back his head and laughs.*) Not of things I can manage! (MINKA *looks at him admiringly.*) Oh, but your Granny—what did she have to suggest?—She was a gypsy, eh?—was n't she?

MINKA: No, Granny's not a gypsy, but of their blood, and I too; she says I am like her, and—she says grandfather—he was a Cossack, and—and—

DMITRY: (*Laughs.*) Like me, and so?—How does she know so well that you are unhappy? Did n't her father want her to marry him?

MINKA: No, that was it. But—but—she did!

DMITRY: Oh! How did she do it then?

MINKA: (*Rising and looking nervously about.*) Oh—oh, Dmitry,—they—ran away—!

DMITRY: (*Laughs and takes her hands.*) Oh-ho! and so—they thought of the same thing as I—as we—

MINKA: (*Embarrassed.*) Oh!—I would have been afraid! I—I did—not say—we should—

DMITRY: Oh, yes,—but it would n't have taken long to put the idea in your head, Minka girl, eh? But you'd be afraid, would you? Yes—alone, maybe.

MINKA: Oh, or—even with—you, I thought, but not now—

DMITRY: Well, don't be afraid any more! You see, I am finding nothing to worry about! Let them come on with their wedding; see, Minka—and laugh, now! (*Pinches her cheek.*) See, listen to me: my horses will be in the yard; I am to be one of the guests, but I will not lose my wits with vodka!

MINKA: And the rest will?

DMITRY: More than likely.

MINKA: And then we—?

DMITRY: Ah, we—that is easy!—

MINKA: Suppose my father does not lose his wits? He seldom does.

DMITRY: And it grow too late,—near morning?

MINKA: Yes.

DMITRY: Then, well, we will be on the lookout. He cannot be looking at us all the time.

MINKA: Still, it may not be easy! (*With sudden compunction*) and—and, Granny warned me to—wait—to see if—

DMITRY: What?

MINKA: If—if father will not change—in time—

DMITRY: Well—so I will wait for that, too,—but there will be a limit, little one! (*A bit fiercely, but quietly.*) If it come to swords, even, remember, you will never marry Sergius!

MINKA: (*Admiringly and thankfully.*) Ah!

(*A knock at door L.C.U.*)

MINKA: (*Alarmed.*) Oh, you must not be here now, if any one comes! It will spoil it all! Go in there,—in there, in the passage, and then out through the farther way; hurry, Dmitry! (*Points left. Dmitry hurries out by that entrance.*) Wait, though, to see who it may be; then go quickly, if need be! (*She opens door and an old man in the dress of a travelling Bard, and carrying a kobsha,¹ enters.*)

MINKA: Oh, oh,—Dmitry, you may come back! (*Then to the stranger.*) The Rune-Singer! What a

¹ A kind of lute or stringed instrument. A semblance of it could be concocted, while the piano or other accompanying instrument off the stage supplies the real music.

pleasure! (DMITRY *re-enters and comes down.* With MINKA *he greets the BARD and they together lead him to the bench L. C. D.* He puts down his instrument, seats himself and leans back as if weary, while he bows and murmurs thanks and greeting to them.)

MINKA: Oh, how glad we are that you have stopped here to rest! Will you sing to us this afternoon? We have a feast—

(*Stops suddenly, looking distressed at the memory of what the feast is for, and glances at DMITRY.*)

BARD: Yes, yes—I see: a bridal feast! (*Looking about at decorations, and then glancing at young couple.*) Ah-ha! a fine Cossack, and a pretty lass! (MINKA *looks sad, and glances again at Dmitry.* BARD *sees it.*) I should not think ye would need be sad!

MINKA: Ah, indeed! (*Shakes head.*)

BARD: But what is the trouble?

DMITRY: (*Sits down confidentially beside BARD, but speaking cheerfully.*) She is afraid she is not going to marry me! (*Laughs mischievously towards MINKA.*)

BARD: Ah! (*Looking questioningly from one to the other.*) But why is it? Ah—some obstacle? But why are *you* not afraid? (*Turning to DMITRY.*)

DMITRY: Because I am not at all afraid I shall not marry her!

BARD: (*Looks puzzled.*) This is a strange mixture!

MINKA: Oh, dear poet,—he is brave, and believes he will carry things through, but you don't understand! He is not the one my parents have chosen for me to marry. It is not to him I am to be married to-day!

BARD: Ah!

MINKA: And—dear poet—he thinks he can take me away. But I am afraid—

BARD: Ah, I see! Then it is he whom you wish to marry? (*Laughs softly and merrily.*) Ha-ha! (DMITRY *smiles with assurance. The BARD looks at him.*) But your great Cossack here, he looks as if he might do what he says!

MINKA: (*Looks wistfully from one to the other, then seats herself at BARD's feet impulsively, and clasps her hands on his knees.*) Oh, oh, do you think so? How—how? But you know all the guests may not be sleepy with vodka, and my father never is, and what will keep them from noticing while we escape? I cannot marry the dreadful Sergius,—at least I do not love him, and oh—oh, my heart will break!

BARD: This is all very sad! (*Looks sympathetically from one to the other.*) Let us think a bit.—See now, you have a strong young lover. He can carry out this thing; you need not fear!

MINKA: Yes, yes, but the guests, who may not have drunk overmuch vodka, and my father,—they will be in their senses—and if we cannot escape, then Dmitry will fight for me,—and oh, it would be better if we could get away without all that! I love my parents and they mean well by me. Oh, I am sure you can help us; maybe now, maybe before the guests come, while my father and my brother are busy! Though you might try to persuade them; perhaps they would listen to you! That would be better—for I have promised to wait and see—until at least there is no hope—Granny said,—then *she* would help to straighten things for us.—But still, if you spoke, too,—

BARD: But what would they think I knew about it?—their business?

MINKA: Ah, but you are a Rune-Singer! You

know all listen to you!—Then if they would not be persuaded, by you and Granny,—she has talked with them already, oh, she has indeed,—and she will talk with you and tell you how it is; she thinks they are doing wrong, my father and mother, to make me marry this Sergius, when I do not want to, myself—but then—if they—

DMITRY: Hush, hush, Minka—how fast you talk; no one can understand what you are at! Besides, why trouble?—when I can carry the whole matter! Let be, child, and the feast shall be for us in the end, and the good Singer here have no trouble but his singing, and a measure as he pleases of good drink!

MINKA: Ah, how confident you are, Dmitry! But I can see in my mind that Sergius has a good sword, and Vladimir a heavy stave, and that trouble will brew from what you take so surely! Indeed, I have made up my mind, that—if—there is no persuading, and nothing to be done beforehand,—that I will ask the Rune-Singer to give us his advice, and his help to—to—escape—without—waiting—oh, Dmitry—I am so afraid—if I—cannot get away—that I will have to marry—Sergius—Oh! (*Begins to cry.*)

DMITRY: Tut-tut,—foolish girl! You were but a while back—afraid to think, even, of “running away”! Now you would do it, when it is the most foolish time to think of it! You are crazy, little one! It is broad daylight. How should we escape meeting the guests on one road or another coming to the very feast they would find you running from! And what would happen then? Foolish child! (*Laughs.*)

BARD: Ay, little one, cease your crying and your fears; you have all a maid needs—a brave lover! But a singer must always have a warm heart for two good lovers in a plight; and I will do aught that falls to me

to help where it is fair play, and your parents may be brought to see it.

MINKA: And what if they will not be brought to see it?—Oh!

DMITRY: Hush!—So! Wipe the foolish eyes, Minka. Leave it to me! The guests will be taken up with one thing or another, their dances or their songs—

BARD: There! (*Pauses, thinking a moment.*) You have given me an idea! Songs, since you speak of them!—they can be listening to my songs; that is a good idea!

MINKA: (*Looks at him delightedly a moment.*) Oh, why, yes, yes! That is good of you, indeed! Good father, do—do—sing them a long song, full of excitement and battles, so they will at first listen; but long—so, if possible they will—from the vodka, and the dancing, and all—get stupid, and sleepy, and maybe drop to sleep all about the room! Oh, that is a great idea,—and we will be thankful to you for ever,—Dmitry and I. Oh, see, Dmitry,—will not this surely help?

DMITRY: Ay, yes,—'t is a good notion! Though for myself, a bout at swords would have added zest to the occasion! (*Laughs.*) Eh, Minka?

MINKA: No, no—you are teasing! See, Father, he must not talk so! I like your way best! (*Rises to get BARD something to drink. Voices heard without as of people approaching. MINKA and DMITRY exchange glances.*)

DMITRY: Well, well, Minka, here come some of the people. I must not be here! Farewell! Farewell, Father! Minka, have no fear! Come, come, how shall I go out, to enter properly with the guests? (*Looks about.*)

The Dramatic Festival

MINKA: As I told you before. (*Motioning hurriedly.*) Here!—You will meet no one; brother and father are in front.

(*Exit* DMITRY *L. upper E.*)

(*Enter* KATRINA *R. upper E.*)

KATRINA: The guests are coming, Minka, Minka! You have not come for your head-dress yet! (*Sees guest.*) Ah, who is this? (*Goes to greet him.*) Oh, what a good fortune, Father! We did not know we should have songs to-day! (*Turns to MINKA.*) But, Minka, why did you not summon me for our guest? Take the kind visitor now to a room to rest. He must be tired! And then come to me at once. Your father and brother will be bringing in guests presently. (*To BARD.*) Are you not tired, Father? My daughter will show you to a quiet place to rest you.

MINKA: (*To the BARD.*) Yes, Father, come with me, do!

BARD: (*Rising and taking his kobsha.*) Ah, thank you, Mother! (*He and MINKA go out R. upper E. KATRINA fusses about the room at things, setting dishes about, smoothing cloths, etc. Finally she lifts a dish of some kind, and drops it and it breaks.*)

KATRINA: There, there,—how my hand trembles! Minka, Minka, to go away to-day; that was bad enough! But what did Granny mean? I do not half know what she meant by her talk to me! Oh—oh! How dreadful it is to think of one's daughter leaving one,—dear—dear—dear—dear— (*Tries to fuss about some more, but uselessly.*) Oh—oh, I can do nothing more till I recover myself; and I do not know at all what to do about what Granny said—and I am quite upset— (*Sits in chair by table.*) Dear—dear! (*Weeps. Sounds of GUESTS without are heard; harnesses rattle, etc. KATRINA starts and looks around, begins hastily wiping*

her eyes, rises and stands listening. VLADIMIR and IVAN are heard without greeting GUESTS, as the curtain falls.)

(End of Act I)

ACT II

Scene: Set same as first. Wedding Guests about. VLADIMIR seated beside MINKA on bench left of door, rear, ready to give her away. He holds a sword or staff decorated with red guelder-rose berries. DMITRY stands with a careless smile on his face not far from MINKA, behind bench, and up near entrance door. IVAN R. C. U. BARD is seated R. C. D. picking at strings of his instrument as if he had just finished playing something. KATRINA, GRANDMOTHER, and MARYA L. D. ANNA among Guests at R. D. Other Guests are ranged to make a well-distributed picture. Vodka passes from hand to hand, and there is a buzz of laughter and talk as curtain rises.

KATRINA: *(Stepping forward at rise, and speaking to BARD.)* Ah, that was a fine one, Father! Let us have another!

IVAN: Ay, indeed!

A GUEST: Yes, another! one of the oldest tales.

ANOTHER GUEST: Sing to us of Sadko the Merchant!

ANNA: Or of Ilya,—Ilya of Murom—

BARD: Ah, though, who would like to hear the finest of all—the Word of Igor's Troop?

GUESTS: *(In unison and alternately.)* Hey-hey!
(Several pass vodka and clink cups.)

Yes—yes! The Word of Igor's Troop!

Yes—Yes!

(BARD strikes kobsha into soft accompaniment of occasional chords only, and begins in recitative

The Dramatic Festival

"THE WORD OF IGOR'S TROOP." *During the recital GUESTS drink, listen, laugh softly, flirt, and seem to whisper together occasionally; finally one or another yawns, some look sleepy as the recital stretches on. As the song proceeds, DMITRY from time to time reaches furtively out and snuffs candles near him until the corner where he and MINKA are is comparatively dim. As the tale is reaching its close, he lays his hand on MINKA'S shoulder, and turns her head slightly to see that he has his other hand on the door-latch ready to open it. She creeps up softly, after edging away from her brother, who has closed his eyes sleepily and leans his head on his hand, resting his elbow on the back of the bench. As the BARD reaches his last two verses, and when the company are part of them still zealously joining in the choruses and refrains, the rest grown sleepy, DMITRY and MINKA choose a moment when no attention is paid them, and slip swiftly out of the door leading to outdoors. The GRAND-MOTHER has also worked up from the group she was in and disappeared off, L. upper E.)*

THE WORD OF IGOR'S TROOP¹

[PREFATORY NOTE: This ballad is given in full, and with the employment of choruses and refrains to be recited by one and another of the Wedding Guests may be very effective, but for use in the play, cutting is necessary, or it makes too long a break in

¹ *The Word of Igor's Troop*, here given, is arranged in metrical form and adapted from the translation in Dr. Leo Wiener's *Anthology of Russian Literature* by kind permission of the author of that volume and of its publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. In common with the play, and by courtesy

the action. Such cutting is indicated by printing in italic those passages which may best be omitted in the incidental use of the poem in the play.

To be most effective the poem should be recited to a musical accompaniment while the Bard strikes chords on his instrument, to produce an effect of the minstrel tale-telling of old times.

The metre chosen has been with reference to its adaptability to recitative with musical accompaniment. Variations of accent between the martial and pathetic portions—such as Yaroslavna's lament as compared with Svyatoslav's appeal to the Princes—have been employed for dramatic effect, and this effect will be enhanced if the accompanying music is selected to accord with these variations. Portions of the *Kiev Chronicle* (also from Dr. Wiener's Anthology) are made use of in the poem, because of their fitness to the dramatic sequence of incidents.]

(BARD, *with* GUESTS—*half each—taking choruses and refrains.*)

BARD: So, ye shall hear, my brothers, the song in
the ancient strain,—

The story of Igor's Troop! In the ancient words of
the time.

Simple, and plainly told, for how should I sing it again
In the words of Boyan the Wise,¹ the cunning and
wonderful Bard

Who, when he wished to sing soared with his thought
in the tree,—

Ran as the grey wolf runs swiftly over the ground;
Flew as the eagle flies under the racing clouds.

*Boyan the wonderful, wise,—when he recalled the times
Of heroes and olden strife, over a flock of swans*

of the publishers of the Anthology, this version is copyrighted. The explanatory notes throughout the "Word" are, in all but one or two instances, from the Anthology.

¹ Boyan, a celebrated ancient minstrel. Perhaps half mythical in the same way as Ossian or Homer.

The Dramatic Festival

*Ten falcons swift let loose till in the thrilling chase
The mingling wings and cries beat out his hero songs;
What were the falcons swift?—The fingers light of the
Bard!*

*What were the singing swans?—The living strings of his
lyre!*

*How should ye ask of me the fire of Boyan the Wise?
How may my fingers burn these laxer strings to life
Until they sing of themselves the glory of princes
dead?*

*Even as Boyan the Wise?—Nay, but I still will
tell*

In humbler strain as I may, the tale of Igor of old,
A tale to strengthen the soul and sharpen the heart
to deeds!

Hearing the courage of him who, urging his spirit on,
Led out his valiant men among the foreign hordes
For the youthful pride of his heart, to honour the
Russian land.

Urged by his stormy pride, and his high, hot brow of
youth,

Burning, Prince Igor cried, and spoke to his valiant
men:

"Oh, brothers, mount!" he cried, "and let us spur
away

To behold the beautiful Don, where the Polovtses'¹
horde

Greedily crowd its banks. For it must water
again

But the fields of Russian men, and I would break my
spear

Where its stolen waters brim; I would lay down my
head

¹ A tribe encroaching on the Don.

And drink from my helmet there. Come, my dru-
zhina,¹ mount!"

CHORUS: *Oh, how would Boyan the Wise, the Night-
ingale of old,
Sing of the spurring knights, and the ardent battle-
march?—*

REFRAIN (*minor*): Whence, oh whence is the
storm, driving the falcons swift
Over the stretching fields? Why do the flocks of
crows
Haste to the rolling Don?

BARD: Beyond the Sula's² stream
The pawing horses neigh; in Kiev glory sounds;
And stream-blessed Novgorod raises the trumpets'
blare;
What brilliant wings of birds under Putivl's walls,—
Or flowers, giant grown, shine in the sunny day?
Vsevolod the Grim, Igor his brother awaits;
Under Putivl's walls brightly his standards stir
Flung in the wind-bright air! "Glorious brother of
mine
Saddle thine own swift steeds, for mine are ready for
thee!
Igor, my brother, my light!" Thus the Grim Aurochs³
spoke
Over Putivl's walls. "Here do my Kurians stand,
Warriors tried and strong, nurtured by trumpets'
cries,

¹ Druzhina, name for the princes' bodyguard.

² A tributary of the Dnieper.

³ Vsevolod, Grim Aurochs, *i.e.*, "Rushing Bull" (Curtin).

Fed at the point of the spear! Clear are the roads to
them;
Bright are the dark ravines! taut are their bowstrings
now,
Their quivers open and free, and every sword to
a man
Whetted for what may be! Like grey wolves over
the fields
Stealthy and fleet they race, seeking the warrior's
hour
With glory and death to face!"

CHORUS: Oh, how would Boyan the Fair sing of
the trumpet's blast,
Sing of the banners bright against Putivl's wall?
Sing of the frothing steeds, and the panting warriors'
cries?—

BARD: Igor has mounted his steed, in the golden
stirrup stepped
To hurtle over the field; but even as he rose
The sun now barred his way with darkness in
the sky
Dim as a moon to see! Yellow the murk around
A heavenly omen fell. But on the burning heart
Weak as a dream it fell! "On, on, my men," he cried,
"Let no more pagans drink the sweet floods of the
Don!"

REFRAIN (*minor*): Why so eager and swift fly the
falcons over the fields
In the unstirring air? Why do the hurrying crows
Shadow the way to the Don?

BARD: Night with the cries of birds
Groans till the sleepers awake.

CHORUS: Igor, wilt thou awake?

BARD: Beasts from the thickets howl, and Div
from the tops of the trees
Tidings of unknown woes back to the seacoasts
shrieks;
Sula's and Volga's banks, Suroszh and Tmutorokan
Hear the wailing of Div!

CHORUS: Igor, wilt thou awake?

BARD: Over untrodden paths creaked the Po-
lovtses' carts
At midnight like swans let loose, seeking the River
Don.
Igor, thou heedest not? Thou and thy brothers
bright,
With Russia's crimson shields the border fields have
barred;
Thy warriors, Russia's sons, by the sweet waters rest;
Out of their helmets drink; prowl by the reeds of the
Don.

Out of the mountain clefts the wolves bristle up and
howl.
Where the crows' shadow fell, Igor, thou saw it not;
But now their cawing is heard. Down from the dis-
tant crags
The eagles screech and call; where Russia's crimson
shields
The river borders bar, the foxes yelp and bark!

REFRAIN (*minor*): Shall Russia's pride arise and
glory for her sons
Out of a murky night? Out of a darkling dawn,
And mists above the fields? The nightingale is still.
Hearest thou, Prince, not yet, the cawing of the crows?

CHORUS: *How would Boyan the Bright sing of the
crimson shields
Barring the fields of the Don where honour and glory
should rise?
How of the eagle's screech calling the furtive beasts
Forth to a charnel fare? How of the silent birds
And the evil croaking of Div? Oh, Land of Russia's
sons
You are lost beyond recall!*

BARD: Hearest thou Igor laugh?
Why was the crying of Div? and why do the foxes
bark
Where glimmered the crimson shields? See now where
Russia's sons
Walk on the Polovts cloaks and jingle their golden
spoil!
See where for Igor flaunt the red panache and flag,
The pennon and silver sign! Like arrows over the
field
The sons of Russia spread, crushing the pagan host.
Like a grey wolf has run, with Konchak in his track,
Gza of the Polovts band, over the flowing Don,
Fleeing from Oleg's¹ brood and Svyatoslav's brave
son!

¹ Oleg, ancestor of Igor. Konchak and Gza, Polovts chief-tains.

Minka's Wedding

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REFRAIN (*minor*): Why dost thou howl, O Div,
over the Russian land?

BARD: See where the bloody dawn calls up the
sluggish day!

See where the inky clouds are blowing in from the sea
And shrouding Russia's suns, her four bright princely
suns!¹

See the blue lightning's dart quivering in the murk!
Thunder shall strike the ground, and arrows like rain
shall fall

Into the foam of the Don. Swords shall be blunted
there,

Spears shall be snapt in twain, where the Kayala runs
Into the River Don. Hark to the wail of Div,
Children of Oleg's band! Lost beyond recall
Art thou, O Russian land!

REFRAIN (*minor*): Lost beyond recall
Art thou, O Russian land!

BARD: Even now Stribog's² brood,
Turning against thee, comes,—blowing darts from the
sea!

Turbid the rivers flow within their groaning banks;
Choking, the yellowed fields lie in the whirling dust;
Sweeping, the banners hiss, and seem to whisper in
fear!

*Oh, for Boyan's words to tell of the stormy fields
Where the devil's children³ swarm! Oh, for his lyre's
strings*

¹ The Four Suns: Igor, his brother Vsevolod, his son Vladimir, and nephew Svyatoslav Olgovich.

² Stribog, God of Winds.

³ The Polovtses are here called the devil's children.

*To sound for the crimson shields! Alas for the ancient
 days
 When feuds were sown and grew, and Dazhbog's children¹
 failed;
 In the days of the son of Woe,² when the years of men were
 short
 And rarely behind the plough walked sons of Russia's
 land,
 But ravens croaked in the fields, and fattened at banquets
 there.
 Yet to the thunder of swords, the hurtle of darting spears
 Over the Polovts plain, was never the like before!
 Under the hoofs was sown the blackened earth with bones,
 Watered with Russian blood, and a harvest of woe went up
 From Russia's smitten land!*

CHORUS: *Oh, what noise is that?
 What din before the dawn? Doth Igor lead again
 His brave druzhina forth? Had not Kayala swift
 Its fill of bloody wine?*

REFRAIN: *The grass from sorrow wilts;
 The anguished trees bend down their branches to the
 ground!*

BARD: *Three bloody dawns went round, ere Igor's
 standards fell,
 Ere fell the hapless hour, by swift Kayala's stream,
 When Mischief from afar walking in distant lands
 Into the blue sea flew splashing her swanny plumes;
 Splashing along the Don, walked among Dazhbog's
 hosts!*

¹ Children of the Sun, i.e., the Russians.

² Oleg, son of Gore, i.e., Woe.

REFRAIN (*minor*): Oh, far has the falcon flown,
driving the birds by the sea,
But who are these silent here, sleeping to rise no more?
What is this silent horde that follows not from the
field
That crimson bucklers barred where the hungry
foxes barked?
What is this wild complaint from Svyatoslav's brave
son?
What is this women's moan, out of the Russian land?

BARD: *Oh, might my harp wail now, as Boyan's
strings of old,
With Igor's loud lament, recalling his old sins;
The evils he had wrought, even in Christian lands!
Father from son he'd torn, till living envied the dead;
Not old nor young were spared: "All this have I done!"
he cried,
"Till the vengeance of God descends! Where is my
brother's son?
Where Yaroslavna's² child? Brother is lost from
brother
By red Kayala's stream! Even Vsevolod,
Fighting in mighty stress until his weapons failed,*

¹ This Lament of Igor is not in the poem, but is taken from the *Chronicle of Kiev*,—as given in Wiener's Anthology. In this instance as in others I have taken the liberty accorded in versification and dramatisation, of such elaboration, or re-arrangement of incident, as shall better bring out the dramatic progressions of the narrative, or make its beauty of description and figure clearer to the young readers for whom it is now intended, just as one instinctively emphasises and enlarges upon such passages in relating stories to young people, for the better awakening of their imagination.—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

² Yaroslavna, Igor's wife.

*By the rim of the lake I saw trampling the grass about
Till I turned my face away that I might not see him fall!
Where are my wise Boyars¹? My soldiers and eager
steeds?*

*Into the pagans' hands the Lord hath delivered me
Fettered and bowed in the dust! Now is Igor repaid;
His sins have fallen upon him!"*

REFRAIN: Kiev has groaned in her sorrow
And Chernigov for her misfortune! Out of the gloom
of Russia

Now blows the wail of the women: "Now shall we see
our dear ones

Never again by our hearthstones; now shall our
thoughts not reach them

Nor shall we with tinkling silver and gold be adorned
to please them!"

BARD: Konschak has called to Gza, and over the
fields of Russia

Has hurled the terrible fire out of a horn all flaming
Down on the sons of Russia! *The voice of Igor is
weeping:*

*"Others to-day are receiving the crown of innocent
martyrs;*

Why may not I, the guilty, suffer for these, unsinning?

Yet do thou not reject me, but as thy will prevaleith,

So, O God, may also thy mercy to us, thy servants!

Reject me not to the end, O Lord, my God, beseeching!"

Yet surely Vsevolod and Igor had wakened dishonour,

*Merging their wealth in Kayala and with the gold of
Russia*

¹ Boyars—Boyarín—i.e., landholders, men of rank and consequence.

*Filling the Polovts river; even as Svyatoslav
Had bordered its banks with terror, levelled its hills and
chasms
And dried its lakes and rivers, snatching away from his
army
Kobyak, their pagan chieftain, even away from his
army
Steel clad by the blue sea's borders. The glory of Svyat-
oslav
All sing, but against Prince Igor are wroth for the Rus-
sian sons
Brought low by the pagan Polovtses. For there by the
blood-dyed waters
The illustrious Igor, unseated from out his golden
saddle,
Mocking, the Polovts vassals on a slave's saddle set
him.
By so much as he was lofty, great was the fall of Igor!*

THE DREAM OF PRINCE SVYATOSLAV

*The city walls were silent where merriment now had
perished!
Great Svyatoslav lay brooding, and into his dream
stalked evil.
Thus he has told his Boyars: "In Kiev I dreamed, on the
mountain,
In a black shroud you enwrapped me, a bed of yew
beneath me;
Blue wine was poured for my drinking, but with drops
of gall in its mixture;
Gems were showered upon me, but out of empty quivers
So that their comfort failed me. Boards without a cross-
beam*

*The hall of gold now showeth, and all night long their
cawing
The devilish crows have ceased not!"*¹

To Svyatoslav the Boyars:

*"How is thy spirit fettered, O Prince, with its burden of
sorrow!
Here is thy vision's meaning: From the golden throne of
their fathers
Two falcons² flew to the southward, eager to drink Don's
waters,
And splash it on Russian meadows. Clipped are the
wings of the falcons;
They are grimly enmeshed in fetters! On the third day
fell darkness;
Two suns² were dimmed, and shrouded were two young
moons² in shadows
By the Kayala's waters. Over the Russian meadows
Prowled like a litter of lynxes, keen-eyed and fierce, the
pagans.
—Now by the blue sea's borders, tinkling with Russian
jewels
Sing the fair Gothic maidens exploits of Polovts princes!"*

*Then the great Svyatoslav, with golden-tongued words,
and weeping,
Lifted his voice bewailing: "Alas," he cried, "my
nephews,
Too early sought ye honour! Too early began your
onslaught*

¹ A series of evil omens.

² "Two falcons" and "two suns," the two elder princes; the "two young moons," the younger. It will be seen that this dream is a figurative narrative of the expedition of Igor.

*Upon the land of the pagans! Ingloriously were ye
vanquished*

*As so ye rashly assaulted, spilling the blood of the pagans!
Where now is my mighty brother? Where his noble
druzhina?*

*See how my silvery hair recounts my burden of sorrow.
Why vaunted ye so vainly, to cry: 'We will gain the glory
And share the fame of our fathers!' For ye in that
moment were fallen!*

*Yet, alas, should an old man's years chill the heart of his
valiance?*

*When the falcon is moulting, he drives the birds from his
nestlings;*

*But now my years turn to nothing! The princes will not
aid me*

*Though under the Polovts swords the sons of Russia lie
groaning!"*

*Yet cried he, his voice uplifting, lest he be faint of spirit:
"Thou, Prince Vsevolod, Aurochs,—haste from afar to
deliver*

*Thy father's throne from its trouble; for Volga's swelling
waters*

*Thy spreading oars could cover, and lordly Don's deep
channel*

*Couldst drain up with thine helmets; even as do the
pagans,*

*The gnawing Greek fire thou knowest to hurl from the
spouting horn's mouth!*

*"Rurik and David, ye, did not your golden helmets
Swim in the battle's blood, while like the wounded
aurochs*

*Bellowed your brave drazhina, in a strange field fast
falling?*

*Into your stirrups of gold set now your feet, O Princes!
Haste to avenge your land; haste to avenge the flowing
Of blood from the wounds of Igor,—my son, the valiant
Igor!"*

*Thus Prince Svyatoslav, as told in the ancient story,
Summoned his princes all, forth to avenge Prince Igor,
Defiled by the wounds of the pagans. So called he then
Yaroslav:*

*"High on thy throne of gold, with thy družina
Propping the beetling hills far in Carpathia;
Closing the Danube's gates; higher than clouds may fly
Hurling thy missiles up! Thy thunders o'er the land
Pass, and the keys of Kiev thou holdest in thine hand!
Sultans within their walls fall, slain by distant bolts
From thy paternal throne! Slay, then, O Yaroslav¹
Konchak, the pagan chief! Vengeance for Russia's
land!*

Vengeance for Igor's wounds, brave son of Svyatoslav!

*"Thou, strong Mystislavich, Prince of Volhynia,
Who like a lion rushed down on the pagan horde!
Like a fierce lynx thou raged, and in your onslaught
swooped
As the swift falcon down! For you the earth has quaked
In many a pagan land! But now, O hearken, Prince!
Brave Igor's sun is dimmed; and the paternal throne
Quakes now a naked tree! Where run Sula and Ros
All the fair towns are sacked, and where the crimson
shields*

¹ Yaroslav, father of Igor's wife.

*Bordered the river's fields, there Russia's sleeping sons
Lie, and shall rise no more!"*

CHORUS: *Woe for the ancient days, woe for the
ancient sins!*

*Now are the standards divided, and discord is sown
among brothers!*

BARD: *Princes, to victory! Hear, the Don calls to
ye!*

*What avail golden helms, Polish war clubs and shields,—
Idle, inglorious? Whence now this wingèd brood?—
See Oleg's mighty sons, Ingvar and Vsevolod,
Three sons of Mystislav, haste to the pagans' land!
Standards united be; discord no more be sown!
Bar now the pagans' way! Venge ye the Russian land!
Spill now the pagans' blood, for blood of Igor spilled,
Son of Svyatoslav! ¹*

YAROSLAVNA'S LAMENT

Hark! from a lonely spot like the note of the cuckoo
arise
The voice of Yaroslavna, plaintively in the morning.

"Oh, let me fly like the cuckoo, along the Danube,"
she waileth,

"To wet my sleeve in Kayala and wipe off the wounds
of Igor!"

At Putivl town in the morning, on the broad wall
Yaroslavna

¹ In the poem here follows an apostrophe to the ancient princes, long, and too much of a digression from the active movement for dramatic purposes, even separate from the play.

Weeps, saying: "Wind, thou mighty! Why blowest
thou so fiercely?
Under the hissing arrows the Khan gives to thee
winged,
Fall the warriors of my beloved one! Doth it not
then suffice thee
On high to blow as thou listeth, rocking the ships of
the sea?
Over the grass of the steppe my joy in flight thou
drivest!"

At Putivl town in the morning, on the wall weeps
Yaroslavna,
Saying: "Oh, famous Dnieper, you have pierced the
rocky mountains
Across the Polovtses' country! The boats of Svyatos-
lav
Thou hast rocked on thy waves to safety. Safely
also, I pray thee,
Bring back my master, my sweetheart, that I may
not in the morning
Send my tears on thy waters, out to sea vainly to call
him!"

At Putivl town Yaroslavna weeps on the wall in the
morning:—
"Bright, three times bright sun, thou, joy to all that
bringest,
Why hast thou thrust thy beams on the warriors of
my beloved one
To dry in the waterless plain the young bows, supple
bending,—
And sealed the quivers with sorrow?"

REFRAIN (*softly*): Hark! from a lonely spot like
the note of the cuckoo, flew upward,
Plaintively in the morning, the wail of Yaroslavna!

THE FLIGHT OF IGOR

CHORUS: How might the strings of Boyan throb
for the captive Igor?
—As a sad wind complaining, and murmuring of
trouble.—

BARD: As the hot heart of Igor, held in the tents of
the Polovts,
The sea is restless at midnight, washing the shores of
the pagans;
Mists are borne in the darkness, and through their
illusive glimmer
God sends to the vision of Igor the path to his father's
country.
The evening twilight has faded; Igor has slept, but
awakens;
From the Don to the river Donetz, his thought has
measured the pathway.
Ovlur, his faithful companion, over the river has
called him;
Or did the wind then whistle?—Who of the Polovts
shall tell it?
Over the river at midnight where Ovlur holds the
bridle;
Was it a bird that whistled?—Who of the Polovts
shall know it?

Now to the ears of Igor the solid earth resounded;
Like spears the grass blades rustled, whispering to
betray him;

The Polovts tents have trembled. But Igor like an
ermine
Raced in the reeds of the river; like a white duck in the
water,
And leaped to the waiting saddle. On to the River
Donetz
Through the white mist they hasten, Igor and faithful
Ovlur,
Under the white mist's curtain. Light as wolves they
dismounted
When the strong steeds were wearied; raced as a wolf
and falcon
Swiftly on to the northward, shaking the dew of morn-
ing
Bright from their flying pathway.

*Now have the Donetz waters shone in the runners' faces;
Now speaks the voice of the river, sounding between its
borders:*

*"Great is thine honour, Prince Igor! Great is the grief
of Konchak!*

*Great is the joy of Russia!" Joyful, Prince Igor
answers,*

*Like a harp his voice and exultant, "Donetz, O great is
your honour!*

*The Prince in thy waves thou hast cradled, and on thy
silver borders*

*Spread out the green grass for him! With warm mists
hast thou cloaked him,*

*Under the green trees' shadows! As a duck on the water
thou buoyed him,*

*As a gull on the waves thou lulled him; as a mallard
above thy flowing!*

*Alas, not so did the rivers that spread their flood in the
marshes
And hid in their waters the princes on the dark banks of
the Southland!
Those that I wailed in the battle; those that their mothers
are weeping;
The flowers drooped in their sorrow, at the dark waters
closing;
The trees bent down their branches, to sweep the ground
in anguish,
For Russia's sons and princes! Now me of all thou
savest
And bearest back on thy waters to stand by the throne of
my fathers!
So gladly do I exalt thee!"*

THE PURSUIT OF GZA AND KONCHAK

CHORUS: *What sounds disturb the air? What
shakes the low-hung boughs
Over the river's bank? Do magpies flutter there?*

BARD: *Nay! But the pagan chiefs, Konchak and
Gza that ride
Swiftly on Igor's track, stirring the leafy ways,
Spurring to reach the plain! Now see the friends of the
Prince,—
The trees and the birds of the air! Never a raven hath
croaked;
Closed are the jackdaws' beaks; the chattering magpies
still,
As tho' no passing steeds had waked their still retreat;
So the pursuers shall learn naught of Prince Igor's way!
But listen now how the chieftains in sinister converse
whisper:*

*"Since the falcon is flying, let us enmesh the fledgling;
Shoot him with golden arrows!"—thus said Gza, but
Konchak:*

*"With a fair Gothic maiden, lure him back to our
meadows!"*

*And Gza to this, in answer: "Trust not to youthful fancy!
They flee, and lost is the maid as the fledgling falcon!—
Then in the Polovts plain the elder birds will attack us,
That even now rouse and come with beetling spears from
the Northland!"*

Swiftly Prince Igor has fled with faithful Ovlur beside
him.

Night and day have they sped; the wild geese fell for
their eating,

Shot with their glancing arrows; nightingales warned
of dawn,

And woodpeckers with their pecking, showed them the
way to the river.

Vain the pursuit of Igor, since sun and darkness be-
friend him!

CHORUS: Like a body without its head,—sang
even so Boyan,—

Without its valiant Igor, was left the country of Russia!

BARD: Now high in the heaven the sun shines, and
from the shores of the Danube

Over the sea to Kiev, float voices of singing maidens;
Igor has come to Russia! Rides he but now to haven
Across the Borichev rides, to where in the church's
altar

Is smiling the Holy Virgin to say God did not reject
him!

CHORUS: Now is the country happy; the towns
send up their voices,
Singing songs to the princes, the elder and then the
younger!

REFRAIN: Now are Yaroslavna's tears turned to
rejoicing;
All her prayers are answered; back across the steppes
Sun and wind and water bring her her beloved!

BARD: Svyatoslav's vision of evil now is vanished
in sunlight.
Beside the golden throne like a young tree flourishes
newly
The tree of ancient days! Protecting the olden
honour,—
Triumphantly back from the Southland, the princes'
banners circle!

Come then, let us raise our voices for Igor, and for the
princes,
The illustrious names for ever! Hail, princes and
druzhina
Who battle for the Christians against the host of
pagans!
Glory for ever be to ye, glory and honour! Amen.

ALL: Glory and honour be to ye for ever and ever!
Amen.

*(As the BARD ends at last, sounds of horses are
heard without, announcing the approach of
SERGIUS.)*

IVAN: Here comes the bridegroom! (*Turns to part of room where his daughter was, and towards his wife.*) Katrina! Minka!

VLADIMIR: (*Rising a bit sleepily.*) Minka! Minka! (*Looks about.*) Why, she was close beside me! Minka! (*There is a knock at the door. IVAN opens it.*)

GUESTS bow and stand aside. SERGIUS enters with his friends behind him. He bows.)

IVAN: Ay, ay! So it is. The bridegroom,—he is here!

SERGIUS: Ah, father Ivan and little mother, yes I am here at last! I was delayed; I waited for the stupid priest.

KATRINA: Oh, tut-tut!

SERGIUS: Yes, but he is all of a sudden marrying some other couple from somewhere, who will be off to the groom's house presently. I rode slowly, but he will come or we will go back for him.

KATRINA: Oh, no, no, that would n't be fitting; he will come. Meantime it is cold out; have some brandy! (*She pours and offers tumblers to the GUESTS. They bow to IVAN, signalling that he bid his wife drink first.*¹) (*KATRINA turns to where MINKA was.*) Minka waits here beside her brother. (*All turn to look in the same direction.*)

VLADIMIR: (*Who is wandering about.*) Minka has left the room, mother. You will have to fetch her. I did not notice when she went.

KATRINA: (*Looking startled.*) Why Vladimir, how odd!

VLADIMIR: (*Surprised at his mother's look of sudden alarm.*) Nothing startling, mother, I should say!

¹ A folk custom in receiving guests.

KATRINA: (*Shakes her head anxiously.*) Tut-tut-tut. (*Looks around.*) Where is grandmother?

VLADIMIR: (*Also looking about.*) Why, if she is gone, then Minka is with her somewhere.

KATRINA: (*Unable to conceal her anxiety.*) Wasn't that young Captain Dmitry here, Vladimir? I am sure I greeted him. Was n't he? He is very handsome; I could hardly overlook him!

VLADIMIR: (*Looking at her inquiringly.*) What's the matter, mother? Yes,—I think I saw Dmitry here. Why? He has probably slipped out somewhere. Do you think he has eaten Minka and grandmother? (*Laughs.*)

KATRINA: (*Looking frightened now.*) Hush, Vladimir, don't joke so!

VLADIMIR: (*Looking at her still more questioningly.*) You are very funny, mother!—Nervous, I suppose. But the priest has n't come yet. Minka and grandmother will be in presently. (*He seats himself L. C. D. unconcernedly; pours brandy and drinks.*)

SERGIUS: (*Looking about.*) Well, father Ivan, there is Vladimir unconcernedly sitting drinking vodka, and paying no attention to bringing his sister here for me to buy from him.¹ Vladimir, how many thalers shall I give you for your sister?

VLADIMIR: Ah, she is worth many thalers to keep, but kopecks to sell, and a good bargain! (*Laughs.*) Take your choice; I will be easy with you, to think what she will cost you!

KATRINA: Oh, hush, hush, Vladimir! Are n't you

¹ A folk custom at weddings is for the brother supposedly to sell the sister to the bridegroom.

ashamed to jest so! Think how we shall miss your good sister around the house!

VLADIMIR: Well, since it is jesting, mother, don't fidget about it!

MARYA: Yes, Minka is a sweet girl! But brothers must be always teasing! Where is she, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR: (*Looking around.*) I don't know. When we hear the priest, we can fetch her, one of us.

MARYA: Yes, you lazy-bones! Why don't you go fetch her now? But I will; I am tired of sitting still! But—shall I? (*Turning to KATRINA.*)

KATRINA: Oh, yes—yes, Maryushka, go find her, do!

MARYA: (*Going to KATRINA.*) You are anxious! Why?

KATRINA: (*Nervously.*) Oh, I don't know! But—go find her! (*MARYA runs off L. upper E.*)

SERGIUS: (*Seeing BARD.*) Ah-ha, you, Rune-Singer! This is an honour! Have you finished singing, now that the bridegroom has come, or may I not have a ballad?

BARD: (*Twanging his strings.*) Ay—ay—yes, indeed! What will you have?

ANNA: Oh, a Marriage Song! We have not had the Marriage Song yet!

SERGIUS: Why, of course; a Marriage Song, in my honour! (*Pleased.*)

BARD: What bridesmaid will sing it with me?

SERGIUS: (*Looking at ANNA.*) You, Anna,—you!

ANNA: Where is Marya?

A GUEST: (*Looking about.*) She ran out just now.

SERGIUS: (*Sentimentally.*) I would rather hear you sing alone, Anna!

ANNA: (*Archly, but flattered.*) Oh, oh,—but what would Minka say?

SERGIUS: Well, to-morrow Minka shall say if she will, but not to-day!

ANNA: (*Shakes her head at him laughingly.*) Ah, well, I should know not to trust you, if I were Minka!

SERGIUS: (*Laughs.*) Ah, well the song!—Come!

GUESTS: Yes, the song!

(*BARD strikes chords and ANNA sings or recites.*)

MARRIAGE SONG

(*To be Recitative with accompaniment of chords or low running melody, or set to music, as preferred.*¹)

"Oh, come, my child, my darling one,"

Anxious, the mother cries,—

"Come, and let me tell thee

Which way danger lies.—

"Go not to the garden close

Where apples hang too high,

Nor seize, upon the flowers swayed,

The mottled butterfly.

"The fruit that 's plucked before its time,

Its tree shall withered lie;

The butterfly that hands shall touch,

That frail poor thing shall die.

"Frighten not thou the little birds

Building their early nest;

And she who hears the nightingale

In silence shall be blest.

¹ Adapted and versified by the author, from the translation of W. R. S. Ralston's "Russian Folk Songs" given in Wiener's *Anthology of Russian Literature*.

The Dramatic Festival

"For as thou frightest building birds
So may thy home be torn;
And he who flouts the nightingale
Some day his soul shall mourn!

"But go, my child, my dear one, catch
The falcon in the field
And bring him to my hearthstone;
Thy fortune he shall yield."

The little daughter, heeding well,
Has caught the falcon bright
Out in the green, the open field,
And holds him with delight.

She runs then to her mother;
He perches on her hand,—
"See, now," she cries, "dear mother, see!"
—Across the meadowland—

"Oh, mother mine, dear mother mine,
The falcon I have caught,
Here to your hearth the falcon bright,
Dear mother, I have brought!"

(BARD *twangs some final chords, and ANNA turns smiling to the guests, who applaud, clinking their cups, and laughing gaily.*)

GUESTS: Hey, hey! Good, Anna! A fine song!
(*Etc., simultaneously and alternately, as ANNA ends and seats herself.*)

SERGIUS: Ah-ha! (*Pleased and laughing.*) "The falcon bright!" That is myself, eh?—"The falcon bright"—?

GUESTS: (*Good-naturedly, while they laugh and drink.*) Ay, ay, the falcon; Sergius, the Falcon! Ay, ay! (*Alternately and in concert as before.*)

(*MARYA runs in softly from L. upper E. and, somewhat frightened, goes to KATRINA.*)

MARYA: (*To KATRINA, sotto voce.*) I cannot find her; I cannot find her anywhere; I have looked!

KATRINA: (*Alarmed.*) And her grandmother? Did you not find her?

MARYA: (*Shaking her head.*) No—no. (*Looks anxiously at KATRINA.*)

(*Sounds outside.*)

VLADIMIR: (*Rising, looks questioningly at MARYA.*) Well, Marya, I hear some one at the gates now. It must be the priest. Where is that foolish Minka?

MARYA: (*Shaking her head.*) Why, I could not find her! It is certainly very odd!

IVAN: (*Coming down to group of KATRINA, VLADIMIR, and MARYA.*) Where is your daughter, now, Katrina? I hear wheels in the road. The priest will be here; where is she?

KATRINA: (*Foolishly and frightened.*) Oh—oh, I don't know, Ivan!

IVAN: (*Wondering.*) What, you foolish one? She has slipped out? Go fetch her.

KATRINA: Marya here can't find her; she has looked.

(*VLADIMIR rouses, walks about a bit as if thinking what to do, and exit.*)

IVAN: (*Fuming.*) Well, well, what is she thinking of? It is her place to be here!

KATRINA: (*Almost tearfully.*) Oh, Ivan—Ivan—(*Stammers and stops.*)

IVAN: (*Looking at her curiously.*) What in the

world's the matter with you, Katrina? You are always in a stew about something!

KATRINA: Dear, dear! don't say so! Ivan, Ivan, you have made a mistake! It is too late! Dear, dear! Grandmother told us; grandmother warned us, —but I am afraid it is too late,—oh—oh!

IVAN: (*Angrily.*) What are you chattering about? Heaven knows!—You and my mother—what a man must stand from you!

(VLADIMIR enters, frowning and looking rather perturbed.)

VLADIMIR: (*Going to his father and speaking low.*) It is true that crazy Minka is nowhere about; neither is our grandmother, which makes it the odder! What could grandmother have gone for at this time?

IVAN: (*As if not understanding him.*) Hm?—What?—They are not hereabout?

KATRINA: (*Wringing her hands.*) Oh—oh!

IVAN: (*With savage impatience.*) Hush, Katrina, do! you will have the guests all frightened for nothing. Vladimir is a careless one; they are somewhere about; I will go myself!

(*Exit, L. upper E.*)

SERGIUS: (*Coming down.*) Hm? What is the matter? The priest and the bride both absent! That would be a one-sided wedding, to be sure! I shall have to be choosing some one else, presently, mother Katrina; with who will for a priest! (*Laughs.*)

KATRINA: (*Laughs nervously, but tries to conceal her disturbance.*) Oh, how you young men jest!—Now Vladimir, here, at the most serious times,—he is ready with his foolish jesting! I can tell you, if you men are wanting to please the women, you would n't do it; it makes us nervous! (*Tries to laugh again.*)

But, as for Minka, she will be here presently; her father has just gone to fetch her. She slipped out, for I don't know what, some trinket she had forgotten to put on, the silly little one!—And she has no sense about the time!—

VLADIMIR: (*Who has been walking about restlessly, looking disturbed and angry, and apparently thinking things over, speaks aside, down Left.*) That devil of a Dmitry! What a fix! Why had n't I more sense? Father never would have; he never thinks anything can go differently from his plans! I might have seen it all along! And it would have been as well, maybe,—quite as well; Dmitry is no bad sort! As good as Sergius—and— But now something will have to be done!—and quickly, too!

(*MARYA plucks VLADIMIR suddenly by the sleeve. Other group, R. C., made up of KATRINA, SERGIUS, and GUESTS, drink brandy, pour tea from the smoking samovar, and drink it, meantime. MARYA and VLADIMIR come down L. C.*)

MARYA: What's the matter, Vladimir?

VLADIMIR: Hsh, Maryushka! The devil's to pay, indeed!

MARYA: (*Looking frightened, but a bit mischievous and speaking sotto voce.*) Do you think it's Dmitry?

VLADIMIR: It's serious, Marya; don't jest! It makes a lot of trouble, all this! If it's so—then I'll have to go right after them. That Dmitry is a devil of a fellow!—if he's truly run off with Minka—

MARYA: Oh—oh—you say so yourself!

VLADIMIR: Sh—Marya! Something must be done this minute! When father comes back and has n't found her, there'll be an uproar at once. Father has no prudence. Come, I'm going! But—kiss me,

Marya; no one is looking! Some day soon, now,—we shall be asking the priest to bless us, eh, eh, Maryushka?—(*Kisses her, while she pretends to avoid him and laughs softly. He turns and hastens up to door Centre Entrance—and slips out silently, just as IVAN enters L. upper E. blustering.*)

IVAN: Well—well, this is very strange, very strange! Sergius, something has happened, I don't know what! There is no time to be lost making bones of it, but out with it, to you! It is certain, something has happened! We are men, we must go and find out!

SERGIUS: (*Rousing from his jolly drinking.*) What's up? What's up, did you say?—What's the matter? The bride and the priest, are they coming? (*Rises.*)

IVAN: (*Excitedly.*) That's just it; they're not here! The girl is gone,—gone! Do you hear me, man?

SERGIUS: (*Becoming roused.*) What? What's that you say?—What? (*Coming out from behind the table.*)

IVAN: Get on your horses! Come,—come!

GUESTS: (*Uproar.*) What's the matter? What has happened? What is it? (*Etc.*)

SERGIUS: What?—what?

IVAN: (*Raging about.*) Come along, man! Who but that Cossack Dmitry that's been casting sheep's eyes on my girl since the harvesting?—Ah—ah, I suppose that's it,—and I not to see it and take precautions!

KATRINA: (*At his elbow.*) Ay—ay—that's just it,—to have seen it before as we told you to—

IVAN: (*Furiously, shaking her off.*) Don't talk

about it now, fool woman! The way of you—! Why did ye not speak in time? Always too late with your "told you so"!

(Bounds towards the door, SERGIUS following.)

KATRINA: *(In tears.)* Hm! the way of a man! He will not listen, then blames us that he is not warned in time!

(As IVAN is about to throw open the door, it opens from without, and VLADIMIR appears in the doorway, behind him the GRANDMOTHER. VLADIMIR looks disturbed but resigned; the GRANDMOTHER'S eyes sparkle.)

IVAN: *(Falling back astonished, but quickly beginning to fume at sight of his mother.)* Well—well,—now mother, this is some of your witchwork,—I 'll warrant you!

GRANDMOTHER: *(Laying her hand on his arm.)* Come, come, now,—calm yourself, Ivan! It is your own witchwork more than mine; but it is all straightened, and that is due to me!

KATRINA: Oh, mother, what has happened to Minka?

GRANDMOTHER: Come, come,—they are not far away; and here,—here is the priest also.

IVAN: *(Angrily still.)* "They"—"they"—? Who are "they," indeed, mother? If 't is that young rascal of a Cossack you mean with your "they"—

(PRIEST, holding cross, enters, and behind him, rather sheepishly, come MINKA and DMITRY. IVAN starts angrily; SERGIUS puts his hand to his sword; VLADIMIR looks half frowning, half entertained; MARYA dismayed; KATRINA alarmed and looks at IVAN pleadingly. GUESTS wait in suspense. PRIEST raises hands to quiet them,

and makes a gesture of blessing; all bow before him respectfully.)

PRIEST: Ah, Ivan, little father! (IVAN bows to him) and Katrina! (KATRINA bows also.) Here are your children. I have married them; you must give them your blessing.

SERGIUS: (*Blusters a bit, sotto voce, and presses forward a step or two.*) Father, they have deceived you!

IVAN: (*Angrily, recovering from his astonishment.*) This is the bridegroom! (*Indicating SERGIUS.*)

(PRIEST looks from one to the other. DMITRY steps forward.)

DMITRY: (*To SERGIUS.*) Shall we be at swords in the matter?

(SERGIUS grasps sword; uproar. IVAN angry, storms about. PRIEST raises hands, and all become quiet.)

PRIEST: Peace! Which loves the girl?

(DMITRY turns and puts his arm about MINKA, as if to indicate his right to protect her.)

SERGIUS: (*Angry sotto voce.*) Ah-ha,—so this was the couple that was being married, while I was waiting for the priest! A pretty trick upon a person! If I'd but known it—! (*Aloud to PRIEST.*) She was pledged to me. They have broken the contract. I claim her, or the price of a broken contract!¹

DMITRY: (*Laughing lightly.*) Ho-ho! That is easy!—With a horse over the steppes, Minka and I are content! You may have the money!—and more—for the matter of that! (*He steps forward gaily, and taking out coins from his leather pouch, hardly counting them, tosses them on the table before SERGIUS.* SERGIUS,

¹ Part of old customs appertaining to a marriage.

however, stands watching him hotly, with his arms folded, and pays no attention to the money.)

PRIEST: Is this true? Were you not the true bridegroom? *(To DMITRY.)*

GRANDMOTHER: *(Bending low to speak into the PRIEST'S ear.)* Father, there is no other true bridegroom. Can you not see how the young people choose each other?

PRIEST: What say you to this, Ivan?

IVAN: *(Glowering.)* My mother has deceived you, Father! I dare say it, though she be my mother! It is this young Sergius here, who is my choice. He is telling the truth!

PRIEST: Minka, do you hear? Why is it you do not love this Sergius?

MINKA: *(Weeping.)* Oh—oh, Father, I cannot tell,—but I love Dmitry, and the very sight of Sergius—makes me want to run away—

PRIEST: But he is well-looking, my child!

MINKA: Oh—oh, I don't know,—but if he only touches my hand, I shiver!

SERGIUS: Indeed, that is true, Father; she should have been made to treat me better, you see!

PRIEST: *(Meditatively.)* Ah-ha! So it seems I have made a bad mess of it! *(To SERGIUS.)* This was foolish of you, Sergius, though, it seems,—to wish to take a girl to your home who wants to run away at sight of you! *(SERGIUS is sullenly silent. The PRIEST turns to DMITRY.)* And where will you take your Minka? You young Cossacks who are so fond of wandering,—wives are not always so ready for that kind of life!

DMITRY: To a good home by the Donetz, Father. I have a place for my head, and need not always be in the saddle, however I may love it!

MINKA: (*Interrupting tearfully.*) And if he had not a place, Father, I would go with him wherever he went—

DMITRY: But there will be no need of any such haphazard, little one! Now—cease thy foolish tears!

KATRINA: (*Who has been weeping copiously, and wiping her eyes.*) Oh—oh, but when he goes to war,—what will my child do?

VLADIMIR: Oh, that is far-fetched, mother! Don't weep! You must always be hunting troubles before they come!

IVAN: Ay, these foolish women, they are all alike; heed you, Vladimir!

KATRINA: Oh—oh, but indeed, troubles come; see, see, how this has come!

(*Continues sniffing.*)

IVAN: Oh, sh! Will you never cease your wailing, you foolish one! It can help none, now!—Hsh!—

PRIEST: (*Looking from one to the other.*) Well, then, what is to be done? Here is a broken contract, to be sure,—but paid for. What do you say to it, Sergius?

MINKA: (*Weeping.*) But, Father, whatever he says to it, I would never marry him! If he should kill my Dmitry, I would never marry him! And if I had married him, I would have run away with my Dmitry,—where Sergius would never have found me!

PRIEST: Tut-tut,—daughter! (*Pauses judicially.*) It seems that our daughter here decides the matter. What have you to say, Sergius? An uncertain wife that would be, to worry over, eh?—And after all (*with demure humour*), I have already married them!

MINKA: Yes, yes! We are already married! (*Clings to DMITRY, laughing nervously.*)

SERGIUS: (*Grumblingly.*) 'Tis not worth the trouble of undoing!

(*Folds his arms sullenly and stands back against the wall.*)

DMITRY: (*Mockingly.*) Ho-ho, what is that?—I shall have something to say to that; "not worth the trouble of undoing"? Say you so? You will eat those words "not worth," if you have not a care! (*Puts hand to his sword.*)

(SERGIUS mutters, putting his hand also to his).

MINKA: (*Hastily, dragging at DMITRY's arm and looking beseechingly at SERGIUS, in alarm.*) Oh, no—no; indeed it is n't worth the trouble! Oh, Dmitry, indeed I will go no rood with you over the steppes, if you do not put up your sword!

DMITRY: (*Laughing at her.*) Well, hush ye, Minka. The trouble is but skin deep, with him; do not fear!

(*He speaks sotto voce, but SERGIUS catches the comment apparently, for he turns angrily again.*

MINKA clings terrified to DMITRY, who only smiles nonchalantly, but with his hand on his sword still.)

PRIEST: (*Noting disturbance, makes a gesture to quiet them.*) Hsh, now, you young people! Naught but peace is needed here for the smoothing of all this! (*Turns to IVAN and KATRINA.*) It seems, then,—it may stand so, best, eh, Ivan?—and you, Katrina?

KATRINA: Oh, Father, Father, anything for peace! And with Minka married to Sergius, she would lead him a dog's life! One can see that! Moping all day for another one; that is no way for a wife! 'Tis but a pity we heeded it all not sooner! Yes, yes,—Father, do as you please! And after all, Dmitry is a fine fellow, sure enough! (*Wipes eyes and seems cheering up.*)

IVAN: (*Sullen.*) A pretty affair, hm!

VLADIMIR: (*Jovially claps his father on the shoulder.*) Oh, come, now! There is Anna over there, blushing, and good looking as Minka; and she won't run away at the sight of Sergius, I'll warrant! Minka is a wild capricious thing, and better on the steppes with her Cossack,—eh, grandmother, like yourself? (*Across the room SERGIUS steals a glance at ANNA, who looks down shyly; the GRANDMOTHER nods back at VLADIMIR.*) And as for me, come—where is my Maryushka? We are going to dance! This shall be a wedding feast after all, and we shall send the two foolish ones off to their Donetz River gaily! Come, now! All!

(*He seizes MARYA around the waist, peasant fashion, the music strikes up in the orchestra, or on the stage the BARD twangs chords on his instrument. All pair off, and prepare for a dance.*)

SERGIUS: (*Rousing angrily.*) Yes, yes, all very well, but this is no wedding feast for me to dance at. (*To IVAN and KATRINA.*) 'Little father, little mother, this is no fault of yours! (*Bows, scatters the money scornfully, that DMITRY has laid on the table.*) I want no price for the insult to-night! No price at all,—but—I'd have ye all to know, that the looks of Anna's eyes are sweeter to me than all the gold ye can scatter about, or all the wild-hearted Cossack brides ye could steal across the steppes! (*He stands before Anna and bows before her.*) This night has shown me how bright her eyes are, and how sweet her voice, for my good fortune! Farewell, Anna; you and I shall see this priest again! Never fear, and you will wait but the next daylight's coming, for me! (*Stoops and kisses her hand, then turns to PRIEST.*) Fare you well, Father,—till the luckier day again! This was no fault of yours!

(Goes dramatically to door, turns and bows to all.) Farewell, Ivan; Katrina; Vladimir! Fear not for the wedding feast there will be by and by—for even me—from whom your Minka, here, escapes! Eh,—Anna? (Waves his cap to ANNA, and with a flourish, and still with an air of scornful arrogance to cover his discomfiture, makes his exit, with his companions, who bow about to their hosts, and to the PRIEST and the Icon as they go.¹)

DMITRY: (Looking after SERGIUS.) A good fellow, after all! He has pride, Minka!—Are you sorry?

MINKA: No, no, Dmitry! (Clinging to him.)

DMITRY: (Raising glass of vodka high.) Hey, then?—Here's to grandmothers for ever!

GRANDMOTHER: Hey, what?

KATRINA: You did it,—you saved her, after all, Granny! Yes, it's true you did! (Still wiping her eyes, but smiling now.) And we were stupid, that's true, too, Ivan and I! But what did you do, Granny, what did you do?

GRANDMOTHER: (With eyes twinkling.) Eh?—I kidnapped her, when it was too late, at last, and you and my stubborn boy would hear naught! I knew! I knew!—To have a young thing's heart broken?—Do ye think I'd let it be?

IVAN: (Still somewhat stormy, but attempting to join in.) Ay—to grandmothers that kidnap their grandchildren!—A pretty business! (But he lifts a cup and drinks too.)

VLADIMIR: Come, cheer up, father! Now, Marya! But there will be one faithful marriage, father! and as it is planned! Eh, Maryushka? I will carry you

¹ The Icon that hangs on every Russian wall is always saluted by those entering and leaving the room.

away on a horse across the steppes myself, if that is the only way to please the women! Hey, now,—to the Bride and the wild Cossack!—Hulla! (*Waves a cup of vodka, and bursts into the song "The Cossack and the Maiden"*¹; all join.)

(*At the end of the song, DMITRY'S Cossacks come forward and fall into a Cossack dance.*² GUESTS and all seem to be drinking and laughing and chatting and humming snatches of the dance tune. At the end of the Cossack dance all standing around the stage take hands and move forward and back as if beginning a ronde, or contra-dance, singing again a verse of "The Cossack and the Maiden." The doors are opened, and sounds of harness rattling without are heard; DMITRY and MINKA separate themselves from the throng, take Centre, and prepare to leave. As all cheer, wave caps or vodka cups or scarfs, shout good luck sayings, grouping themselves about the departing couple, the Curtain descends.)

(End of Play.)

¹ "Der Cosack und das Mädchen," with English words also, may be found in miscellaneous collections of European popular folk-songs. Some are published or sold by Schirmer, Union Sq., New York City.

² This dance with directions for its use in schools will be found in C. Ward Crampton's *The Folk-Dance Book*. See Bibliography, Part I.

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III

FINAL PREPARATORY PERIOD

It is natural—and well—that in the advancing period of final preparatory work the studies of history and literature should require more specialising, and that the departments of each should need too much detailed attention to bring them, in combination, entirely into the scope of one department. But this is exactly a point where the dramatic department, if no longer able conveniently and without complication to comprehend the separate detailed reach of these studies, may continually demonstrate their relation, by its function of dramatic illustration of literature and arts which are in their turn the offspring of those social and political conditions relegated to the special department of history study.

This part of preparatory work where the specialising of studies begins, and our convenient and advantageous inclusion of them in one department ends,—or their closer correlation in all their stages becomes less practicable for one department's work, if each study is to be done full justice,—is appropriately the High School period

,or its equivalent, and in it the average age of the students, therefore, reaches from fourteen or fifteen to the time of collegiate work.

In the previous section of Part II, it has been said that, with the idea of developing the best æsthetic values of a dramatic department, the lyrical elements of drama are best made predominant until we approach the final preparatory period, when the intellectual theme of the play may be brought to the fore, while not excluding the picturesque and realistic elements that have been useful before in our work, and which, appropriately qualified and adjusted, have special values of vitality and human interest to contribute.

With the more detailed material the specialising in literature, history, and the arts brings to pupils, the richer is the fund of it for suggestion in the dramatic department where it may so well be illustrated,—and the method recommended for employing material up to this time will further gain in efficacy, since its essential requirement of continual emphasis upon the correlation of material and appropriate application of forms employed in connection with it, and with the æsthetic needs of the pupils, will have the more varied resources. More especially, the improvisation of dramatic forms from the richer material suggested to this department by those departments now separated from it will continually strengthen the impression made upon the pupils of the interactive tendencies of the peoples whose history and

productions they are now spending special study upon.

In the preceding periods of this department's work, the pupils have been exercised in the elementary forms of drama, such as might be correlated with fitting materials of their study, and with their personal capacity, and have reached a preliminary understanding of more intellectual dramatic forms to better illustrate advancing studies; now they may not unfitly be introduced to certain other varied forms, which, as active forms of art, characterise the periods of the history they are studying. Heretofore, they have through their dramatic exercises illustrated the narratives of history and romance presented to them in forms chosen for their appropriateness to the nature of the material, as well as to the pupils' powers, but, except in the case of employing forms of primitive ritual and pantomime and dances, this choice has been without reference to study of historic forms of drama itself. In the periods of European history they will now consider in their school courses, drama presents certain new and well defined forms, and it is appropriate, therefore, both in relation to their history and literature study and their growing æsthetic capacity, that the students learn something of the way in which the peoples of various periods themselves expressed their artistic impulses in more and more elaborate and finished forms of drama and festivals.

We left our outline with a series of suggestions

for work in dramatic illustration, correlating the study of history with its attendant survey of customs and arts, at the period approaching the Renaissance. It was recommended in Section II that the course be brought through this mediæval period following the great Charlemagne and contemporary cycles of history and romance, in a preferably general and outline fashion, for the purpose of again clinching our starting point in the history of peoples with the explanatory digression appropriately introduced,—before we left the work at a point where its parts in continuance must properly be specialised. Such an outline treatment of this period is the most fitting one for young pupils, obviously, because of the overwhelming mass of influences which, at this time, were focusing slowly towards the Renaissance, and making an epoch so complex, yet so important to the understanding of the flowering of western civilisation, that it can only be studied to advantage—after a first general survey—one aspect at a time; and in school work these aspects are to be chosen only in the order of their appeal to the ages of the pupils.

At this stage of school work, specialisation in history and literature in American schools usually begins with English history, while the history of the United States, already begun, is continued to the present epoch, and such European and other foreign history is introduced as cannot be dispensed with for the comprehension of English

and American national development. Ancient history is usually introduced only in outline form and only a superficial survey of artistic, political and intellectual developments belonging to its consideration is possible or, indeed, suitable at this time. As to its forms of the arts, in connection with the point just brought up, so far as the study of the dramatic forms of expression of the peoples studied, is concerned, as has been stated actual compositions of the classic period are obviously too majestic and profound for young students—but illustration of the forms of ritual of the ancient civilisations may be introduced for the older pupils, as also consideration of the early forms of the Greek drama in more detail. They may at least learn of the beautiful and simple development of the choric forms from the irregular ecstasies of the dithyrambic, and employ examples of these in school fêtes, where such forms may be appropriately introduced, as for instance, in certain pastorals. Presumably in this period of the preparatory time, United States history may be brought to the present, probably also English history,—and these, well-taught, introduce a good general knowledge of the contemporaneous history of the other countries.

Whatever, in this progress of the nations, commends itself for illustration through the dramatic department, we may take, and consider in what form it may best dress itself. Strong historic events, striking incidents of stirring times, may be

treated with the most direct and simple play construction, and their substance will carry them, whether we interweave much or little of picturesque accessory, as previously suggested. As, for instance, the story of Captain John Smith and Pocohontas (or, rather, any of his stories, he being so prolific in this respect!) is dramatic enough in its plain main incident, though it may easily, and interestingly, too, be set in the midst of portrayals of Indian rites and customs, and the troubles and doings of the early colonists. In England, in the same way, though it is perhaps unnecessary to multiply instances, the incidents of the Border Ballads are in themselves striking enough to be plainly set, although the appropriate use of picturesque accessory may be made to give richness and also the suspensive element spoken of before, which, if well applied, is a power in play construction. But when we come to illustrating the quieter elements that none the less build nations, dramatic illustration of them is a different matter, calling for more subtlety in choice of mode and in arrangement of effects to focus attention upon the central theme. This brings us to the genre type of play, or folk-play, which may include the character type, and leads to the character play proper, a higher form of composition than the play in which incident is most emphasised.

Through the stages of development from the liturgical drama, through "Mysteries," "Morali-

ties," and secular farce in the Middle Ages, we reach the Comedy of Art and its widespread influence, and from that the true character play, as especially exemplified in Molière. Except for the suggestion of certain dramatic arrangements to be found in many of these developing forms, I see no object whatever in introducing them in full into school study prior to the work of a collegiate department which should elect to make the history and literature of drama a special study. It is so obviously not possible, because of their coarseness, to use the farces and moralities of the Middle Ages as they are, for school students, excepting a few compositions here and there, that it is not to this point I refer, but to the matter of form.

In connection with whatever study of customs and arts enters the discussion of mediæval history, the expression of the people's holiday spirit which took form in "Mysteries," Pageants, and "Gild-Plays" is a distinctly striking feature, and not to be neglected as information—but literal imitation of their forms for a school exercise for young students is objectionable for several reasons. That they were rudimentary forms of drama is not one of these reasons; for it is the simplest first structure of them that the teacher may adapt and use interestingly. It is the developing elaboration, rather—so pell-mell, as it were, that it brought that confusion of detail, utter neglect of time values and of values of main and subordinate

action, which characterises mediæval representations. This is what makes it necessary for the teacher to be careful in her selection of features for illustration for this time of groping artistic feeling in her pupils, if she does not wish to produce an effect on their minds of perplexity and muddled sense of form. But it is to be recommended that she make use of the forms of clearest structure and of characteristic features in the representations of this period in the development of the arts, as vehicle for such historic or romantic or quieter social or domestic incidents as it may be profitable to cast in a dramatic form for her class illustration.

The first simple form of the liturgical drama is dignified, complete of its kind, and structurally clear. In outline, first: the introductory address from the pulpit, equivalent to the "prolog"; second: music, and a processional; next: the interlocution between officiating priest, or "prolog," and characters entering in the processional, this interlocution introducing the theme (through itself or through consequent or simultaneous action), as the dramatic centre of the form; then: the resolution of the dramatic proposition, through words or action, followed by music and the final recessional expressive of whatever sentiment would follow the dénouement of the theme. Such an outline is applicable to the illustration of many themes.

The adoption of features from the further elaborate development into the Mysteries of this simplest

form of liturgical drama, presents some elements for special consideration. In the first place, since the Mysteries are largely built on the myth and theology of the Romish Church, to introduce the discussion of them necessitates explanation of this theology and mythology, to some extent, and its comparison with others. It is just such occasions as this, which, not regarded as a difficulty, may rather make opportunity for the discussion of matter concerning the developed forms of the main religions of the peoples,—in some such ways as have already been considered in the previous section, with something of their growth and attendant legend, poetry, and ritual, stated in simple form, of course, by the teacher, and adapted to the understanding of the hearers, and with reference always to universal values and ideals. It is difficult to see how some discussion of this element in human progress can escape entering in definite form in any intelligently correlated study of civilisation,—and it is to be taken for granted that most teachers do so introduce it in its proportionate measure all along, and that it has its share in the illustrative work we are discussing, through certain festival forms, allegorical drama, and more, through the daily work associated with their preparation.

But in considering mediæval art, the main influence was so distinctly that of the Romish Church that, without expression of bias in any way, it is yet a point to be made distinct to classes

taking up a form of work such as drama, which in so prominent a way introduces the subject. Aside from this point, the consideration of the Mysteries as an artistic form must relegate them to the list of historical curiosities, part of the phenomena of a markedly transitional stage. Therefore, they are advisably introduced into study as such phenomena, and not in any sense to be confused with ideas of model form. Also, for the same reason, they should be imitated sparingly in school fêtes for younger pupils, who are likely to so confuse them. There is time enough for their consideration as part of the phenomena in the genesis of dramatic forms, when the study is made a special one in collegiate or correspondingly advanced work.

As an expression of the naïve and childish love of "shows" and fêtes, with unlimited opportunity for the piling on of magnificence, regardless of jumble, Pageants and Mystery Plays, more than anything else, perhaps, represent the aspect of the Middle Ages—a mass of struggling, heterogeneous atoms, glittering, harsh, or earthy, awaiting the suave crystallisation of the Renaissance, which should assort them properly as background, relief, and foil. But in measure, information concerning the religious and other ideas underlying the transition phenomena of the Middle Ages, with needful explanation as indicated, must of course belong even with the elementary history and literature study appropriate to the final

preparatory period. In a proportionate degree, therefore, such typical features of the time as the forms of public fête and recreation must be introduced, and simple adaptations of their naïve forms are both useful and charming. Especially features of the festival pageantry attendant upon their performance may well be incorporated in genre plays illustrative of the period, to give colour and picturesqueness. The introduction of the Mystery players in Josephine Preston Peabody's *The Piper* is an instance of such use. For the most part, such introduction of their features for colour in plays of good dramatic structure, original or adapted, is more to the purpose than any other employment of them for this stage of school work. To suggest such a theme: imagine, for instance, some interesting incident in, say, a Nuremberg family, and have it connected with the giving of a Mystery, or Pageant, or Gild Play, in the town. Lead the action to the giving of the fête in the town square, with the townspeople participating, and so on. This places the Mystery Play in its human relation, and the pupils view its fantastic form as such, and not as a model. In such a case, the imagined family incident may be used as an induction to lead to the fête, or may make the main thread of story running through the play.

Pageants and Gild Plays representative of the industries of communities present a more appropriate form of fête for young people than the

Mysteries, and in the previous section the adaptation of forms of these for recreational use is recommended. Such forms have been widely adapted in schools and the idea hardly needs illustrative instances given here, to support it. The main point is, in all cases, to regard the relation of the idea represented in any fête, to the general field of study. It is further important, apropos of the discussion of special forms, to maintain a consistent relationship in the portrayal of manners and customs, and, where it can be artistically done, in the use of forms, to the period studied; needless to say, to the specific locality which is the chosen scene.

The Moralities are interesting as the step from the Mysteries to the character play of, first, the set, then the free types,—after meandering through the modifications of the secular play. Basing its structure upon the interaction of abstract qualities, the idea of the Morality Play may be adapted to any time and theme, which fact is its recommendation to the teacher.

While discussion of the manner of its mediæval presentation, as to costumes, scenes, and so on, is matter of suitable historical information, to be recommended for class study in the same way as is that associated with the Mysteries and other forms, and though it is interesting to reproduce some simplified suggestions of the mediæval setting for occasional illustration of history or literature, the personification of qualities and

the allegorical themes of the Moralities are interestingly transferred to plays in a setting of the present as well as of any other time. Allegory is interesting to children, as well as appropriate for them, for reasons already spoken of, and it is open to elaboration in attractive ways,—to the introduction of music, and of poetic forms of expression. The Morality Play, like the Gild Play and the Pageant, has come into favour, and its forms are already adapted by teachers for their use in numbers of schools,¹ so that, as in the case of the latter, it is superfluous to outline methods of using the simple Morality Play.

For the most part, the secular farces and the satires of the Middle Ages, even when in the amateur stages prior to the Renaissance, approach the intellectual drama in their theme and dialogue to an extent that sets them in the collegiate period of special study of development of the drama. Yet certain plays of these types have been adapted to school use, as for instance the well-known *L'Avocat Pathelin*. But the stereotyped figures of the Comedy of Art, with their origin in genre types, and to which the succession of brilliant improvisateurs gave ever new and vivacious qualities, have some of them survived for our childhood's entertainment, in the clowns,

¹ The work in this direction at the Ethical Culture School in New York has already been cited. Some of the Brookline (Mass.) and Boston schools have demonstrated the attractiveness of adaptations of these forms.

Harlequins and Columbines, and Pantaloons of Christmas pantomimes, and the circus, and because they have always been so dearly beloved in the "golden age" of each of us, the story of their most brilliant epoch of existence will make an exceptional appeal to even young students who might not go appreciatively very far into a consideration of the subtly comic travesty of romance, the gay satire, the cream of grotesquerie, the finish, the nimbleness, which we imagine must have characterised the mode of these Comedians of Art—and whose tradition Coquelin in our own day has seemed to embody and bring down to us through his interpretations of Molière, so directly, in his turn, influenced by the art of the Italians.

In this connection the teacher will find at any of our libraries Maurice Sand's *Masques et Bouffons*, containing plates of the twoscore and more typical characters of these improvisatori, from which those to be discussed in school may be sketched, where the volumes cannot be withdrawn, and at the end of each volume will be found accounts of the prescribed and customary colours and fabrics of the costumes worn by them. At the end of the second volume of Dr. Mantzius's *History of Theatrical Art* will be found an example of the kind of scenario prepared by the managers of these Italian players, which served as the skeleton upon which they were to improvise. It seems to us so long and complex that it must have demanded indeed great skill and vivacity to make it

hold an audience, but we remember that plays lasted for days together in those times, and a complex plot of not very heavy substance may well have been treated as we treat a vaudeville performance, something to be watched a while and left by the holiday makers at the fairs and fêtes,—and returned to at will. The frequent introduction of the *lazzi*, or comic byplay carried on by other characters than those sustaining the main action, must have kept the balance between monotony of story, and delight at the unexpected, and while, cleverly done and introduced, they were supposed to knit up the main incidents, they undoubtedly produced an effect of relaxation that obviated the monotony and tiresome complexity of small incidents that appears to us in the reading of the mere scenarios.

To reintroduce the pantomime characters of childhood, yet in a manner in the more brilliant dress of the Comedy of Art's mode, and in connection with what we elect to tell the young classes of this Renaissance product of dramatic art, I have prepared a sort of holiday farce somewhat after the fashion of these old scenarios though with a much simpler thread and less tangle of incidents. The play I present is written in full, but if it interests a class to present such an idea in pantomime form, or to improvise upon any other chosen or similar scenario in the fashion of the sixteenth-century Italians, instead, my example may serve as a suggestion.

But before we leave this preparatory time of school work, there remains to be considered another product of the mediæval art impulse, the forms of which may be applied to our own outdoor festivals. This is the Pastoral of Europe, which, revived from the classic eclogue, blew to such brilliant flower during the Renaissance, only to grow attenuated and artificial, and from its very dependence on form rather than substance, survived at last only as the lyric accessory, as *intermezzi*, to dramas of more substantial content. While the forms of the bucolic play may be adapted very beautifully to fêtes in the schools, especially to out-of-door fêtes, as specified,—in adapting them, the very history of the rise and decline in favour of this form of dramatic art suggests to us what elements in its forms and which of its compositions we may adopt and adapt successfully for young people, whose wholesome minds reject the over-fantastic, insipid, and artificial.

The shepherd and his sheep; the music contests between country swains; the Maypole dance of rustic girls and boys; even a moonlight dance of tree or stream spirits, with comic elves for anti-masque, or a simple allegorical masquing that does not reach the over-fantastic or gruesome, all such furnish material, and passages may be found in the literature of the eclogues which may be adapted or sometimes used as they are. This literature is surprisingly full of fresh lyrical feeling, considering the few and essentially senti-

mental main themes the bulk of it had,—excepting its most brilliant products; and songs and lyrical dialogues, masques and antic fairy passages of a fresh and spontaneous order, with a little searching, may be easily chosen from the mawkish and artificially lovesick ones which seem to be cast in such strain quite perfunctorily, at last, and only for the sake of fashion.

This mawkish sentimental element, it goes without saying, is distasteful to children, as well as unsuitable, and also to be avoided is the attitude of dilettante rusticity which characterised the Pastoral when it became a fashionable play-thing,—and which last condition was indeed its death! In adapting compositions of this kind for young people, these two points are to be heeded.

On the whole, as it has usually been employed, the pastoral mode is slight and ephemeral. Idyllic rather than dramatic, its use for lyrical passages in outdoor fêtes may be very beautiful; short lyrical pastorals interspersed as intermezzi in a musical or allegorical or poetic play to which they are appropriate as accompaniment, add an element of glamour and charm; and its element introduced through side characters and incidents into the general scheme of a completely constructed drama, to give colour and outdoor atmosphere, as it is unsurpassably woven into the scheme of *As You Like It*, carries a buoyancy, a certain insouciance, that one still feels is not incompatible with good human sense, and intelligent aims in life;—that

is, it is still sanity, if on a holiday. These uses of its forms and elements are perhaps those most effective in dramatic representations. But they are more than enough to give it *raison d'être*: without its impulse, even perhaps without the specific impression caused by the short-lived exotic development of the Pastoral as a thing apart, the drama would be poorer by the measure of a fresh and joyous lyricism, the best of its laughter, and a spontaneous gaiety that only the Pastoral, albeit only through its forms of sincerest expression, could have given,—possibly poorer, too, for a more refined handling of the illusion of beautiful scene.

In school use, the Pastoral suggests opportunity for the combination in charming lyrical forms of the gayest and most wholesome of our modern recreational features. Obviously the original narrative form of the eclogue, and its simple dialogue development, except where these give opportunity for lively descriptive action, are not interesting for school use unaided by interludes of dance, song, and music, or subsequent action to which the dialogue or narrative acts as induction. These combined forms the teacher and her class may invent themselves, weaving into them such pastoral lyrics of the poets as they wish,—or they may choose and adapt the compositions of the more highly developed and varied pastoral forms, which combine already dramatic and lyric elements with the narrative ones.

Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd* is illustrative of very rich combination of the romantic and lyrical in pastoral setting, and offers opportunity for very beautiful adaptation, or at least suggestion to the teacher for the composition of similar forms from any other legendary material. If fanciful, it is yet, however, a play form, as distinct from the fragile idyl carried by the fluting of a few shepherds' pipes, a rustic dance, a bit of buffoonery or banter between masque and anti-masque, and for this reason is a development from the Pastoral which presents suggestions for complete festival forms as the more fragmentary undramatic eclogue does not. Numberless untried possibilities for complete festival forms, and the beautiful out-of-door play, suggest themselves from it. In Appendices I and III, two festivals, *The Greatest Gift* and *The Pool of Answers*,—also illustrating other points in the text,—apply here as suggestive of festivals for outdoor setting, or especially appropriate for such, and of measurably dramatic structure, that is, of a mode in which the plot is carried actively rather than mainly presented through narrative and lyrical passages. Structurally plays, the idyllic setting and lyrical method of development of theme accessory to the main action, in such forms, bring them into the pastoral class, and they serve to show what orders of festivals may be built from the varieties of eclogue material. For although the country idyl has contributed gaiety, through dance, clowning, and

rollicking colloquy,—other than jocular forms may have appropriately an idyllic setting, for which there is ample example in serious masques and allegories associated with pastoral literature, as for instance, *Comus*, or the short rustic idyls with a religious purport, such as are found in the literature of the "Mystery Plays." In addition to *The Pool of Answers*, in the Appendix to this section I give also a short synopsis of Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, which may suggest a form of Pastoral to be built upon. I would suggest here again to the teacher, in this connection, two books given in the Bibliography,—Greg's *Pastoral Poetry and Pastoral Drama*, and Symonds's *Italian Literature*, as guides to research in the literature of Pastorals.

A handy volume of pastoral songs from which teachers may select ready material for such combinations as are here recommended, for the arrangement of a complete pastoral fête, is Edmund K. Chambers's *English Pastorals*. Some of the lyrics, which are particularly melodious, and which contain vivacious dialogue, suggest their use at once as interludes in a setting of rustic groups preparing for dances or games.

Certain ones of this type may be cited as appropriately serving for inductions or interludes, and, even in cases where their themes are sentimental, these have such charming fanciful elements, or the country feeling and freshness enough to make the sentimental quality inoffensive and not artificial, for even sentimentality is sometimes sincere or

spontaneously gay and charming. This is true, for instance, of *Philida's Love Call*, "Ignoto" (from *England's Helicon*); *Country Glee*, from *The Sun's Darling*, Ford and Dekker; *Daffodil* from the Ninth Eclogue, Michael Drayton; *Sirena*, from *The Shepherd's Sirena*, Drayton; *The Contest*, also Drayton, from *The Muses' Elysium*,—but this last contains complete development of theme, and may suggest itself, therefore, as a central feature in any composition, not only as incidental,—that is, a complete festival scheme might be based upon it, as we have suggested in the case of the complete play forms in idyllic or pastoral setting.

I have cited *The Sad Shepherd*, as suggestion for complete schemes. It may, though unfinished, be beautifully adapted, at least as to its lyrical passages. There are also exquisite lyrics in Jonson's *Shepherd's Holy Day*; his *The Gypsies* offers picturesque, charming material, too,—in fact, the collected volume of his masques is in itself a treasure house of suggestion for out-of-door fêtes. *Comus*, cited already in relation to allegory in idyllic drama, has beautiful suggestion in its lyrics and imagery. Shelley and more of the poets one could cite, and one may find grist everywhere in literature,—though certain poets have especially cast material in the eclogue forms in ways to be most suggestive for the work we are considering.

In the little handbook of Chambers, just men-

tioned, there are a few lyrics suggestive of the "piscatory eclogue,"¹ and the selections from John Gay's eclogues may be in part adapted, or the suggestions of their rustic humour used for comedy or semi-burlesque passages, with the actors supposed to be husky and jolly country clowns, as foil to more lyrical and daintier elements, where such contrast is useful. "Patie and Roger" from Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* also offers suggestions in its form and mood.

"The Peasants' Chorus" and "Osme's Song" from *Sylvia*—George Darley—are two charming lyrics not to be omitted from this citation. Altogether, the field is very rich and once looked into research itself will suggest material step by step. The teacher herself must know first of all, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus,—especially Theocritus, the most sincere and freshest of idyllists. Adapt or use the compositions or not for school study, still to know them as idyls, true almost as unstudied folk product rather than art, must give a tone to one's taste in the field of pastoral literature. Finally the folk-lyrics themselves, of any people, must always make fundamentally true material for idyllic composition of any kind.

¹ Cf. Theocritus, Idyl XXI; and the piscatory eclog of San-nazaro, in which the fisher people of the shore replace the usual shepherds of the hills and fields. ("*La novita del soggetto; le malagevole opposizione, in che sembra esser la felicità con la triste e laboriosa vita dei pescatori.*" Filippo Pagano, ed.: *Arcadia*, Naples, 1825.) See also: Goethe's *Fischerin*.

Further than these forms applied in simple fashion, preparatory students do not average ability to go, that is, with any thoroughness of appreciation. Carefully selected, with reference to what is the need of the student, in the sense of what is seen to bring forth response in true enjoyment, the brilliant compositions of the Renaissance, as of other epochs, have their place in the preparatory periods of school. There are plenty of appropriate methods of selecting and arranging special passages, or of adapting whole compositions without marring their symmetry,—and for school use, especially for younger students, this is the most approved plan to follow. While it is true that education imposes always a step beyond full comprehension in order to enlist aspiration, to go too far blindly must leave a blank interval, and it is as futile as pedantic to foist on immature minds learning that should be, normally, beyond young experience. There are certain courses of reading prescribed for college preparatory work that include compositions which may be shown to come under this head, and the point is pertinent here, because it is just these courses which are illustrated through dramatic representations. This prescribed reading includes, together with much that is appropriate, too much that might better be introduced when it is more thoroughly absorbed by the student, rather than earlier. It is impossible to discuss instances here, but an explanation of the exception taken to such parts of these courses,

will sufficiently clear the point in this connection. Many things do not impress the immature mind so clearly as the brilliant teacher, who understands them so well himself, when he gives out his material, believes. In the period of predominant emotional awakening, between twelve and twenty, the natural sympathy is especially with what is lyrical and gay, on the one hand, romantic and mystical, on the other. Where the emotions are maturely balanced with intellect, as in the older student, there will be interest in compositions for which the sympathy of the immature nature lags. Steadfast friendship, produced by the maturity of reasonable affection; the subtleties of wit, irony, satire; points of political honour; these are not fully in the grasp of the impulsive, poetic, dreaming stage of youth, inchoate because so tumultuously awakening to the wonders of life,—and which should not be hastened in its crystallisation. Literary material dependent upon such intellectually mature qualities and attributes for the development of a central theme will not be fully appreciated by young girls and boys. Yet certain beautiful and noble things are a joy at this stage of youth, as never again equally; others are an effort and a mental harassment which will be a greater satisfaction later. There is a certain amount of precious time for each stage of development; why let the time for the more fitting response—for that which gives most joy, and therefore most culture—be usurped by the less fitting, that

belongs better later, and which will, later, assert its claim unurged?

It is easy to see how this applies to our dramatic work, and why it bears considering. Even if it is not quite so easy to select our material for work more accurately with reference to its relation to the complex psychological needs of the child, rather than first with relation to a prescribed course of college reading, which time will modify, —it is nevertheless of vital importance to do so. Such a department as this, of both recreation and definite culture, presents opportunity for as wonderful work as can be done in the schools both as to nature of material used for it, and as to effect on personal growth. It is safe to say that no other one department may be so comprehensive in its scope, or include so many elements in the development of the faculties, of æsthetic appreciation, and of creative powers. To be brought to its full value in the scheme of culture it needs to be administered without hurry, never with anxiety over its exhibitional use, and first of all, with quiet and steady understanding of its value to the child.

Beyond such outline presentation and explanation of the forms of arts of the peoples, ancient and modern, as may show how to usefully employ them with relation to the field of work we are discussing, it is not in the scheme of this book to go. The purpose here has been to make clear, methods of illustrating the cultural material which fits the

preparatory years of education in school, through an employment of forms of the lyrical arts and of drama, which shall be appropriate, first of all, to the stages of young people's growth; and to suggest principles for the selection and arrangement of material from such rich and varied fields as shall give the fullest scope for origination on teacher's and pupils' part, and for adaptation to special needs. Therefore specific devices for the preparation of festival work, or any illustrative school drama, with analysis of model compositions, and ready-made directions for use, although useful in other treatments of the subject, are not given space. The few complete plays and festival forms given in the appendices—as has been stated—are not given in any sense as models, but as suggestions and to illustrate certain points in the text. While leaving to the teacher the independent selection and arrangement of material, the Bibliography has been progressively classified with the intention of suggesting ways of simplifying the task of consistently planning departments for this newly specialized work, and so to definitely supplement the fuller plans of research and of method set forth in the main text. At least a lastingly effectual way to help people is to give them principles by which to help themselves; in this work it ought to prove so, because each teacher must continually adapt and specialise so much, to suit her particular classes. Such principles as have appeared to be of some value, in

conjunction with certain apparent needs, are given in this volume, and it is hoped they may so prove to be in contributing to the further adjustment of this work.

APPENDIX

REASONS for including *The Course of True Love*, in this Appendix, the outline from Sannazaro's *Arcadia*, and an idyllic or pastoral form of play, *The Pool of Answers*, have been assigned in the foregoing text.

Further, I take pleasure in including here, what I have cited before, an outline of an ideal method of conducting festival work. The outline has been written for me by Dr. William E. Bohn, the work of whose department, of English, at the Ethical Culture School in New York it represents, and he kindly permits me to use it here. The method is representative of the general festival work of the school which was long wonderfully developed under Mr. Percival Chubb, and is now in the hands of able successors.

The outline given refers to the preparation of a play already mentioned in section II, Part II, of this volume, *The Quest*, which was given on Patriots' Day of this year (1912).

Dr. Bohn says:

"As regards the performance of this festival, I think the principal facts to be emphasised are as follows:

"The play was actually planned, written, and performed, the programme was designed and printed, and some of the scenery, even, was painted, by the pupils

themselves. Of course five departments of the school co-operated in the production of the festival. They all took part so enthusiastically it is difficult to say to which most credit belongs, if indeed to any one more than to another.

"The playwriting was the charge of the English Department. The dances were invented and the dancers were trained by the Physical Culture Department. The music was selected and the singers were trained on the part of the Music Department. The programme was designed, the scenes were painted, the colour schemes and costumes were decided upon by the Art Department. The costumes themselves were designed by the Domestic Science Department.

"As to the production of the play itself.—Last June when the children went home for their vacations, I suggested to the members of the class finishing its Junior year that it would be helpful if the various members would bring back with them, after the vacation, scenarios for plays, or at least ideas upon which plays might be based. Three or four members of the class took this suggestion and actually returned with material upon which we could begin work. Of three scenarios completed, one was selected. Then the class set to work to write the play. The first two acts were written by the whole class. The teacher would give out each day as an assignment the writing of the next scene. Then when all the scenes submitted had been read before the class, the best one was selected by vote of the class. Suggestions for changes were made, and as many good points in the rejected scenes as possible were embodied in the scene which had been chosen. Then a committee of the class set to work to produce the finished composition

so far as that scene was concerned. This method was kept up until two or three acts were completed.

"When it came to selecting the actors for the various parts, choice was made by vote of the class. As the work of rehearsing began, all of the pupils had a chance to make criticisms or to suggest changes. So the play as finally performed was, in a real sense, the work of a communal body."

Such an outline as the above, from actual experience, must be illuminative to teachers taking up festival work—and, from a school where this work has been so long brilliantly conducted, it comes with added authority. I am grateful for the privilege of using it here, to present to other teachers. It is to be seen, however, that such power of co-operation and of original work in a student body as the above outline supposes must be the result of perfect organisation of all the cultural forces in a school. To bring about such a result by superficial means is impossible, and the problem of every teacher who desires it must be in the adjustment of preliminary methods accordingly. To every teacher it is plain that the crowning value of this result would be, not that a creditable festival was produced, but that the communal work, and original effort towards its production, meant splendid school organisation, and vital and individual culture for students. *



THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

A Holiday Farce

(AFTER THE FASHION OF THE COMEDY OF ART
SCENARIOS)

Characters:

COLUMBINE }
HARLEQUIN }

Lovers

Habitually:

Charming
Gallant and *insouciant*

PANTALONE

Father of Columbine

Querulous

BURATTINO

Landlord of the Inn

Penurious

PASQUELLA

His Wife

Shrewish

PEDROLINO

Their Servant

Unlucky

TARTAGLIA

The Sheriff

Choleric

ZANNI

His Servant

A scapegoat

THE TWO

ROGUES

Clever and slippery

CINTHIO

An unwelcome
suitor of Columbine

Foppish and discomfited

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE

Scene: A street in front of an Inn.

At rise: Pasquella looks out over the balcony, while she wipes a dish. She is in a fret over something.

PASQUELLA: Burattino! Bu-rat-tino! Where is that miserable wretch? (*A sound of quarrelling servants is heard within.*) Oh, oh! If it is n't one thing, it's another! Wretches! Villains! (*Rushes back into the house.*)

(*Burattino enters from R. carrying a large basket of provisions. His face is beaming.*)

BURATTINO: (*Peering into the basket.*) Ah-ha! Excellent, excellent! (*Smacks his lips. Seats himself near C. on a bench beside Inn door.*) And before I go in— (*Looks up at balcony. Inserts his hand in basket, takes out some fruit, looks at it, puts it back. Takes out a bottle of wine, inspects it, puts it back; a cake, same business. Looks in again, uncorks bottle of wine. Prepares to drink when the Two Rogues enter from Left, arm in arm. They wink at each other at sight of the basket of food, and approaching BURATTINO go one on either side of him.*)

FIRST ROGUE: Ah-ha! Good morning!

SECOND ROGUE: What a delightful day!

(*They seat themselves without more ado, one on either side of BURATTINO.*)

BURATTINO: (*Looking up from one to the other.*)

Ah, good day, good day to you, sirs! What can I do for you?

FIRST ROGUE: Oh, don't disturb yourself, sir! Plenty of time! Let us sit here and look about. We have come a good distance, sir! Ah, a wonderful country, sir,—a wonderful country! (*Wags his head.*) This is very fine, here,—but—

BURATTINO: (*Becoming interested.*) Ah, indeed! And where, may I ask—

FIRST ROGUE: Ah, such fare—such fare! (*As if with delightful reminiscence.*) Why, the fruit, sir,—you never saw the like— (*He winks at the other thief, who dips his hand in the basket unseen by the landlord who now is listening to the talker, and extracting a piece of fruit, begins to devour it surreptitiously while the FIRST ROGUE holds the Landlord's attention with his gestures and extravagant expressions as he talks.*)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Continuing.*) Yes, indeed; the size and colour of it is wonderful and it has the gift of turning on its stems when one side is ripened in the sun, till all are ruddy and mellow! Ah, sir, indeed!—and such partridges, troth they are as big as geese, and melt in one's mouth with their fatness! And, indeed, the people are wonderful, too, for such fine eating, as you can well imagine! Laughing and merriment all the time goes around at their meals, and dance and song afterwards. Ah, it is a pleasure to dance with the fine girls there, for their teeth are as white as the luscious cheese they eat, and their cheeks as red as their bubbling wine! (*Smacks his lips and wags his head.* BURATTINO involuntarily mimics his gestures and expression, so lost in listening does he become.)

FIRST ROGUE: Ah, the wine! (*He makes gesture of*

drinking imaginary wine. The SECOND ROGUE really filches the wine bottle from the basket and drinks, and slides the bottle back. He has been meantime helping himself liberally to the other contents of the basket whenever he can do so under the Landlord's hands, without being detected.) Ah, yes, yes,—what a pity the country is so far away! One must walk, walk! (*action*) and ride, ride (*expressive pantomime*), hop, hop down hills (*pantomime of ROGUE, complete action, which Landlord imitates with hand gestures*), then climb, climb, up! (*Pantomime with hands and legs. BURATTINO mimics with hands and feet, but still sitting while the ROGUE is prancing about with his pantomimic description. He pauses and sits down again finally, with a sigh of resignation, presumably that such delightful countries cannot be everywhere.*) Ah, indeed! (*Business of wink and furtive gesture at other ROGUE, who slyly wipes his mouth, clears his throat, and begins to talk in his turn, leaving the FIRST ROGUE the freedom of the basket.*)

SECOND ROGUE: (*Wagging his head.*) Ah, yes, and I was there, too, but it is sad to see that in such a wonderful country, there should be any wickedness,—tut-tut!

(BURATTINO transfers his attention to SECOND ROGUE)

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, yes,—ah, yes, indeed! (*Wags his head.*) Thieves, sir, thieves!

BURATTINO: You don't say so!

SECOND ROGUE: Why, sir, can there be anything worse than thieving? Indeed, may it not lead to all the ills?—An honest man earns his dinner; a thief steals it; the family are hungry, the wife scolds; immediately there is an uproar. She chases him from the house; he chases the thief. If by chance he kill him,

he is a murderer; he is hung. There you have it! Tut-tut, tut-tut! And all upon an honest man!

(He accompanies all this with vivid gesture or entire action, entrancing BURATTINO. Meanwhile the other ROGUE is finishing the contents of the basket. At the end of the tale both thieves rise, and talking in prompt succession to each other, with great effusion bid the spellbound Landlord good-by.)

FIRST ROGUE: Ah, beautiful morning! Good-day to you!

SECOND ROGUE: A delightful talk! We shall call at your inn again!

FIRST ROGUE: If your fare is as good as your company, sir!

SECOND ROGUE: Of which there can be no doubt!

FIRST ROGUE: Delighted to have stopped here!

SECOND ROGUE: Yes, great good fortune! May we meet again!

FIRST ROGUE: Ah, good-by to you, sir!

(Bowing effusively they back away behind him, while he looks, bewildered with their compliments, from one to the other, without time to speak himself, but bowing, smiling, and attempting to reply, so that his mouth is open and he is comical in his efforts at politeness that shall be equal to theirs. As they reach the rear they join arms, and go off looking back with comic gaiety and roguery, chuckling together. When the Landlord recovers himself, and gets over his daze, he looks down at his basket, and is dismayed at the result of the rogues' call.)

BURATTINO: Ow-wow! What? What? Rascals! Wretches!

(With chagrin he picks up crumbs of cake, tries the bottle, shakes it, drains it at his lips. Makes a wry face at the dregs. Paws desperately about in the basket, his mouth turning down at the corners, as if on the point of blubbering. Gets up, shakes his fist after the thieves, and runs out after them. PASQUELLA enters from Inn door, comes down, sees basket.)

PASQUELLA: What, what? Wretch, villain! All our lunch! The dog! The glutton! Where is he?—Ah! *(Looks around angrily.)* And then to run away! But wait! *(She enters the house, fetches a broom, and posts herself behind the door.)*

(Voices of BURATTINO and another are heard from around the corner of the house.)

BURATTINO: *(Tearfully.)* Ah, indeed, yes, and such fine talk! “Such wonderful things to eat there”—and all the time—and then the other one, sir—“How wicked it was to steal!” In the place where he was the thieves,—and all the time, my dinner—

PASQUELLA: Thieves! “Dinner!” Indeed!

(She rushes out, just as BURATTINO with old PANTALONE turns the corner of the house. In her rage she begins thrashing about with her broom, but instead of striking BURATTINO, it is poor PANTALONE who gets the thwacks, for BURATTINO, at her angry voice, gets nimbly out of the way.)

PANTALONE: Ouch! Ouch! What is this? Why—Ah! Woman!—

(In anger and amazement he tries to escape, but before she discovers her mistake, he has been well belaboured.)

PASQUELLA: *(Seeing that it is PANTALONE.)* Oh, ah, sir. *(Drops broom.)* Ah, what have I done, sir!

Where is my Burattino? I heard his voice and saw him just as I came out of the house, sir! (*Seeing BURATTINO.*) It's like you, sir, to be getting out of the way, and letting a poor innocent old gentleman get your desserts! Why, sir (*she walks down, points to basket*), here he comes home bringing luncheon for all, but sits himself down and gobbles it up alone. Only wait! (*She turns to chase BURATTINO again with her broom. He takes to his heels and from hiding behind the house corner, peers out once in a while.*)

PANTALONE: But, dear madam,—the poor man was telling me—

PASQUELLA: Poor man, indeed! What lies was he telling you? Though between you and me (*whispers*) he is an honest man; but this time he must explain—

BURATTINO: (*From behind house corner, peering out.*) Yes,—but—

PASQUELLA: (*Rushing at him.*) Yes, "but!" Come out and explain, sir—

(*BURATTINO again vanishes with speed. PASQUELLA comes back to PANTALONE.*)

PASQUELLA: You see, you see, what a coward he is—

PANTALONE: But my dear madam—if you would let him—

PASQUELLA: But let him? What's to prevent him?—(*She flourishes her broom again and glares about towards B.'s retreat.*)

PANTALONE: But, my dear madam—he was but now peacefully telling me—

PASQUELLA: You?—and why not me, indeed, sir? Why not peacefully tell me—? (*She turns about brandishing broom again, at which BURATTINO, who has just peered out, retreats in terror again before she sees him.*)

(COLUMBINE *enters at back with HARLEQUIN. A sight of PANTALONE, she warningly pushes HARLEQUIN off, and he tiptoes away, but not quickly enough to escape the eye of PANTALONE, who turns at the moment.*)

PANTALONE: What 's this? what 's this? Oh-ho, the rascal! I see, Columbine, again you 're trying to fool your old father. Come here to me!

(COLUMBINE, *who was trying to go off, also, after HARLEQUIN, stops, and comes down dutifully, but pouting, to her father.*)

COLUMBINE: Indeed, father, you treat me wretchedly. Can I help it if I meet Harlequin in the public street?

PANTALONE: (*To PASQUELLA.*) You see, I too have my troubles! This miserable girl can't be content with the fine handsome fellow I've picked out for her.

COLUMBINE: (*Aside*) Hmph!

PASQUELLA: What can you expect? And if she won't be content, she will end with some miserable rascal like my Burattino! (*Looks around again brandishing broom; BURATTINO same business as before in rear.*)

(PEDROLINO *enters from Inn and after looking around goes up and wrenches at broom in PASQUELLA's hands. She turns on him furiously. He has paroxysm of fright, then begins making many bows, and pointing at house, takes hold of broom, which she still holds, and makes gestures of sweeping with it. She gives it to him, and pushes him towards house violently, almost tumbling him over. He stumbles off, muttering, and enters Inn.*)

PASQUELLA: Yes, go, clown, and see you get things clean!

(BURATTINO, *peering out and seeing the broom gone, ventures to emerge.*)

BURATTINO: (*Blusters.*) What, what, what? A "rascal like your Burattino"? A rascal, am I?

PASQUELLA: (*Turning upon him.*) What, you, you—

(*He retreats behind PANTALONE.*)

(CINTHIO *appears at R. finely dressed and becurled.*)

PANTALONE: Yes, and here, here is your Cinthio, my Columbine,—a finer fellow— (COLUMBINE *pouts and turns away.*) See there, how she behaves! (*To PASQUELLA.*) Good-morning, Cinthio. (CINTHIO *approaches, bowing. Meantime PEDROLINO is seen within Inn sweeping around the window frames, and dusting about; as CINTHIO makes a fine bow, he apparently accidentally pushes the broom through the open sash, and into his face, knocking him down. PANTALONE rushes to help him. PASQUELLA rushes at PEDROLINO, who disappears, and she follows him into Inn. BURATTINO follows PANTALONE to commiserate CINTHIO and lurches about the two obsequiously. COLUMBINE puts her hand over her mouth to hide her laughter, runs up stage, and beckons at back. HARLEQUIN appears. They point, gesture, and laugh at the group about CINTHIO and run off.*)

PANTALONE: (*To BURATTINO.*) What a servant you have, sir! To knock a man in the face with a dirty broom!

CINTHIO: (*Rising with pomposity.*) You will make me amends, sir! (*To BURATTINO.*) Where is that rascally servant, sir?

BURATTINO: (*Obsequiously.*) Oh, indeed, sir! Pray, sir! I—

(PEDROLINO is heard within raising an outcry, and PASQUELLA's voice angrily scolding him. Presently a door bangs. PEDROLINO appears at back of stage running across and off at Left with PASQUELLA after him.)

PASQUELLA: (*Shrieking at PEDROLINO.*) Monkey! Clown! I'll teach you! Baboon!—

(CINTHIO instinctively makes a movement as if to join the chase, but stops and begins smoothing down his frills disturbed by his mishap.)

CINTHIO: A pretty way to treat one! And your daughter, sir, she's a hussy! She was here, sir, I saw her. Where is she now? She laughed and ran away. A pretty kind of treatment! You may take it from me, now, sir, I will not marry your daughter!

PANTALONE: (*Distressed and apologetic.*) Oh, my good young Cinthio! Columbine has run away in fright, I am sure, at the sight of such an attack on you. Oh, I am sure she will be back!

CINTHIO: (*Still huffed.*) Well, and I care not now at all whether or no she return, sir!

PANTALONE: Well, now, my dear sir, we will go fetch her, and all will be well.

BURATTINO: (*Solicitous to make peace.*) Oh, my dear sirs,—now—let us be at peace. See now, Zanni shall bring us some wine—

(PASQUELLA re-enters from Left Upper Entrance leading PEDROLINO by the collar.)

PASQUELLA: (*Panting and fretting.*) A pretty time; a pretty time I've had of it! With your fool of a servant! And all for a pair of lovers' doings; a girl that runs away from her father's choice and is only

now strolling about the market with her sweetheart while he buys sweets for her! Hmph,—a pretty time!

CINTHIO: Hey? What's that? The market-place?

PANTALONE: Hey? The knave!

PASQUELLA: Ay, and when they saw me, they made off, and that in haste, I can tell you, and no knowing where they're gone now!

PANTALONE: What's that? Made off, did they?

CINTHIO: The impudent rascal! And which way did they go, woman?

PASQUELLA: Oh, indeed, how could I be telling, with my hands full to bring back this fool here?

(PEDROLINO begins to gesture and point.)

CINTHIO: Well, well, he can show us the way. Come now, clown, take us after them, and—(*takes him by the collar and shakes him*) and I'll teach you to poke brooms in my face again! Knock me down, will you?—knock me down? (*He gets warmed up as he speaks and shakes PEDROLINO with each sentence. PEDROLINO in pantomime of fear and apology.*) Well, lead us along! (*With a push, and freeing PEDROLINO.*)

(*All turn to go off Upper Left, PASQUELLA still carrying the broom. BURATTINO turns and picks up the basket, looks sadly in it, and carries it off on his arm. PEDROLINO leads. PANTALONE and CINTHIO bring up the rear. As they all creep off in comic procession, and on tiptoe with exaggerated stealth, HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE enter from Left First Entrance, also stealthily with fingers to lips and peering about. Simultaneously TARTAGLIA enters from R. 1st E., in a rage, and stammering. He carries a basket.*)

TARTAGLIA: Rogues! Wretches!—What—what—what— (*He gobbles out his words with anger.*)

COLUMBINE: (*Approaching with HARLEQUIN.*) Why Messer Tartaglia, what ails you?

TARTAGLIA: (*Opening his basket and taking from it a cabbage decked with ribbons.*) What do you think of this? Two rogues! Wretches! If I could but—Why, my servant, poor fellow, he was bringing home some fine partridges for me,—and what should happen but he was set upon by two rogues and the birds filched from him! And in its stead they must insult me with the thing you see here; bah! And if it had not been that I saw it from my window, the poor clown would have had a drubbing, for he has a liking for partridge himself! A shame, indeed; a decent man, an honest man, treated so, and in his own town, by outlandish knaves! Could I but lay my hands on them— (*Mutters and gobbles again angrily.*)

HARLEQUIN: Ah, now, Messer Tartaglia, don't take on so, for there are more partridges to be had, though it 's indeed a shame—

(*The Two Rogues appear, first looking out from either side of the Inn. They come down chuckling to either side of the group, and begin making low bows. When suddenly they catch sight of the cabbage in TARTAGLIA's hands, they each make a step of retreat, but seeing it is too late, wink at each other, and prepare for an encounter of wits.*)

TARTAGLIA: (*Starting angrily at sight of them.*) My word for it, but it 's the two rogues? (*He makes a plunge towards one and then the other, shaking his fist, but stands between, eyeing both alternately.*)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Taking a step towards TARTAGLIA, with a sprightly air.*) Ah, so it 's you, good sir, whose servant was taking him such an interesting present as a cabbage all finely trimmed in this style! Truly

we thought 't was a shame, sir,—ahem—as if to say—
—as it were,—fine clothes do not—ahem!

TARTAGLIA: (*Strangling with rage.*) As if to say?
—as if to say?—Never mind what it's to say! Knave!
What? What's that? My servant? Did n't I see
you—with my own eyes— (*Makes a lunge at the*
ROGUE.

FIRST ROGUE: Not so fast, not so fast! (*Side
stepping and stopping with a bow to TARTAGLIA.*) And
if it was your servant, my good sir, where is he pray,
that I may teach him a lesson?

TARTAGLIA: A lesson? A lesson? And why, pray—
(*Angry, but growing bewildered.*)

FIRST ROGUE: And he has a fine sense of a bargain,
sir, I can tell you, and to your advantage! But 't is
hardly the way to serve strangers to your town, sir,—
for a fine brace of partridges—

TARTAGLIA: Partridges? Partridges, sir? Indeed
that is what I saw you filching from him, sir—I—
(*Lunges for him.*)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Side stepping.*) Again wait, if
you please, sir! Your fine rogue of a servant, sir, is
either a knave, or you have him well trained and are
a knave yourself, sir; which, sir—

TARTAGLIA: (*Wrathy.*) A knave sir? I—I—?—
(*stammering.*)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Side stepping with a low bow.*)
Which I, sir,—as I was about to say,—could not
believe, sir!—

SECOND ROGUE: (*Also, side stepping, with a like
bow.*) Nor I, sir!

TARTAGLIA *looks from one to the other comically.*
During the talk of the FIRST ROGUE, the second
one has followed his talk with gestures of assent,

nods, and bows, comically. Now he appears to have caught his friend's cue enough to begin to join in.)

TARTAGLIA: Oh, ah!

FIRST ROGUE: But your servant, sir, let me tell you, is a great rogue, and you should know it. (*Virtuously.*)

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, indeed, sir! (*Wags his head.*)

TARTAGLIA: (*Looking from one to the other.*) Um—ah?

FIRST ROGUE: My friend and I here, we were innocently entering your town, with a fine brace of partridges to sell in your market.

SECOND ROGUE: Yes, indeed, a fine brace!

TARTAGLIA: Hum, indeed! (*Curious.*)

FIRST ROGUE: We meet this man,—your valet, I assume, sir. He says to us—"Ah—ha, just what my master is sending me to the market to buy, and here I meet you on the way, and shall be saved the trip." That is what he said, sir.

SECOND ROGUE: Indeed, so it was sir!

(TARTAGLIA *same business as before.*)

FIRST ROGUE: "Come with me to my master," said he, sir, "and he will pay you; and let me look at the partridges, I think they are fine plump birds." And, indeed, they were, sir!

SECOND ROGUE: Indeed they were, sir!

FIRST ROGUE: So, with that, he takes the partridges in his hands to feel of them, as we being honest, suppose,—and presto, sir, before we could make a move, he was taking to his heels with them! And there on the ground he had set down his basket, shouting and mocking at us as he ran, that it was more than a bargain we would find within! And sure enough so

it was, sir,—but bedecked or not, we would sooner eat partridge than the finest cabbage head that was ever cut off! And this you see, sir—

TARTAGLIA: (*Bewildered.*) Why—why, but it was you, sirs, I saw giving to my servant this miserable fodder, and laying hands on him, sirs, to take away my fine fat partridges, sirs—

FIRST ROGUE: (*Aggrieved.*) Indeed, sir, we might well lay hands on him, and we wish we might again, for to be sure we ran after him and filched back our birds,—and but our own property,—and left with him the fine gift he first had, just as you see!

TARTAGLIA: (*Puzzled the more, looking from one to the other, then at the cabbage head.*) But—how came he by this? Who would have given this to me—Who would? (*Looks from one Rogue to other.*) Ah, my servant is a good servant—and indeed he has not the wit for lies, so I doubt—

FIRST ROGUE: (*With a shrug.*) Indeed, it does n't concern me how he came by it. And he has the wit to see the difference between that and a good partridge, so he's no doubt not such a fool as you think. In the meantime we have each a leg of partridge left, sir, so take them, to give your zany a drubbing with!

(*With a low bow he presents a roasted bird drumstick from his pouch to TARTAGLIA.*)

SECOND ROGUE: And I, sir! (*Presenting a second drumstick, same business.*)

TARTAGLIA: (*Bewildered, looks from one to the other, not knowing whether to be offended or not.*) Well—oh, ah—What—what?—

(*An outcry is heard, R. U. E., and Zanni, TARTAGLIA's servant, runs in, pointing at the two Rogues, gesticulating and exclaiming.*)

ZANNI: There, master! The rogues, the rogues! At them! At them!

TARTAGLIA: (*Angrily, turning around.*) At them? At them? Rogue yourself! I'll teach you to bring me cabbage heads tied with ribbons! A jest, is it? And cheat strangers, will you? Ruin my good name, will you? I'll teach you—I'll—

(*Holding a drumstick in either hand, which he has taken in a bewildered way from the two Rogues, he chases ZANNI off R. U. E. The Two Rogues double up with merriment. HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE join with their mirth and come down to talk to them.*)

HARLEQUIN: You are clever chaps! Help us.

SECOND ROGUE: What can we do for you?

COLUMBINE: (*Stepping forward.*) My father wants me to marry a fool.

FIRST ROGUE: What? Him? (*Points at HARLEQUIN.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*Promptly knocks him down.*) Take that! (*The others laugh.*)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Getting up and rubbing his bruises.*) You have a good arm. Come, we'll be friends!

(*Shakes hands with HARLEQUIN.*)

COLUMBINE: We want to escape.

THE ROGUES: (*Laughing.*) Well—that's easy!

COLUMBINE: How? Where?

THE ROGUES: There's the road—you both can walk!

COLUMBINE: But they will come after us!

SECOND ROGUE: Who?

HARLEQUIN: Messer Pantalone, and the young Signore Cinthio, but it's likely they'll bring others to help give me a drubbing too! (*Laughs.*)

COLUMBINE: Oh, you're not afraid, are you? Well, but whether they beat you or not, they'll take me home! (*Begins to whimper.*) And make me marry Cinthio!

SECOND ROGUE: Well, and what can we do for you?

COLUMBINE: (*Listening.*) Hush, they are coming!

(*Outside, footsteps are heard in a measured, furtive tramp and loud sounds of people saying together: "Sh!" long drawn out and repeated with the measured steps.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*To Rogues.*) Help me to defend her.

SECOND ROGUE: Wisdom is better than valour; let us first try wits. You go and hide.

HARLEQUIN: Well, well, you are clever, and how do I know you will not play me tricks as you have others?

SECOND ROGUE: Ha-ha, have I not seen the strength of your arm? And I prefer wits. Go you and hide.

HARLEQUIN: (*Looking at his arm.*) Well, it is strong still, if the temptation to tricks is too much for you! And at least it can be but one vexation more, eh, Columbine? Come, let us do what they say.

COLUMBINE: What?

HARLEQUIN: (*Taking her hand and leading her behind the Inn to R.*) Hide here, and see what comes.

SECOND ROGUE: Wait, first tell us who are coming? Name them again.

HARLEQUIN: Messer Pantalone—

SECOND ROGUE: (*Counting the names off on his fingers.*)

And who may he be?

COLUMBINE: My father.

SECOND ROGUE: And so to be treated with due respect. And then?

HARLEQUIN: The Signore Cinthio.

SECOND ROGUE: A young gentleman, I take it?

COLUMBINE: A very foolish one.

SECOND ROGUE: Still a young gentleman.

HARLEQUIN: Who sets great store by his riches—

COLUMBINE: And rightly, for he has little else!
(*Scornfully.*)

SECOND ROGUE: Still, that is to be remembered; a young gentleman, and rich. (*Counts him off.*) And then?

HARLEQUIN: None, that I know of, unless they pick up townsfolk to help pursue us.

(*Sounds again without of people approaching.*)

SECOND ROGUE: They have more than four feet between them, if it is but the two of them! We may need more than wits! But go, you two, and hide.

(HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE listen a moment, and then tiptoe off behind Inn, R.)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Looking about him.*) It is here we played our trick this morning, if I mistake not; I judge we 'll not be in good odour!

SECOND ROGUE: Well, well, come; prepare! Sit you here. Two honest fellows would not be fretting. (*He seats himself coolly on bench by Inn door, and motions his friend to do likewise. Begins to sing in a loud cheerful tone.*) Ti-rol, ti-rol, ti-riddle-rol— (*Turns to his friend.*) And be you asleep and snoring, as do those with a good conscience—or a full paunch! Ha-ha! Ti-rol, ti-rol, ti-riddle-rol— (*The other Rogue does as he 's told.*)

(*Presently the procession of searchers after the young couple enters L.U.E. They stop and fall*

back a step when they see and hear the Rogues. The SECOND ROGUE affects not to see them, and keeps on singing.)

SECOND ROGUE: (*Singing.*)

A gay song from an honest heart—

Ti-rol, ti-rol, ti-riddle-rol—

'T is ill to keep true lovers apart—Heigho—

With a gay song from an honest heart—Hey—

PASQUELLA: (*Approaching and interrupting.*) Well, upon my soul, who may you be, sir?

SECOND ROGUE: (*At first as if he did n't hear.*)—A gay song from an honest heart—(*Then turning to see her, apologetically springs up with bows and smiles.*) Why—oh—oh—Madam!—

BURATTINO: (*Gaping open-mouthed at the ROGUE.*) An honest heart? An honest heart?—By all that 's wonderful, the audacity of this! 'T is the very rogues that stole my dinner! Wait now, till I get at you! (*He is setting down his basket and preparing to make a charge at the Rogues.*) Singing, and asleep, are they? And here in front of my very house! The impudence—

SECOND ROGUE: (*As if with pleased surprise.*) Why, why—(*Going towards BURATTINO.*) Upon my word! If here is n't the gentleman we were waiting for! The landlord! Who treated us so hospitably this morning!

BURATTINO: (*The wind taken out of his sails.*) Hospitably?—hospitably?—The impu—why—er—

SECOND ROGUE: (*Turning to PASQUELLA.*) Why, this morning, this good man—your—relative, madam?—this morning—

PASQUELLA: My husband, worse luck,—and a poor fool—

SECOND ROGUE: Oh, don't say so, madam, for a better breakfast could n't have been served up to two travellers than his kindness—

BURATTINO: My kindness—? The—

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, you do not appreciate your husband, madam! His modesty—

BURATTINO: (*Changing his tune a little.*) Ahem!

PASQUELLA: So it was you, sirs, that got my luncheon? Showing off his modesty, his hospitality, is he, for the sake of strangers,—while his wife goes hungry? I'll— (*Turns threateningly towards BURATTINO again, who dodges behind PEDROLINO.*)

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, but don't be too hasty, madam! Without doubt he would have presented us with a neat bill, but we were in a bit of a hurry—

BURATTINO: (*Interrupting.*) A bit of a hurry—ah—!

SECOND ROGUE: (*Smiling.*) Calm yourself, sir, and let me add, we were but now on the point of knocking at your door for it,—if by this time it chanced you had figured it up—so, sir, you see, sir— (*Conciliatory.*)

PASQUELLA: (*To BURATTINO.*) Yes, fool that you are! I've no doubt you kept the poor gentlemen waiting while you bungled over figures, till they were out of all patience for it! I've seen you myself— (*BURATTINO tries to stammer out explanations. PASQUELLA turns to the Rogues.*) Oh, yes, sirs,—indeed, I can well believe it! And every one must suffer for his clumsiness, forsooth! I without my luncheon, and led to blame two good gentlemen who have come to settle their bill indeed! (*ingratiatingly to Rogues.*) The plague of my life, surely you are, sir! (*to BURATTINO, who stammers and instinctively dodges.*)

CINTHIO: (*Who has been looking about, impatiently.*) Here, here, cease your squabbles. This is not helping me to find the culprits we are after,—and they may be but this moment getting away from us. Come, 'Ser Pantalone,—this won't do. I—(*Swaggering about.*)

PASQUELLA: (*Fidgetting, to BURATTINO.*) Well, go you, now, sir, and make out your bill! 'Tis n't every patron that comes asking for it! Get the benefit of it, you zany, or they 'll be in a hurry again, the first thing you know! Be off with you! (*She begins pushing him towards Inn door.*)

FIRST AND SECOND ROGUES: (*Winking at each other.*) Ahem!

(CINTHIO is wandering about, and occasionally coming too near the corner of the Inn where HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE have hidden. The two Rogues nudge each other, and the FIRST ROGUE approaches CINTHIO, behind whom PANTALONE is also stepping about occasionally. The SECOND ROGUE engages PANTALONE's attention by walking towards him and pointing to BURATTINO.)

SECOND ROGUE: Now, a hard lot for an honest man! And a kindly soul, too! Ah,—to marry—there a man is at once in prison,—and in Bedlam—(*Wags his head.* PANTALONE looks up at him responsively.)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Approaching CINTHIO and doffing his cap.*) Ah, Signore,—surely I have met you before! This is Signore Cinthio, is it not? and—but recently—

CINTHIO: (*Looking at him with astonishment.*) Why, sir, how is it you know my name? I never laid eyes on you before now!

FIRST ROGUE: (*As if surprised, and slightly of-*

fended.) Well, well, sir, I 'm sure I had no notion of being treated by an acquaintance, thus, sir!—Why (*raising his voice so that all may clearly hear*)—how can you not recall me, sir? I am the cousin of that young Milanese lady, sir, to whom, if I mistake not, you are betrothed! (PANTALONE stops the talk he was apparently entering with the SECOND ROGUE, and comes a step nearer the others.)

PANTALONE: What?—What is that?

CINTHIO: (*Stammering and astonished.*) I—sir? I—What do you mean, sir?

PANTALONE: (*Coming nearer.*) A Milanese lady, sir?—And this Venice,—and my daughter never out of the town, sir—What—what—?

FIRST ROGUE: (*As if puzzled, but suspicious.*) Ah—um! Well, well, ahem! A mistake, perhaps (*raising his eyebrows with intentional significance*)—but I thought I could hardly be mistaken, having met you often—that is—fairly often (*with a shrug, and a side glance at CINTHIO as if willing to soften his scrape for him in others' presence*) and knowing from my cousin that you had been away from Milan for a considerable time,—on—ahem—pressing business, as she supposes, sir.

CINTHIO: (*Becoming more angry, and stammering.*) What are you saying, sir?—What—what—what? I—I know no Milanese lady, sir! I—I never laid eyes on you, sir! It is an outrageous—a mistake, sir—or an impertinence—I know not,—but I mistrust you—sir—I—I—

PANTALONE: (*Coming forward.*) Well, well, this puts a new face on things! A Milanese lady, and you betrothed to my daughter! Indeed! There is an explanation necessary, somewhere—that is certain!—

(Looks from one to the other bewildered, suspicious, and becoming angry.)

FIRST ROGUE: *(With feigned anger.)* Sirrah! You *(to CINTHIO)* betrothed to a Venetian lady? *(Laughs.)* A pretty game you play! Why, you are quite a killer! Well, there will be a reckoning about this!

PANTALONE: Indeed, sir, *(to CINTHIO)* fooling me all this time, have you been, sir! luring my daughter into your clutches, sir!

CINTHIO: *(Enraged, with his hand to his sword.)* What, sir?—Some one will pay for this, sir! I—I—your 're all mad, sir!

FIRST ROGUE: No swords, sir, no swords! You may put yourself deeper into a dilemma! Proofs will be necessary, sir *(threateningly)*. And my cousin, sir, I am her next of kin,—her next male relative, sir—father and brother to her—and I—

CINTHIO: *(Sputtering and red in the face but apparently frightened.)* I—er—you—rascal—I—

PANTALONE: Ay, indeed, proofs *(angrily)*. And I—why you cannot say a straight sentence, sir, since the accusation! *(To the ROGUE.)* It will be necessary to bring your cousin, sir,—and—

SECOND ROGUE: *(Righteously.)* Ay, proofs indeed— *(CINTHIO backs away.)*

CINTHIO: *(With a spurt of courage.)* Ay, bring your cousin, sir,—for on my faith, there is no such person *(backs away more)*—and in the meantime I—

FIRST ROGUE: You 'll be off, will you? Nay, nay!

PANTALONE: No, stop him! Those who are not guilty will face their tests!

(Moves towards CINTHIO, who suddenly shows alarm, and turns about, to be off. The FIRST ROGUE lays hands on him and CINTHIO turns,

and struggling, thwacks the ROGUE over the head.

TARTAGLIA *enters, running in.*)

TARTAGLIA: What 's this? What 's this?

PANTALONE: A liar, a knave, a deceiver of women!
—Take him,—stop him!

TARTAGLIA: Which, sir, which?

PANTALONE: The fine young gentleman, Signore Cinthio! Ah, a fig for his fine feathers, indeed, and his father an honest man—and respected! Ah! Take him—see how he pummels the man who finds him out—whose cousin—Take him—!

FIRST ROGUE: Ay, help, he is a tougher customer than I thought! Help, before he gets away! Arrest him!

TARTAGLIA: And what for? I can make no arrests without good reason—sirs—

SECOND ROGUE: Assault, sir, assault, can you not see! See, with his sword, he would have ripped up my good comrade but now! Take him, sir!

(TARTAGLIA stammers, and questions, and bumbles about, while the others rush upon CINTHIO and hold him. CINTHIO cries loudly for help, but the Rogues drown his cries, and put their hands over his mouth.)

TARTAGLIA: *(Coming up to group finally and bungling about flourishing his stick.)* Well, well, some one must be bound, that is certain! Some one—The peace must be kept! *(But he only bumbles about, flourishing his stick and doing nothing. The two ROGUES whip off their belts, and bind CINTHIO about the arms.)*

FIRST ROGUE: Now we have him!

TARTAGLIA: *(Mopping his forehead as if he had done all the work.)* Ay, indeed, and now—

SECOND ROGUE: Here he shall sit! *(Two ROGUES*

lead him to bench.) And will only be let loose when he answers all questions honestly!

TARTAGLIA: Let loose, indeed! A prisoner, and after such a run as I 've had for it! To jail with him!

FIRST ROGUE: Ah, good sir,—let us have our way; we are lenient gentlemen! If the fellow will but be honest—why then—

TARTAGLIA: Ahem—we shall see! We shall see!—Out of order—out of order! No—no—But I will see!

CINTHIO: (*Breathless.*) Wretches! It is they—sheriff—it is they!—Lies—and tricks!—Believe a stranger—a lying stranger before a citizen?—Ah—

TARTAGLIA: (*Bewildered.*) Ahem—we shall see—we shall see!

SECOND ROGUE: Do not all rogues talk so? But we will be lenient!

PANTALONE: Ah, now, if but my daughter would come along!—Ah, Columbine—Columbine! These young men—what is a father to do?

FIRST ROGUE: Columbine! Is that your daughter's name, sir! Ah, a pretty name, indeed! "Columbine"—and to be treated so! And my own cousin a like sufferer! Of a truth, to be tarred and feathered were not too much for a man of such a sort! For your pretty Columbine I am sorry, sir. (*He steps back as he speaks, and opposite the hiding place of HARLEQUIN and COLUMBINE, signals to her. She and HARLEQUIN appear, but the ROGUE motions HARLEQUIN back before he is seen. COLUMBINE enters from hiding, looking innocently about.*)

COLUMBINE: Why, father, did you not call me now? Indeed, I was stopping by the inn to gossip with the maid, and I heard a great rumpus! I was afraid to

come by,—but just now I heard my name—and the noise seems quieted. What did you want, sir? (*To PANTALONE. (Suddenly sees CINTHIO.)* Ah, and what is this, pray? You,—the good Cinthio? In trouble! Ha-ha! Faith, I wonder you had so much wit!

PANTALONE: In trouble indeed,—and, ah, daughter, if I 'd been having my way, he 'd have put us in with himself! Ah, a traitor! Indeed, you were right when you could not endure him, I see that now!

FIRST ROGUE: Ay, a woman's wit! (*Sagaciously wags his head.*) We are no match for it, good sir,—and indeed, my cousin—

PANTALONE: Ah, my daughter, it is not fitting for you to hear the knavery of this man! In faith, this gentleman's cousin was plighted to him, and by chance heaven sent him this way in time, for another hour and I should have had you wedded to the rascal!

CINTHIO: Lies! Abominable lies! I know no cousins. (*Struggles. TARTAGLIA stands over him with club, and SECOND ROGUE cows him with a look, also standing over him, though with an air of nonchalance.*)

COLUMBINE: (*With pretended ignorance and bewilderment.*) Well, I know not what it is all about—but, dear father, I don't think I 'd have wedded him within the hour, i' faith, for I was on my way to the bazaar, and indeed was not thinking of returning till supper time. But—perhaps, dear father, you will trust me now,—and when an honest man—if he is poor—asks for my hand—

PANTALONE: Hm! An honest man, and where is he? (*Suspiciously.*) Faith, the next time I 'll learn a man's whereabouts from his cradle to his wedding day, before he shall have you!

COLUMBINE: (*Pretends to weep.*) Oh, father, you

are unjust, and cruel! You know well whom I love, and that he is an honest man can be proved by the way he never leaves my side! Indeed, you know well he has but lived in this town all his days, and the other maids in the place are at odds with me, because he will not speak a word to them. He is so good-looking and gay, that they would all be pleased with my luck, but you father—Oh! (*Weeps again.*)

PANTALONE: (*Looks at her doubtfully.*) Ahem! But a humble fellow,—and you—you could do better! —And—

COLUMBINE: Yes, but you see what these rich young men are up to—and a humble, honest fellow—he would never think of such ugly tricks. (*Tearfully.*)

PANTALONE: Well, but where is this honest fellow, now when a time comes—

(*HARLEQUIN enters with a great dash as of courage and protection.*)

HARLEQUIN: Ha! What is all this?—Columbine! In the midst of all this noise? I heard it from the distance, when I was looking for you to go to the bazaar! (*He goes up to her and boldly takes her in his arms, with an air of resolute defiance of all the company.*) I moped, I wandered restlessly, till time to find you came! Ah, why did you not make the hour earlier? What has been happening here?—Until I see you, the day is dark, and the other maids—Ah—bah! (*A gesture of disgust.*)

PANTALONE: (*Nervously.*) Ahem! But this—By what right, sir? (*To HARLEQUIN*) You are too ready with your assurance—it seems—

HARLEQUIN: (*Paying no attention to PANTALONE, sees CINTHIO.*) Ha-ha! Signore Cinthio? And what is this?

CINTHIO: (*Wrathfully.*) Sirrah, you dare speak in such a tone to me! You—sheriff—I shall see that you are called to account for this!

(TARTAGLIA stammers, and gobbles, looks about from one to the other, and apparently settling in his mind that CINTHIO, at least for the present, is the proper culprit, lifts his baton again over him, at which CINTHIO expresses rage.)

(BURATTINO re-enters from the Inn bearing a long bill, reading it to himself as he comes. PAS-QUELLA follows him.)

FIRST ROGUE: (*Looking at him in astonishment.*) And by my eye, ate we in long measure as much as that? One would think we could not eat for a twelve-month again! Faith, my paunch is near bursting at the sight of it!

SECOND ROGUE: (*Clasping his forehead.*) By the gods! And mine too! Is this for us? You have been at great pains, sir!

FIRST ROGUE: Not as great as ours would be had we eaten the half length of it!

(*Both Rogues are merry in their banter, not apparently dismayed.*)

BURATTINO: (*Bowing and presenting the bill before them, holding it up.*) Ay, indeed, sir, it is most carefully figured out, that no item should go unnoted!

SECOND ROGUE: We warrant you!

BURATTINO: Ah, but also, that you should not be cheated with payment for a crumb too much!

FIRST ROGUE: Sir, you give us credit at least for a most excellent digestion! Would you might give our pockets as long a credit!

BURATTINO: Faith, I 've given you the day, sirs, and strangers to the place! Indeed that 's unusual!

FIRST ROGUE: And the day, then, is it as long as the bill? Faith, it would take longer to digest the items of that! Well, well, come now to business. 'T is after all (*with a wink at his comrade*) not a circumstance to the pretty bills we paid in Milan, which I doubt not our friend here (*indicating CINTHIO*) may remember us for, for though he's churlish with his welcome to his town, we gave him many a pretty diversion in ours!

CINTHIO: What?—The rascal! the knave! His town! His diversions! I never—Sheriff! (*He is subdued by the threatening gestures of those about him.*)

PANTALONE: Hear that, my daughter, hear that,—and he pretends, this fine Signore Cinthio—to ignore those who have been good to him! —and it is for a good reason—indeed—ah, my poor child—that he is unwilling to recognise them! Ah!

SECOND ROGUE: Well, now—to the bill, good Master Innkeeper! Let us see! The very reading of it should serve us for dinner! (*Reads.*) A veal pasty, a large one. Faith, and the one I ate was far too small,—we will carry a measure to the next inn! And this has cost us, this pasty—and if I remember it, 't was cold and a bit tough—

PASQUELLA: (*Aside.*) Hm! Fine words before! My husband's "hospitality," and all—until the bill comes!

SECOND ROGUE: (*Continuing.*) Ten paolo! Robbery! (*Wags his head, but good-naturedly.*) A bottle of Chianti,—but an ordinary wine that, and I remember no great mellowness in its flavour, and for this he charges—

BURATTINO: 'T is an injustice sir, 't was old wine, and of a quality that—

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, we do not complain—and only compare our taste with yours! Surely now the advantage is soon to be yours, good sir!

FIRST ROGUE: Well, well, you are good at a bargain, sir! Or your good wife, there,—for I mistrust it is her doing, and not the outcome of a round-faced good-nature like yours—

PASQUELLA: What?—What?

FIRST ROGUE: (*Continuing, with only a glance in PASQUELLA's direction.*) Faith, madam, none but a woman or a baker would have the wit to remember the names of a hundred small cakes, and have them down correctly with a price for each! (*He makes a bow of mock compliment to her.*)

PASQUELLA: (*Not knowing whether to be offended or pleased.*) Ahem—ahem!

SECOND ROGUE: (*Head on one side summing up.*) Hm!—'T is a goodly sum! Ah, well, we ate and enjoyed! 'T is a trifle, if a bit of difference in our calculations—

FIRST ROGUE: (*With a shrug.*) Hm! Ay, a trifle. And innkeepers were never honest; but they 're born, not made,—and 't is not their fault.

BURATTINO: Ahem! Discontented, gentlemen? I—er—told my wife—

PASQUELLA: (*Aside, angrily.*) Zany, hold thy tongue!

CINTHIO: (*Interrupting savagely.*) Here, here, what is all this? This won't do. To sit here all day, am I, while you haggle over your food bills! Sheriff, what do you mean, sir? (*He struggles to get up, pushes the Sheriff aside, and goes for HARLEQUIN with his head.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*Protecting COLUMBINE.*) What

do you mean, sir? (*Tumbles him over, and holds him.*)

TARTAGLIA: (*Gobbling.*) Here, here! (*Makes for the two and flourishes his stick.*)

PANTALONE: My daughter, my daughter! (*Goes to her.*)

HARLEQUIN: (*Affecting ignorance and with a great show of courage.*) What is all this about? A hurly-burly ever since I came upon you all? and all talking to different ends?—Let's have an end to it! This young coxcomb here (*indicating CINTHIO*)—you 've found a knave,—is that it? And he it was, was to rob me of my sweetheart? (*Laughs.*) Well, you may lead a horse to water—Columbine,—where are you? (*She is crying on her father's arm.*) Here (*to the Rogues*), you gentlemen hold this fellow, and let us help the sheriff do his duty, for he seems but able to stutter and bungle about with his baton. Let's have this knave in jail,—if knave he is,—or prove he is not! Come!

COLUMBINE: (*Admiringly.*) Ah, good father, see what a brave lad my choice is! How can you help wishing for such an honest son?

(*Pantalone looks doubtfully about.*)

PANTALONE: Ahem, well, daughter—(*Hesitatingly.*)

COLUMBINE: Oh, Harlequin, my father is saying what a brave man you are,—

PANTALONE: Hush, child—I said no such—

COLUMBINE: Oh, father,—but you know,—you surely see—

(*The two Rogues come over to HARLEQUIN.*)

BURATTINO: Ah, but my bill, my bill!

CINTHIO: Have done about your bill, and if I 'm to be led to the court, let it be at once, for I am inno-

cent, and I 'll bid some honest person there get word to my father, and have you all—

(TARTAGLIA *stammers apologetically.*)

FIRST ROGUE: Well, indeed, sir, we 'll give a hand to holding you here, but we 'll not pay this bill, till we 've settled some points in it, for fair as our friend the innkeeper, here, is,—we think his wife, not being witness to our breakfast, has added unmerciful numbers to our stomachs' credit, and tho' there 's a place for good-nature, still, it rankles to be put upon!

CINTHIO: Faith, if there was a way to have it done with!

PASQUELLA: And when these fine fellows with all their talk pay the bill as it 's put down, it will be over with, but not before!

CINTHIO: Faith, I would myself readily pay the difference, to be out of this! What is your difference, Messer Burattino,—out with it and let us have done, if these knaves will not hand you what your wife asks, though I 've no notion you 're any one of you the more honest than another!

SECOND ROGUE: (*Jauntily.*) Oh, sir, 't is not a matter of difference. If we can have it proven that the bill stands correct, we 'll pay it as readily as if 't were but a paolo, instead of fifty! 'T is a matter of principle, and we 'll not leave off till the fight is done.

CINTHIO: Hm! I 've a great notion of your "principles," for you 're a deuce of lying knaves, that 's what you are, I 'll warrant, with your "Milanese lady," and "met you before"! Out with you! And my name into the bargain! How did you know it?—Surely enough, you 're as clever as you 're rascally!

PANTALONE: Indeed, that 's just it!—His name

he knew, and a stranger here! So how else but in Milan—

CINTHIO: (*Shrieks with rage.*) In Milan? And how know you they came from—

HARLEQUIN: What a bawling! Let something be done! Not so much noise, and all hopping about like puppies!

CINTHIO: Sheriff, 't is your duty to take me to a hearing, and now! Stop your gaping, if I 'm to go, and come with me. Unhand me from this fellow, too! (*Indicating HARLEQUIN.*)

(*TARTAGLIA only bungles impotently about, with hums and haws.*)

CINTHIO: Well, you fellows,—Messer Pantalone, you,—any one, take me to the fit court,—since this zany cannot! And 't is hard with one, if a sheriff cannot arrest him when he wants it, for justice sake and a hearing, and to get a bailing from his father!—but instead that one must have a sheriff about who is only buttons, a paunch, and a stick, bawling about with a stammer!

(*The Rogues step up.*)

FIRST ROGUE: Well, we 're willing to accompany you, and see justice, for we have a tale as good as your own.

SECOND ROGUE: And if you had a good one, faith, you 've had time to bring it out now!

PANTALONE: Ay, indeed!

BURATTINO: (*As the Rogues take HARLEQUIN's place, and he turns to COLUMBINE, while TARTAGLIA hovers about as before.*) No—no—no! Not so fast!

PASQUELLA: Indeed, no!

BURATTINO: Faith, I 'll have justice at the court myself, for my good breakfast indeed—if that 's your

song,—or not a one of you will step away from here first! My money first, good sirs, before you leave this place!

FIRST ROGUE: Not a paolo from us, without more argument. Faith, there were many names of heathen cakes there we never heard tell of, and if we were given them unknowing 't was forcing food upon us under false pretences!

BURATTINO: And if you talk that way, good sirs, I 'll tell my wife,—how you filched my food from my basket,—and waited not for any service in a civil way,—and all without my permission!

ROGUES: (*Severally.*) Ha! What is that, good sir? That foolish talk was settled long ago!

PASQUELLA: Faith, but if you pay not your bill, I shall believe it!

CINTHIO: Here, good landlord—what if I should pay their bill and stop their squabbling? They are mean knaves who will quibble over the names of cakes,—and will never be done!

PASQUELLA: Faith, so I think! (*Eagerly.*) 'T is very good of you, Signore Cinthio! Indeed I never would believe such ill tales as they would now be putting up against you, indeed—

BURATTINO: Ay, Master Cinthio, if you are willing, surely it 's a way out of it! And then we can go to the court in peace, and find the bottom of it all!

CINTHIO: Well, and indeed, I 'm not such a fool through and through, after all, as you think! Come to think of it, if I pay the bill of these rogues, to free myself—why not free myself here, with no further trouble? Surely that will settle matters—

BURATTINO: Well. (*Eagerly.*) What say you? I am willing.

PANTALONE: Nay, nay!

CINTHIO: Well, and then I'll not pay, come to think of it (*stubbornly*). For if these two knaves go to the court, they are swifter of tongue than any honest man, and maybe my father'll not bail me.

HARLEQUIN: Ah, a sharper than one would take you for, Cinthio, indeed! Since the poor landlord's bill is less than a bailbond,—and—(*with a shrug*) maybe there's a reason why you'd not wish to be faced in court with these pretty tales!

PANTALONE: Ay, indeed! So!

COLUMBINE: Surely, father, I'll not bear to see him loosed until I'm safely married to Harlequin, for since he's a traitor—and—(*Begins to cry.*)

HARLEQUIN: And if he's loosed before, I'll bring a charge myself, and have him there on my account! Saw you his battery of me? And when he's there, these other fellows here can bring their tales, which I can well believe, but know no proof of! He'll not escape—trying to snarl my sweetheart in his meshes!

PANTALONE: Hm, yes—yes! (*Scratches his head, perplexed.*)

CINTHIO: (*In despair.*) Ye gods! The clock stops! Nothing will move! when 't is n't one clog 't is another! Troth, these girls, they put us in such tangles as they're not worth the pains for! Hah,—bah! Take your daughter, Messer Pantalone,—but when I'm free, if Harlequin has married her—

HARLEQUIN: These many years we've lived in these same streets, and yet I have not seen a danger from your drubbing!

COLUMBINE: Oh, oh, but *me!* Oh, father, let me marry Harlequin before that wicked Cinthio is free!

BURATTINO: Well, well, about the bill!

CINTHIO: Hm, if I pay it, who 'll free me? For these rogues care not for me, and Harlequin is strong, even if they did! Tartaglia, you 're the one. Take me to the court!

(BURATTINO and PASQUELLA stand in front of him with the bill.)

BOTH: The bill!

CINTHIO: Hm, give it to them that owe it. Figure it out with them! (BURATTINO and PASQUELLA still stand.) Well—if you must stand planted—! (Trying to free himself from the Rogues, and shove TARTAGLIA about and past BURATTINO and PASQUELLA.) Good heavens, turn my pockets, take the money! (In despair, he nods at his pockets with his head, and reaches ineffectually for them with his tied hands. BURATTINO makes a move, PASQUELLA follows, but the Rogues, still holding him, nimbly use one hand each to help themselves.)

FIRST ROGUE: So by your leave! (Filching coin.)

SECOND ROGUE: Ah, many thanks!

CINTHIO: Thieves! Not you! The landlord!

ROGUES: Ah, no, you asked us to arrest you since the sheriff 's futile,—and by your leave, the bail is due to us!

BURATTINO: But I, where do I come in?

THE ROGUES: (With a nod at each other.) Oh, well, to prove our honesty, we 'll pay you what you 've asked for—The change is bail, for us!

(They divide, pay the Landlord with a lordly air, and pocket the rest.)

CINTHIO: Arrest them, 'Ser Tartaglia!

TARTAGLIA: Hah! (Bungling about.)

ROGUES: (Graciously.) And now shall we undo you?

HARLEQUIN: Nay, nay, I come in here! Arrest him for assault! (*To TARTAGLIA.*)

(*TARTAGLIA same business as always.*)

CINTHIO: Ye gods! What next! Of course this would be so!—and now unless my father bails me,—I 've no money—Bah!

HARLEQUIN: Who 'll take him to the court?

CINTHIO: Is no way out of this?

COLUMBINE: Unless you stay here till I 've married Harlequin.

CINTHIO: (*Furious.*) Indeed I 'll not! (*Struggles to free himself from HARLEQUIN. The two Rogues are standing by, with folded arms, now, smiling.*) Here, help, fellows, you promised you would free me!

ROGUES: So we would! His is another score! We 've naught to say to that!

PANTALONE: (*Helpless and nervously.*) I know not what to say! Tartaglia, let 's all to court!

(*TARTAGLIA bungles about.*)

COLUMBINE: Oh, Harlequin, now let him go, and come with me! And if Tartaglia can't, Pasquella,—you can hold him!

CINTHIO: This is too much! And if my arms are tied, I still have legs!

HARLEQUIN: Perhaps not! (*He sits CINTHIO on bench forcibly, in spite of his struggles and of TARTAGLIA, who begins to dance about,—ties CINTHIO's ankles with his scarf, stands up and looks down at him with folded arms.*) Now then! (*CINTHIO tries to get to his feet, and stumbles over.*)

CINTHIO: (*To Rogues.*) Here, help, you fellows!

ROGUES: 'T is no more our affair!

BURATTINO: (*Going to CINTHIO.*) And if you 're not a knave, and you have paid my bill quite prettily,

this treatment is a jot too rude, I 'm thinking. (*Helps CINTHIO to his feet.*)

HARLEQUIN: Look you now, landlord, he 's arrested! I 've complained, and justly. I came in unoffending; was attacked. If you untie him, loose him, you 're a culprit, likewise. Do you understand me?

BURATTINO: But 't were a pity,—an he 's proved innocent—

HARLEQUIN: My count 's a different one. 'T is very well for you (*sneers*), when you 've your reck'ning paid, to be so willing others should lose theirs! And I 've a score of bigger value joined to my complaint, good Sir; a wife,—that 's better than a wretched pasty, and some tartlets!

COLUMBINE: (*To PANTALONE.*) How he appreciates me! Ah, now, come father, take us!

PANTALONE: Hm! Where?

COLUMBINE: Why, to the priest!

(*PANTALONE hums and haws.*)

HARLEQUIN: So, you 'll sit here, my man, tied so, unless Tartaglia takes you to the court. That 's not my business. But if, on my return, with Columbine my wife, I find you here still tied, Tartaglia still mumbling doubtful of his duty,—I 'll then myself untie you,—and discharge the plea! See you, Ser Cinthio! (*Coolly mocking.*)

(*PANTALONE mumbles, TARTAGLIA bungles about, stammering nothing. HARLEQUIN takes COLUMBINE and starts for Upper Left Entrance, PANTALONE follows, but hesitatingly. CINTHIO, enraged, looks after them, makes a movement to get up, at which TARTAGLIA dances, and CINTHIO relapses frowning on the bench again. The two Rogues make bows all around, blandly*

smiling, and go off arm in arm as in previous scene,—similar comedy business. PASQUELLA and BURATTINO look open-mouthed at each other, and at the departing ones. PEDROLINO gapes also after them and all about. ZANNI looks out from behind the Inn, sees TARTAGLIA, and keeps out of his vision. TARTAGLIA dances about CINTHIO for a moment, then looking after each departing group, in a kind of frantic futility, waves his stick, stammers, and runs a few steps in each different direction.)

TARTAGLIA: I arrest you all! (*Gobbling and stammering.*) I arrest you all!

(Those going out continue calmly, unheeding him, those on the scene dodge a little till he finally comes down, and seeing ZANNI, chases him at once.)

Ah, clown, I 've caught you at last! Give away my partridges, will you? Steal a cabbage head for me? With ribbons on it? Insult me with it! Monkey, booby! (*Exit after ZANNI.*)

(CINTHIO sits glowering on the bench, with the other three remaining, PASQUELLA, BURATTINO, and PEDROLINO, gaping at him.)

Curtain

(End of Play)

OUTLINE FROM SANNAZARO'S "ARCADIA"

(Selected from the "Arguments" in the original.)

NOTE.—The outline is given for its suggestion of attractive passages for utilisation in the preparation of outdoor fêtes, and the teacher will readily see how similar scenarios and detail may be culled from many other classical compositions which, complete, are too long or too full of recitals and the monotonous succession of similar incidents, to be dramatic in effect.

I.—A company of shepherds, who, with their flocks, have assembled, amuse themselves with competing in feats of "rustic skill,"—field sports, songs, and the like; "*e ciascuno varie maniere cercando di sollazzare, si dava maravigliosa festa.*" One of the number is sad, so to comfort him another shepherd singles him out and sings with him.

II.—They hail a later coming shepherd going along the roads, and challenge him to match his skill in song with theirs. He accepts, and contributes further to the musical contest.

III. and IV.—A festival ensues sacred to the goddess of herds, with a priestly recital in her honour, and further songs by the shepherds, and the offering of prizes.¹

¹ In adaptation of such a passage, praise of nature, of out-of-door life, of the product and work of the fields, may replace what in the *Arcadia* or similar idyls are praises of special Nature deities.

V. *et seq.*—The festival is diversified by a visit to the tomb of a beloved shepherd in the woods where “wanton satyrs frolic in the night.”

The dead shepherd’s praises are recited and sung, an old man of the company sings of the merits of olden times, and an exile relates his journeys.

The company trails off finally, its mood softened to talk of serious and mystic things.

XII.—One, Sincero, lingering behind, because of his sad mood, is led by a nymph through underground caverns, where, among other wonders, he sees the sources of famous rivers, and, following them, comes at last to Naples.

THE POOL OF ANSWERS

AN IDYLLIC PLAY

Characters:

THE MOTHER GYPSY.

THE ROMANY RYE.

OTHER GYPSIES.

TOWNSFOLK:

AN OLD MAN.

AN ELDERLY MAN.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN.

A CAREWORN WOMAN.

A WOMAN WITH A VEXING SON.

TWO YOUNG GIRLS.

A YOUTH.

OTHER MEN AND WOMEN.

THE OREADS.

Place: An Opening among Forest Trees.

A Pool in the Centre.

COSTUME PLOT

THE MOTHER GYPSY: (*Fanciful.*) A flowing garment, greens and greys, girdled at the waist. About her shoulders for scarf or kerchief a figured East Indian cotton. Hair in coroneted braids, or flowing, wreathed with myrtle and brier rose.

THE ROMANY RYE: Also distinctive and symbolic, not realistic wholly, though in general style having the character of a gypsy man's garb. Grey, green, or soft light brown tunic and breeches, with white loose underblouse, and yellow kerchief knotted about the neck. A picturesque cap, or brimmed hat with a pheasant's feather or hawk's wing. Long hose of same colour as tunic and breeches, or softly contrasted.

OTHER GYPSIES: Picturesque gypsy garb: browns, greens; here and there touches of cobalt, scarlet, Indian yellow; sparing and carefully used crimson and purple. Also in some cases, stuffs quaintly figured suggesting Persian or East Indian decoration.

TOWNSFOLK: Preferably provincial dress of some picturesque nature, as 14th century English. Colour scheme simple, not eccentric or picturesque in the degree of the gypsies' costuming. Foundation colours in neutral tones.

YOUTH: Olive green the note colour; white loose underblouse, scarf with a note of contrast,—red, orange, rose colour, or darker green.

YOUNG GIRLS: Gay, light gowns, simple (according to period chosen). Flowers in their hair or belts.

YOUNG WOMAN: Light grey, or brown, furbelowed, and ribboned wit: cherry colour.

THE OLDER WOMEN: Sober housewives' gowns, with white

kerchiefs or tuckers and caps, according to period. **Foundation**
colours of gowns, dark browns or drabs.

OLD MAN: Dark homespun clothes, grey, brown, or black.
White turn-over collar and cuffs, ruffled shirt or stock, according
to period.

ELDERLY MAN: Prosperous-looking garb of a provincial towns-
man. One or two other townsmen to be similarly costumed.

OREADS: Filmy garments. Foundation colours, greys, greens,
soft browns, dull Indian yellows, and wine colour (the colours of
the foliage in early spring), each with lighter veiling over it,—some
with grey, some with white, some with rainbow scarves. Hair
bound with tiny-leaved vines and berries, snowdrops, and spring
flowers.

THE POOL OF ANSWERS

Scene: An open space in a Grove, flanked and backed by trees and shrubbery. A space towards the front, centre, surrounded by stones and low greenery, to simulate a Pool. One large flattened stone near the Centre, rear rim.

Music: Soft, with intervals of sparkle, then flowing, dreamy. Reminiscent of sounds of nature.¹

OREADS enter, separately, from behind and among the trees. They dance noiselessly, and with first antic, then dreamy measures. They dart in and out from the greenery elusively, giving the impression of never being in full view; elvish, whimsical, but poetic in their dance convolutions.

MOTHER GYPSY appears, Centre. The OREADS dart in among the greenery and stand half concealed there. The MOTHER GYPSY comes down and seats herself on the flat stone, and looking off, with far-away eyes, croons her song, but not sombrely,—rather with a note of joy.

MOTHER GYPSY: (*Singing.*)

Ye who would know for ill or well

What I of the gypsy folk may tell:—

Without a path the bee finds honey,

The rabbit his burrow;

¹ A score is prepared separately for this play.

Knowledge is yours in the flame of a fire
—the flame of a fire—

(The OREADS dance out again near the edges of the trees, darting about like shadows and light, noiselessly.)

MOTHER GYPSY:

Without a path the bee finds honey,

The rabbit his burrow;

In the birds' call is your heart's desire!

(A lull falls for a moment. Then, first soft and distant, without, approaching, the gypsy band is heard singing gaily,—suggestive of mazurka measure.)

GYPSIES:

Tra-la-la-lala-la-la! See! hovering now—

How the snow mists shiver away!

Under the mat of the leaves the seedlings stir,—

Wake and lie still, 'sh! like children at dawn!

What in the rift of the trees goes flashing by?

See! up from the South—a harrow of birds!

Tra-la-la-lala-la-la! Oh, now don't you hear

Soft!—out of the woods—

Hark! the robins' trill!

(They enter, dancing, but subdue their merriment at sight of the MOTHER GYPSY.)

THE RYE: 'Sh!—our Mother is here!

(The GYPSIES spread out in a semicircle behind her, swaying softly as a finish to their gayer dance.)

She rests!

GYPSIES: *(Softly and chantingly.)*

With myrtle and a wild rose in her hair
 Over the pool she sings, our Mother, the Queen!
 Hear in her tones the voices of the birds,
 —the secret early talking of the birds!
 Downward in the pool her image trembles,
 —with myrtle and a wild rose in her hair—
 In the pool so like an eye
 Watching the sky endlessly out of the roots of the
 world!
 Behind the shadowy eyes, prophecy hides, shining like
 a lamp far off,
 Behind the soft veil of them!
 MOTHER GYPSY: My children?
 GYPSIES: (*All.*) We have come!

*(Then gathering near her, they offer their burdens,
 while successively the leaders of each group speak.
 Throughout the ensuing dialogue the chanting re-
 citative tone is held, becoming lyrical in the
 MOTHER GYPSY's chant,—until the TOWNSFOLK
 enter, when it becomes more colloquial until other-
 wise specified.)*

GYPSY LEADERS: (*Successively.*)
 We bring you early fruits—
 —And flowers
 —And water from the wells the Spring has freed!
 MOTHER GYPSY: How have you followed me so
 soon?

RYE: Along the ways where branches had grown
 soft, because you passed them!

A BRINGER OF FLOWERS: By way of the brooks,
 that sang to know you passed, and waked these flowers
 growing by their rims!

RYE: We quickly found your path, watching the
 way the South Wind blew the birds!

ANOTHER GYPSY: Hark! Who come now this way?

ANOTHER GYPSY: Some from the towns, maybe, to hunt for joy—now winter's shivered off!

RYE: Or question you, good Mother,—'t is their wont,—bringing their pent-up woes the winter's left, for you to clear away; or to find out from you, if lovely hopes that wake when in the dim recesses of the trees the robins trill together, shall play false or true.—In the clear pool where shines the endless sky they know you read, good Mother, and can tell the answers to the heart's desire!

MOTHER GYPSY:

I but read what they may read—

In my hands is the open book—

I but know what the waves have sung,

What the leaves tattle!

In the birds' call is the heart's desire,—the heart's desire!

SEVERAL GYPSIES: (*Listening.*) Hark! Now they come creeping—Hark!—

(*All listen—voices of many people are heard without,—some dull, some gay.*)

(*GYPSIES chant softly together.*)

Hark! Those who would know for ill or well—

What you of the gypsy-folk may tell—

Around the pool come creeping,—now come creeping!

Hark!

(*They pause again, listening and waiting.*)

MOTHER GYPSY: (*Chanting.*)

I but know what the leaves have sung, what the waves tattle—

Knowledge is yours in the flame of a fire—

From the Mid-Earth's fire,—her hidden fire!

GYPSIES: Here now they come!

RYE:

Let us stand among the green;

Leave them to the Mother Queen—

(The band distributes itself along the border of trees.)

MOTHER GYPSY: *(Crooning.)*

Where the winds blow—among the leaves

Listen and hear!—from all the worlds—

Hear the secrets that they tell—

Golden secrets to the leaves—

Listen—and know!—

TOWNSFOLK: *(Severally, without.)*

Who sings?—

I hear a strange voice like the winds!

What place is this?

(Entering.)

Ha, gypsies here, and surely there 's their Queen!

A strange, weird woman!

Will she tell our fate?

Maybe; but sometimes that 's not welcome!

A YOUNG GIRL: *(Gaily.)* Ha—good or bad—I 'll ask her mine!

ANOTHER YOUNG GIRL: And I!

AN OLD WOMAN:

Better not! Leave well enough alone!

Happy and young, and have not all you want?

FIRST YOUNG GIRL:

What? all we want? Ah, no, indeed, not yet!

Come now, we 'll ask her!

(She pulls her companion by the hand towards the GYPSY, who sits looking in the Pool.)

OLDER TOWNSFOLK: *(Severally, shaking their heads.)*

See the silly maids!

Must have their fortunes told. Ha-ha!

(Still they themselves look on curiously as the girls shyly approach the GYPSY.)

Come now,

Let's look about, or rest a bit!

Or find

A place to dance; this place is dull, 't is even awesome!

(To GYPSIES.)

Ha, you gypsy folk, I thought

That you were always merry.

GYPSY:

Are we sad?

What would you have us do to show our mood?

TOWNSMAN:

Why here you perched among the greenery,
Silent and lazy, listening to a bird!

GYPSY: Is there no joy in that?

THE YOUTH: *(To the GYPSY.)* Teach me his song
So I may play it on my pipe! You know it?
I listen; and I love it, too. *(He talks aside to the GYPSY.)*

(The Young Girls timidly speak to the GYPSY MOTHER.)

FIRST YOUNG GIRL: Good Mother,
Say!—will riches come to me?

MOTHER GYPSY:

So long as the heart sings too, when the thrushes
Sing,—will riches be for you—

FIRST GIRL: *(Echoing, puzzled.)*

“So long as the heart sings, too—when the thrushes
sing?

And does that mean—? Ah, me,—I hardly know—

SECOND GIRL: And what for me shall be
The gifts the days shall bring?

MOTHER GYPSY:

Dawns, golden noons, and purple nights—
Each after each—ask them the gifts they bear;
Coronets or garlands—songs or tears, are theirs;
No others bear them. Ask, meet each, and ask!

SECOND GIRL:

“Dawns—golden noons—and purple nights—
Ask each the gift it brings! Coronets or garlands—
Songs or tears; meet each—and ask!”
She puzzles me!

(Turning to other girl, while they both turn away.)

What told she you?

FIRST GIRL: I hardly know—

Riches—so long as my heart sings too, when the
thrushes sing!

And you?—She told you—?

SECOND GIRL:

Oh, not much,

It seems to me, I understand, or wanted plain to know;
And still it haunts me, says its words again
O'er in my mind, as if it held an answer I must
learn:

“Dawns—golden noons—and purple nights,—ask each
its gift—”

What do you make of that?

FIRST GIRL: *(Shaking her head.)* And you—of
mine?

(They turn aside talking softly together.)

A TOWNSMAN: *(Stepping forward.)*

The maids seem smiling with the mysteries
The Gypsy Queen has told them. Let me try!

(To GYPSY QUEEN.)

My luck 's been bad of late, good Mother Queen.
Tell me a way to find the golden road.

(He approaches her half sheepishly but with a jocular nonchalance.)

MOTHER GYPSY:

There where the silent pathway of the moon
Rims with its silver all the misty hills
Peace gathers largess.

Out of the golden showers of the sun
Over the waving billows of the grain
Joy moulds a key.—

To the Treasure House of Peace
The Key of Joy unlocks the quiet Door.

TOWNSMAN: Peace? Peace?

Good Mother, is that fortune?

Peace and Joy?—A search for silver on a misty hill?
A golden shower found amidst the grain?

What fairy tales and moonshine! I'm repaid
For seeking fortunes like a silly maid! *(Turning to others.)*

Friends, let's betake us somewhere where 't is gay!
This gypsy creature strange and eldritch seems;
As if I'd had a dream, I'm creepy grown!
See how her eyes look wild and far away!

GYPSIES: *(Severally, laughing among the trees.)*

Ha-ha! They're frightened at the fortunes! Dull,—
They wonder at her talk of winds and birds,—
Of golden-footed hours and silver nights,
And wag their heads at what our Mother speaks!

Ha-ha, Ha-ha, Ha-ha!

(The TOWNSFOLK huddle a little together and look abashed.)

TOWNSFOLK: *(Severally.)*

Hear now!

Odd creatures!

Let us go,—they jeer at us!

GYPSES: (*Good humouredly.*) Nay, nay—don't go—we meant no harm. So, stay!

ROMANY RYE:

We go ourselves, and bring back stores; so, stay!
Share them with us, we 'll merry make, together!
Come, we 'll go!

(*Singing, the GYPSES turn about among the trees, in a dancing ronde preparatory to going.*)

GYPSES: (*Singing a bit mockingly, but good naturedly.*) (*Again suggestive of mazurka measures.*)

Tra-la-la-lala-la-la!

Oh, once there lived alone an ugly old man—

Ha!—he had a bag of gold—

Ho! chained to his leg! Ho! tight to his leg!

A very good fortune the little bag could hold,—

But oh, the house was dark;

Ugh!—the house was cold!

The roses never grew

And the birds flew by—

And it came the day for the man to die;—

Ugh! the house was cold, and the weeds grew high!—

Then the mouse came and nibbled, and the rat and gnawed—

And the passing vagrant to maraud—

And oh, on his ankle was left for a tag

To Fortune's country, the empty bag!

Ho-ho, for the road, and the treasure of gold—

When the windows are dark and the house is cold

Ugh!—the house is cold!

Ha-ha! Ho-ho, ho-ho!

(*All GYPSES run off through the trees, their laughter blowing back.*)

(After a silence, in which the TOWNSFOLK look after Gypsy band, with signs of some dismay, or question.)

A TOWNSMAN:

I had thought gypsies were merry creatures—

But faith what a dreary song!

A poor old man with an empty bag

Tied to his leg for a ghostly tag!

(He mops his forehead.)

ANOTHER TOWNSMAN:

When the poor old creature was dead and cold!—

It gives me a fright to own any gold!

(They all come down nearer front to Left and Right, talking together. The OREADS come swaying out from the trees at back, unnoticed by the TOWNSFOLK, except for the YOUTH who asked the Gypsy Man to teach him to play the birds' song, and who has come out from the group and sat by the Pool L. C. looking intently at the MOTHER GYPSY. He of all the TOWNSFOLK sees the OREADS, and watches them fascinated. They circle about in the rear, elusively, then down to MOTHER GYPSY. She rises and chants.)

MOTHER GYPSY:

To those who ask will be shown the store—

Ye with eyes to see, there are runes in the clouds—

The waves weave songs that are all I tell—

Ceaseless and manifold, that aspire—

Knowledge is yours in the flame of a fire

—the flame of a fire!—

(She turns among the OREADS)

I bide my time—till my rune be read—till my rune be read.

(Among the OREADS, dancing and weaving about

her, and among the trees, as before, she goes off slowly. The OREADS' music accompanies softly. (The TOWNSFOLK pay no heed, except the YOUTH, who rises, watching her disappear, walks to C. L. rear of Pool, and stands, musing. The two Young Girls also look up, at last, and a woman or two, wonderingly, as if catching a flash of the dreamy spectacle.)

FIRST GIRL:

I heard some music! and I saw
Bright flashes in the trees. Flowers in the wind—
Or shadows—? What?

TOWNSMAN: (*To left of Stage.*) Why—the strange
woman's gone!

(*Looking up from taking cakes and bottle from a basket.*)

OTHERS: Ay!—So she has!

ANOTHER: (*Looking at YOUTH.*)

Why, see the lad! What's come
To him? Here, help us now! We'll dance, and then
Refresh ourselves—Come, lad—!

ANOTHER: Well, now, it seems
The place is not so eerie! Troth, the Gypsy Queen
Frighted me well!

ANOTHER: I had begun to think
The place enchanted!

ANOTHER: Guessed you what things she meant
with her strange songs?

ANOTHER:

I take it, fairly mad she is!—But being their Queen
Still held in reverence; gypsy folk are loyal!

ANOTHER:

Those words she crooned I caught, and that strange
song

They sang—the band of them—stick in my crop,—
And while it seemed not that they answered me,
They stick as if they 'd meaning!

*(All seat themselves and begin drinking and eating,
around the Pool. The OREADS laugh softly
among the trees; appear at the border of the grove,
then vanish again.)*

A TOWNSWOMAN: Faith, the place, I vow,
Is haunted!

ANOTHER: One might think 't was magic here-
about!

(GYPSIES are creeping through the trees.)

GYPSY: *(Without.)* And if it were?

TOWNSFOLK: *(Starting.)* What 's that?

GYPSIES: *(All together stealing softly through the
trees.)*

Ha-ha!

(They emerge.)

TOWNSFOLK: *(Severally.)*

Well, on my word!

The gypsy band again!

GYPSIES: *(Disposing themselves about, speaking
severally.)* Yes, here 's good cheer we 've brought—
To share with you!

(Deposit berries, loaves, and pails of milk.)

TOWNSFOLK: *(Severally.)* Ah, then, how good!
Why this is very merry!

Let 's sit about and fall to at our feast!

*(All settle about and begin passing things to each
other with gay words.)*

TOWNSMAN: *(To a GYPSY.)* Now try this cake;
my good wife baked it!

GYPSY:

So?

Well, you try this fresh cheese!

TOWNSMAN: (*To ROMANY RYE.*)

A strange one, she,—
Your Queen! She speaks in puzzles. Why, of what
she spoke to me,
I made not head nor tail!

WOMAN:

Then with mysterious words she trailed away!
I doubt me she is mad, eh, Romany?

FIRST YOUNG GIRL:

I, the time she went,
Heard music; not as mortals make it, but
As if it came—an inner song of the air!
What is she, Romany?

SECOND GIRL: I, thinking of it now,
Know that bright fluttering elvish things among the
trees,

I saw, attendant on her.

Whence is she, Romany Rye? I, too, would know
The meaning of her words that haunt me still!

(*Dreamily.*)

“Dawns, golden noons,—and purple nights,—with
gifts

All laden—” I ’m to find out what—

OLD TOWNSMAN:

They ’re all quite daffy, faith!

And see our lad there (*pointing to youth who is still
abstracted in midst of the gay party*)

—fey as any changeling

From too long gazing on your Gypsy Queen!

Ho-ho!

A YOUNG WOMAN: What meant she, Romany?

Our friends,

All puzzled, brood on what she ’s told them.

Do you explain her words, and let us all

Be gay again, nor lost in too much thinking!

ROMANY RYE: Nay—now—

She is not mad, our Mother; only far

She sees, and has lived long beside her Pool of
Answers

Where she reads Earth's hidden words,

While from the open sky she hears

The secrets of immortal things.

A WOMAN: "A Pool of Answers!"—

"Hidden words of Earth"—and "secrets from the
sky!"

You speak, indeed, good Rye, things misty

As does she,—and our poor wits, but simple

As we are, are hardly able to unravel them!

Dear, dear (*aside to another*), are gypsies always

Mad?

ANOTHER TOWNSWOMAN: An eerie place this is—

I told you so!

And eldritch people all, you 'll see!

Let 's go! (*She shivers.*) I fear we 'll all be rooted to
the spot,—

Enchanted, turned to trees, or what not,—

Yet!

A YOUNG GIRL: "A Pool of Answers!" Why,
that 's surely queer.

Alluring, too! How come its answers,

Romany? Do fairies rise and tell us

In soft words its mystic lore? or how,

Good Romany?

ROMANY RYE: (*Smiling.*) Nay, try and see! Our
Queen 's its only fairy;

What she tells from it, it too will tell to you!

Simple its answers; to all those who 'll read!

A MAN: Simple, we hope,—

Not awesome! Dark, e'en mad it seemed, her speech;
Yours not less so to me,—I do confess!
Such I want no more, 't is far too cloudy
For dull wits like mine!

RYE: Mayhap, my man,
You 've never tried to polish them! But try
The Pool, and see—if any of you, good friends,
Have riddles to be solved—what virtues are in it,
To read along its rim and in its depths.
Good woman, you for instance, is there an ill
You 'd fain know how to mend? Ask now the Pool,
Then look along its rim, or o'er its surface,
Or within its depths, and see what answer
It will bring to you.

WOMAN: You 're mocking me,
Good Rye! And yet—your look is grave—

RYE: And so
I am grave; if I smile, I wish you well.
So ask, or tell your trouble.

WOMAN: Foolish work!—
Still, for a jest! Although my trouble
Is no jest! Good Rye—
I have a dullard son; naught with him can I do.
I scold; his father with a switch
Persuades him, too. All no avail.
There 's mine! What says your Pool? (*Incredulously.*)

RYE: Goodwife!—
Look where some rougher tide within the Pool
Urges its wavelets sharply on the shore,—
Naught grows, all 's bare; while where it laps up
gently,
Near the grasses bend,—the little flowers wave,—
Reflected in it.

(*He stops and looks smiling gently at the woman.*)

WOMAN: (*Puzzled.*)

Well, and what 's all that?

Does that speak to me of my dullard son?

RYE:

But use your wit! What 's gently treated,
Growing, returns you beauty; what you 're rough with,
Rudeness will return.

GOODWIFE: (*After a silence.*)

Why, faith, I 'll think of that!

My poor unlucky son!

RYE: (*To an old man.*)

And you, good sir, you see, the Pool

Gave one fair answer! Will you try?

OLD MAN: (*Wags his head.*) Bah!

'T is your wit, not the Pool, good Rye.

Your shoulders carry quite a worthy pate!

RYE: But 't was the Pool, good master, gave me
signs!

OLD MAN:

'T is idle talk, for one so old as I,—

And I 'll not enter it. My life is full

Of troubles,—now soon o'er. They 'll trip me then
about my feet

No more!

RYE: Look now, good sir!—

See, when you 're casting down your eyes to feetward

Ever,—there in the Pool the sky's reflection 's crossed

With wrinkles, dim. Look now, but up,—

And calm, serene there stays, the sky itself!

OLD MAN:

Ay, ay! Your pretty wit again, good Rye!

Nathless, I 'll think upon it. One does look

To feetward overmuch!

(*He muses, his chin on his cane.*)

A WOMAN (*elderly, with careworn face.*): (*Wistfully, to RYE.*)

Good Rye, and if it be the Pool or not, your words I
see

Bring Peace.

Read me a rune! Care sits upon me; hours

Bring but fret to pay for toil, till life

Is heavy! What 's my lack,—or life's? Good Rye,
I like your hints, and pray to find a value!

RYE: (*Looks at her musingly a moment before speaking.*)

Where yonder level leaves lie trustfully

Upon the water,—safe and smooth they stay.—

Look then, where stiff and stubborn reeds rear
up,

With them each passing wind must have its way!

THE WOMAN: (*Her face smoothing, looks at him wonderingly.*)

Ah, wonderful, good Rye! I seem to feel

A light break in upon my troubled way!

"To trustfully upon the waters lie"—

Ah, thanks, good Rye!

(*All stand at last awed a little by the interpretations of the RYE,—the Woman looking at him with grateful face.*)

TWO OR THREE TOWNSFOLK: (*Severally.*)

He brings to us the Mother Gypsy's words,—

But makes them clear!

'T is simple, too!

Yes,

After all, I see!

(*The OREADS' soft singing is heard without.*)

YOUTH: The Queen,—the lovely Queen is here!

GIRL: Again

That same strange music like an inner wind
Comes near!

SECOND GIRL:

Like rainbows through the trees, ah, elvishly—
I see sweet imps come dancing!

GYPSY QUEEN: (*Without, chanting.*)

By the roadside is the golden key—
But stoop to find;—but ask, to see!
Life and Heaven sleep in a seed.
There are words in the winds for ears that hear!
By the roadside is the golden key.

(She is seen returning through the shadows of the trees. About her the OREADS sway and swing. She comes down only half-way to front, and remains standing on terrace, Centre, up stage. As she approaches, the YOUTH, involuntarily as it seems, goes towards her, and stands near, listening. The rest of the groups fall back on either side watching her and listening to her soft song, the TOWNSFOLK more respectfully than at first, more awed, and less curious. The Young Girls timidly edge forward nearer the YOUTH and the MOTHER GYPSY than the rest seem to dare do. The MOTHER GYPSY notes the YOUTH, who seems so rapt, and holds out her hand to him. She chants on, without looking at him, or at any one, but before her and up, with distant gaze.)

MOTHER GYPSY:

Who silent beside her asks nothing;
While the climbing sap shall whisper him;
Whose breath goes deep at the starling's trill,
He who smiles long at the talk of the winds,—
Whose eyes are alight at the song of the surge,
Whom the dawns teach the march of stars;

The Mother Gypsy's face unriddles Time for him,—
Time that looms over the World.

(The OREADS dance in between the MOTHER GYPSY and the YOUTH and the rest, obscuring her with their grey-green veils. She recedes farther in the dimness of the trees up Centre on the terrace. The Stage grows dim from the changing final light of sunset to shimmer of rising moonlight during the remainder of the scene. The TOWNSFOLK stand silent, slightly puzzled and subdued a moment, then begin to stir softly, and to gather up their things to go, while they murmur together, point, and appear wondering. The GYPSIES group recedes among the trees, so that the colours of their garments glimmer and mingle with the sunset colours falling among the greenery and the trunks of the trees that here and there catch the pink and purple and gold of the final light.)

A TOWNSWOMAN : The Gypsy Queen it was who stood there; saw you her?

ANOTHER: Mists and lights it seemed were 'round her!

AN OLDER WOMAN: You 're bewitched!

YOUNG WOMAN: Shadows that danced, with mists
For scarves and garlands—there were, too! Or I
Was in a spell!

OLDER WOMAN: *(Who has been attending to baskets and so forth. Sceptically.)* Ay, that you were!

ANOTHER WOMAN: *(Coming up.)* Where
Are they gone, the gypsy band that but now lingered
Here?

(Looking about. The others look also.)

OTHERS: *(Severally.)*
Gone!

The Dramatic Festival

Why so,—without a sound!

(A low laugh is heard from the woods.)

What 's that?

The place is strange!

But lovely, too!

Yet let 's away; the evening 's come!

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

But now

The Gypsy Mother sang again her eerie songs!

ANOTHER: Where she came down the wood path
through the trees—

ANOTHER:

Singing his evensong, you heard the veery

In his flight! We 've all turned daft,—or slept!

(Picks up basket and turns to go, with incredulous laugh.)

ANOTHER: *(Noting the YOUTH.)* Mark how the
lad dreams yet! Come, lad!

ANOTHER: He 'll follow us.

ANOTHER: But the two maids; they 're thrall'd
as well!

(They trail off the scene, more of them. The GYPSIES, far off without, are heard singing snatches of their entrance song:)

GYPSIES: What in the rift of the trees goes flashing
by?

See! up from the South—a harrow of birds!—[etc.]

A TOWNSWOMAN: Now, 'sh! again there 's something!

ANOTHER: 'T is the gypsies, faith! They 're real
enough!

ELDER TOWNSMAN: *(Superstitiously.)* Uncanny
good-for-naughts! Nay, witchcraft 's here!

THE CAREWORN WOMAN: But peace! *(Turns to look back at the Pool gratefully.)*

Not like the stubborn reeds to bend and break—
But trustfully upon the waters lie! (*Goes.*)

WOMAN WHO HAD THE DULLARD SON: (*Looking at wavelets about the Pool, and plucking a flower.*)
Where lap the wavelets gently, beauty you return!
(*Apostrophising the flower.*)

(*Exit.*)

OLD MAN: (*Reflectively, pausing by brink of Pool.*)
A simple pool, in the familiar wood,—
To turn me from the troubled earth, to sky!

(*Hobbles off.*)

(*The TOWNSFOLK now have gradually all gone off through the woods again whence they came, all but the two Young Girls, who linger by the edges of the trees, near the front entrance, hand in hand, and the youth. The GYPSIES are heard again distantly without:*)

GYPSIES: Tra-la-la-lala-la-la! Oh, now don't you hear

Soft!—out of the woods—

Hark! the robins' trill! (*etc., as at first entrance.*)

(*The Young Girls listen, watching where the YOUTH stands, and where the MOTHER GYPSY and the OREADS appeared at first.*)

FIRST YOUNG GIRL: Hark! Is it evening birds?
(*The distant pipe, and long sweet notes of robins and starlings are heard.*)

SECOND YOUNG GIRL: The gypsies!—The birds are answering them.

FIRST YOUNG GIRL:

Perhaps we 're dreaming this! (*Musing.*) She said to me

Riches were mine so long as the thrushes' song
My heart sang, too! I have no riches, now,

Yet I am glad, and wish no other thing
At hearing them!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL:

Noons, purple nights, and dawns, would bring me
gifts—

The Gypsy told to me. My hands hold naught;
Yet at this dusky hour, within this gypsy wood
With lovely things I see and hear,—I feel o'erladen!

(A bird trills, the Young Girls wait, listening.

Young frogs softly pipe. The OREADS, who have paused among the trees, dance out and down about the stage, but hover up towards terrace most of the time, keeping themselves confused with the shadows of the trees. They throw their veils about the YOUTH, and brush the Young Girls with the edges of them. The GYPSY MOTHER sings again, and appears mistily among the trees up stage, not approaching but remaining far in the background. Her form is veiled and undefined, shimmering like a stream of moonlight mist.)

GYPSY MOTHER: *(Chanting.)*

Ye with eyes to see, there are runes in the clouds—
The flowers tattle you all I tell—
Life and Heaven sleep in a seed—
Through the birds' call runs your heart's desire—
Your hearts' desire—

(Her voice dies away as if it were the wind.

The YOUTH stands leaning against a tree at foot of terrace looking up and listening to the MOTHER GYPSY's voice. The OREADS sink among the tree trunks, merely holding out their scarves and veils to seem like mist among the shadows at the foot of the terrace. The Young Girls hold their tableau. The MOTHER GYPSY's form becomes more dim

and misty in lessened light; the OREADS' veils flicker softly like lights and shadows of leaves blown in soft winds. The pipe of the young frogs is heard again. The wood at length seems only bathed in moonlight, and silent, but for the sounds of spring about.)

Curtain.

(End of Play.)

(FINAL ACTION IF PLAY IS IN OUT-OF-DOORS SETTING WITHOUT ARTIFICIAL SCENE STRUCTURE, SO THAT GENERAL EXODUS OF PLAYERS IS NECESSARY.)

(As MOTHER GYPSY finally recedes, with OREADS, the YOUTH comes down slowly to Young Girls.)

FIRST YOUNG GIRL: *(Softly and awed.)* Why, now there's but the moonlight and the frogs!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL: You're dreaming, sister, too!

YOUTH: Nay, not a dream!

(OREADS are heard singing softly again, off:)

Hear now, the while we go.

(With the YOUTH the two Young Girls turn to go off along the road the other Townsfolk have already taken, but they all three go slowly, lingering.)

FIRST YOUNG GIRL: *(Listening, too, to OREADS.)*

Hsh! Hear how sweet. You sing it too, good Youth!

SECOND YOUNG GIRL: To keep it for us so.

YOUTH: Ah! if I might.

OREADS: *(Without, softly.)*

In the birds' call is the heart's desire—the heart's desire—

YOUTH: *(Singing softly.)*

—the heart's desire; in the birds' call is the heart's desire—

THE TWO YOUNG GIRLS:

(Singing after him, the same refrain.)

In the birds' call is the heart's desire—

(They make their exeunt now along the road. Nothing but the wood sounds are heard, imitated and carried softly by instruments,—string and wind only.)

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